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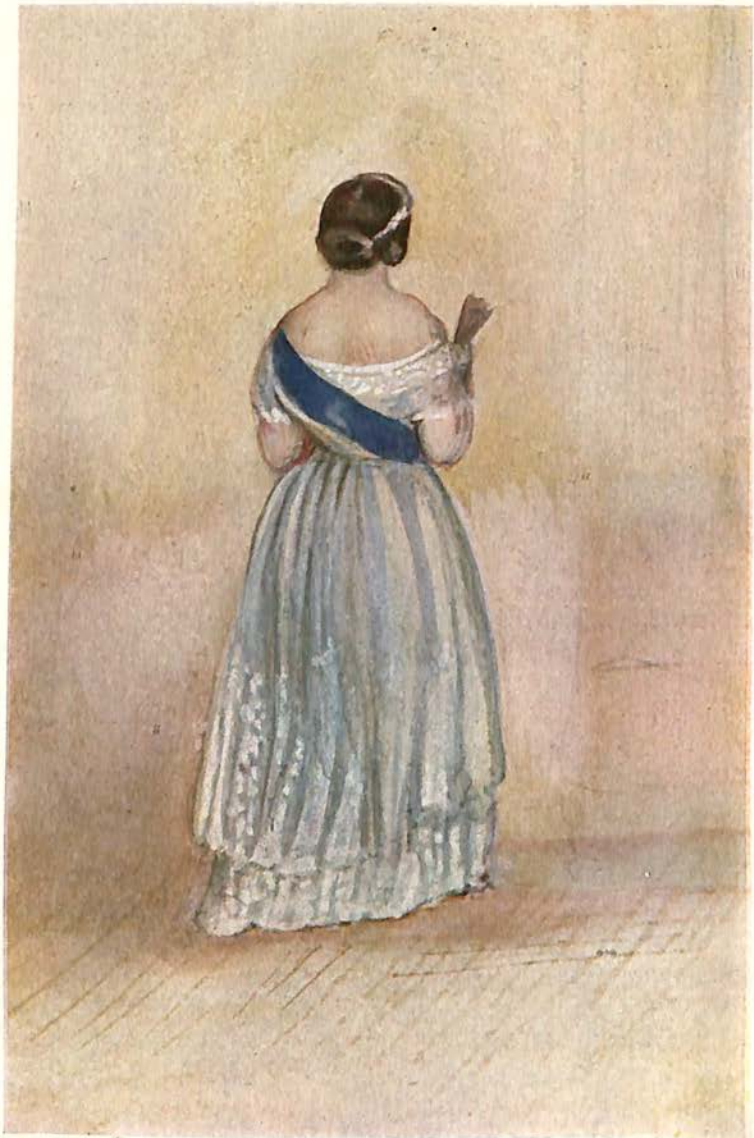
SKETCHES AND SNAPSHOTS

"The Greek that designed to make the most exquisite picture that could be imagined, fancied the eye of *Chione*, and the hair of *Pægnium*, and *Tarsia's* lip, *Philenium's* chin, and the forehead of *Delphia*, and set all these upon *Milphidippa's* neck, and thought that he should outdo both Art and Nature. But, when he came to view the proportions, he found that what was excellent in *Tarsia* did not agree with the other excellency of *Philenium*; and, though singly they were rare pieces, yet in the whole they made a most ugly face. The dispersed excellencies and blessings of many men, if given to one, would not make a handsome, but a monstrous, fortune."

JEREMY TAYLOR,
"Holy Living," Chapter II.



QUEEN VICTORIA
1846
from a sketch by a Lady-in-Waiting

SKETCHES AND SNAPSHOTS

BY THE RIGHT HON.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

AUTHOR OF

"COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS," ETC.

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"The dispersed excellencies and blessings of many men, if given to one, would not make a handsome, but a monstrous, fortune."

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

N.N. 9.41

LONDON

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TO

CHARLES

LORD BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

WITH AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

OF HARROW AND OXFORD

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SKETCHES AND SNAPSHOTS

THE QUEEN AND THE WHIGS

"MAMMA, are Tories born wicked, or do they grow wicked afterwards?" "My dear, they are born wicked, and grow worse." *Ex oribus parvulorum.*—This was the Shorter Catechism of Whiggery; and by none was it more devoutly believed than by the Ministers who kissed Queen Victoria's hand on that fateful June 20, 1837.

I propose to myself in this chapter a two-fold object. I wish to trace, in the light of Queen Victoria's *Letters* the attitude of the Crown towards the Whig Ministers and the party who supported them; and to enquire whether Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and their friends represented the historic Whiggery of the eighteenth century.

It is always hazardous to date a belief, a movement, a party, from a particular year, for, no sooner has one done so to one's own satisfaction, than some fresh evidence leaps to light, showing that the belief was held, the movement was set on foot, the party was formed, at some much earlier period than the selected

date. But, in spite of this liability to error, we shall not be far wrong if we regard Whiggery as the movement of 1688. "The Whigs," says the unimpassioned Haydn in his *Dictionary of Dates*, "brought about the Revolution of 1688, and established the Protestant Succession." In other words, they made the political history of the eighteenth century. As long as Whiggery existed, the year 1688 had a sacred glamour about it, such as attached to no other date in human history; it was toasted with rapture at Whig banquets; and its authority was still invoked by politicians who had very little in common with Somers and Halifax. Thus Lord George Bentinck, when he led the Protectionist Opposition to Sir Robert Peel, delighted to style himself "a Whig of 1688, modified by all the experience of the present age"; and, within my own time, the stoutest Tory I ever knew—Charles Newdigate Newdegate, M.P. for North Warwickshire—used to describe himself as "attached to the principles of the Constitution as established in 1688." More legitimate was Lord John Russell's constant appeal to the same great date, which, indeed, dominated all his political thinking and acting. "Lord John," said an Illustrious Personage, "would be better company if he had any other subject besides the Revolution of 1688 and himself." The implied reproach was unjust, for Lord John was a very good talker; but he aspired, as a critic said, to teach politics to the countrymen of Machiavelli; and, when his zeal for constitutional government in Italy incurred a royal rebuke, he promptly replied that he "could scarcely be expected

to abjure the doctrines of the Revolution of 1688." Though I am a Whig *pur sang*, I can almost sympathize with the asperity which the iteration of those hallowed numerals evoked. "The Queen cannot make out what the doctrines of the Revolution of 1688 can have to do with her last letter, or how it would necessitate Lord John to abandon them."

Lord John's last word on his favourite Revolution was contained in a letter to the Queen, written on April 30, 1860—

"Of course, the King of Sardinia has no right to assist the people of the Two Sicilies unless he was asked by them to do so, as the Prince of Orange was asked by the best men of England to overthrow the tyranny of James II.—an attempt which has received the applause of all our great public writers, and is the origin of our present form of government."

So much for the birth-date of Whiggery; and, according to an historical theory which Lord Beaconsfield was never tired of enforcing, its main achievement was to establish a "Venetian Government" in England.

"The great object of the Whig leaders in England from the first movement under Hampden to the last and most successful one in 1688, was to establish in England a high aristocratic republic on the model of the Venetian, then the study and admiration of all speculative politicians. Read Harrington, turn over Algernon Sydney, and you will see how the minds of the English leaders in the seventeenth century were saturated with the Venetian type. And they at length succeeded. William III. found them out. He told the Whig leaders 'I will not be a Doge.' The reign of Anne was a struggle between the Venetian and the English system. Two great Whig nobles, Argyll and Somerset, worthy of seats

in the Council of Ten, forced their sovereign on her deathbed to change her Ministry. They accomplished their object. They brought in a new family on their own terms. George I. was a Doge; George II. was a Doge; George III. tried not to be a Doge, but it was impossible materially to resist the deeply laid combination. He might get rid of the Whig magnificoes, but he could not rid himself of the Venetian Constitution. And a Venetian Constitution did govern England from the accession of the House of Hanover to 1832." *

After all due allowance has been made for Disraelian rhetoric, it remains true that "the great Revolution families," as Lord Chatham called them, wielded a vast and an increasing power from the accession of the House of Hanover to the fall of Fox. Their political creed was simple but sufficient. The Hanoverian succession was to be upheld, but the powers of the Crown were to be rigidly circumscribed. The Established Church was to be maintained because it was the best bulwark against Popery, and therefore against the House of Stuart and despotic government; but the widest indulgence was to be accorded to Protestant Dissent. These were the principles of the Revolution of 1688, and they bear the character which attached to the laws of the Medes and Persians. To add a jot to them or to detract a tittle from them was regarded as at once a sacrilege and a treason. But the world moves on, in spite of Sacred Dates and "great Revolution families"; and, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the fates which preside over politics were beginning to force some issues for which the Revolution of 1688 afforded

* *Coningsby*, Book V.

no satisfactory solution. As long as the work in hand was merely to defeat the Pretender and to curb the prerogative of the lawful sovereign, the Whigs were of one heart and one soul. They were divided into internal factions by personal likes and dislikes, jealousies, and ambitions, by greed of office, and by rival claims upon the public purse; but, where the principles of the sacred date were at stake, the Bedfords and the Shelburnes and the Rockinghams could make common cause against a common danger. By 1789 the ground had shifted under their feet. The Pretender was dead. George III. was securely established on his throne. Parliamentary and personal freedom had been vindicated, and the nation had just demonstrated its invincible Protestantism. The principles of 1688 had won an absolute though peaceful victory; but the moment was at hand when they were to be tested by blood and fire, and to issue from the testing process in new and sometimes unrecognizable shapes.

July 14, 1789, is one of the epoch-making dates of human history. The capture of the Bastille was an event so startling and so dramatic that it shook even the immobility of Whiggism. Charles Fox wrote, in a transport of enthusiasm, "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!" But it was only the first act in the great drama. Before long, men who had been accustomed from their childhood to regard the French monarchy as the type of a powerful, splendid, and enduring polity, saw a National Army constituted in complete independence of the Crown; a Representative

Body assuming absolute power and denying the King's right to dissolve it; the summary abolition of the whole feudal system, which a year before had seemed endowed with perpetual vigour; an insurrection of the peasants against the territorial tyrants, accompanied by pillage, arson, and bloodshed; the beautiful and stately Queen flying half naked from her Court amid the slaughter of her sentinels and courtiers; and the King himself virtually a prisoner in the very palace which, up to that moment, had seemed the ark and sanctuary of absolute government.

These events produced an immediate and natural effect on English politics generally, and upon the fortunes of Whiggery in particular. Enemies of religious establishments took courage from the downfall of established religion in France. Enemies of monarchy rejoiced in the public and formal degradation of a monarch. Those who had been promoting some carefully-guarded experiments in parliamentary reform saw their principles carried to their utmost limits, and expressed in the most uncompromising terms, in the French Declaration of Rights, and practically applied in the constitution of the Sovereign Body. Serious advocates of republican institutions, mere lovers of change and excitement, secret sympathizers with lawlessness and violence, sedentary theorists, reckless adventurers, and local busybodies, associated themselves in the attempt to popularize the French Revolution in England, and to imbue the English mind with congenial sentiments. Over this strangely-assorted company some of the great Whigs presided. The Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Richmond, Lord

Lansdowne and Lord Stanhope, caught by the popular passion of the moment, forgot all about the principles of 1688, or at any rate gave them so new a garb and so wide an extension that the more steady-going members of the party could scarcely recognize their former oracles. The Duke of Bedford joined the "Corresponding Society" of the French Revolution; and the aristocratic chiefs of Whiggery held language about the Sovereignty of the People and Universal Suffrage which savoured a good deal more of the French than of the English Revolution. Suddenly, in the midst of all this hurly-burly—

"a voice like the Apocalypse sounded over England, and even echoed in all the courts of Europe. Burke poured the vials of his hoarded vengeance into the agitated heart of Christendom, and stimulated the panic of a world by the pictures of his inspired imagination."

Whether Lord Beaconsfield was right in this implied belief that Burke's fury against the Revolution, and the Whigs who supported it, was due to the fact that, after having served the Whig party in opposition with all his glorious powers, he was excluded from a Whig Cabinet, cannot be positively ascertained. But, whatever was the cause, the fact is clear that from the very beginning Burke looked upon the proceedings in France with disapproval and apprehension. "Every courier who crossed the Channel supplied new material for his contempt and his alarm." He wrote with horror of "the old Parisian ferocity." He opposed, with all the unequalled resources of his genius and eloquence, the

French attempt to build up a theoretical constitution on the ruins of tradition, history, and authority. Every fresh act of cruelty and oppression which accompanied the process stirred in him that tremendous indignation against wrong and violence, of which Warren Hastings had felt the intensity and the volume. The execution of the King and Queen supplied the final argument; and "No Peace with the Regicides" was Burke's dying charge to England. Whether Burke was or was not an effective speaker in Parliament is a question which has often been contested; but no difference of opinion is possible with regard to the splendour and power of his written style. The "Reflections on the French Revolution" was, as was said long after, "not so much a book as an event." In less than twelve months it reached its eleventh edition, and before long thirty thousand copies had been sold. Its effect was instantaneous and immense. It divided the nation into two parties. On both sides it precipitated opinion; and the effect which it produced was enhanced by the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," and by the "Letters on a Regicide Peace." Among other and more important results, this trilogy of anti-French declamation rent the Whig party in twain. The Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord John Cavendish, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, followed Burke. Fox, on the other hand, threw himself into the Revolutionary cause with all the ardour which he had displayed in the cause of American Independence, and he was reinforced by Sheridan, Francis, Erskine and Grey. The final rupture between Fox and the

great genius to whose inspiration he had owed so much is one of those Partings of Friends which have altered the course of history. The French Revolution shattered, and rendered ineffectual for a whole generation, the great Whig oligarchy, and destroyed for ever "the Venetian Constitution."

The reign of the old Whiggery came to an end when Louis XVI. was put to death, and England plunged into a war of expiation against revolutionary France. Henceforward, Pitt was master. When, twenty years later, Pitt was in his grave, and the Whigs had emerged again into political importance, it was plain that (like the Bourbons in exile) they had forgotten nothing; but, unlike that doomed race, they had learnt much. They had not forgotten their traditional creed that the Royal Prerogative is a power to be watched and circumscribed, that free institutions require "perpetual jealousy and frequent renovation," * and that all government must ultimately rest on the consent of the governed. But they had learnt that England does not love republics, nor, indeed, any form of violent change, so that political reform, if it is to succeed in this country, must be cautious, gradual, and well-reasoned. In a word, they gave to Whiggery the significance which Lord John Russell had in mind when, half a century later, he said that "Liberal Conservative" spells in seven syllables what "Whig" spells in one.

At this period of reawakening Whiggery we first encounter the figure of a man who in his own person

* *The English Government and Constitution*, by John, Earl Russell. Chap. xxx.

linked the new order to the old—Charles, Earl Grey (1764–1845)—and never, in its palmiest days, was the Whig party led more worthily than by—

> "That Earl, who forced his compeers to be just,
> And wrought in brave old age what youth had planned."

Charles Greville (who did not like him) describes his "tall, commanding, and dignified appearance, his flow of language, graceful action, and well-rounded periods," which made him "the most finished orator of his day." To his disciple, Lord Russell, he seemed "the enlightened lover of his country in all her perils and perplexities." Lord Beaconsfield, who is said to have proffered his political services in early life to Lord Grey, and to have been snubbed for his pains, drew a less favourable portrait of "a haughty Whig peer, proud of his order, prouder of his party, freezing with arrogant reserve and condescending politeness." Combine these various impressions, and you get, I fancy, a picture of the real Lord Grey, who, born in the days of the "Venetian Oligarchy," and reared in the doctrine of 1688, lived to alter the basis of English government, and to conduct, as the Duke of Wellington expressed it, "a revolution by due course of law."

Lord Grey disappeared from public life in 1834, and in 1835 Lord Melbourne formed the Administration which was in office when Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

It is, I think, possible to trace in the early chapters of the Queen's *Letters* some disposition on the part of the Duchess of Kent to bring her daughter into

contact with the Whigs. We read in the Princess's letters friendly notices of the "clever but singular" Whately, the "agreeable Palmerston," "poor little Lord John Russell," Edward Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), in his Whig days, Sir John Hobhouse, Dr. Lushington, "old George Byng," and "our friend Mr. Hume." There were, indeed, friendly relations with some Tory houses, such as Lord Liverpool's and Lord Exeter's, and the Princess was fully justified in saying that she—

"*never showed* herself, *openly*, to belong to any party, and *did not* belong to any party; but it was a matter of much importance that she was well acquainted with the members of the Whig Government, and had *real* confidence in them, and in particular in Lord Melbourne."

At 9 a.m. on June 20, 1837, Melbourne had his first audience of his new Sovereign.

"He kissed my hand, and I then acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the rest of the present Ministry at the head of affairs, and that they could not be in better hands than his."

And so, rather tardily, we reach the topic indicated by the heading of this chapter, "The Queen and the Whigs." What were the relations between Queen Victoria and the Whig statesmen of her reign?

When Melbourne kissed hands as the Queen's first Prime Minister, he was fifty-eight years old, but remarkably young of his age, and still in the fulness of his social charm. "He was a man of the world, and at the same time the soul of honour. His temperament was sympathetic, he had a passion for female society,

and he had no one of his own to love." Heretofore, he had been indolent to the point of lethargy, but now he suddenly rose to the height of his new duties, and applied himself with a vigour which astonished his friends to the task of guiding and protecting the girl-Queen. There can be no doubt that the best part of his disposition was aroused by the nature of his task; but it is not uncharitable to surmise that he also saw a unique opportunity of promoting the interests of that political party to which he was sincerely, though languidly, attached. His first step was to fill the Queen's household with ladies on whose loyalty to Whiggism he could confidently rely. The beautiful and majestic Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, became Mistress of the Robes; and the very names of Lady Lansdowne, Lady Tavistock, Lady Durham, and Lady Portman were enough to guarantee the political soundness of the Queen's immediate surroundings. Melbourne's next step was to establish himself as a permanent inmate at Windsor Castle.

"Month after month he remains here, submitting to the daily routine. Of all men he appeared to be the last to be broken in to the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in any one's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright. His free and easy language, interlarded with 'damns,' is carefully guarded, and regulated with the strictest propriety; and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the Royal Circle."

So wrote the watchful and dispassionate Greville. A

furious Tory, Lord Londonderry, reported that one of the Whig Ministers had said that "he would be d——d if they ever would resign, and that Melbourne knew how to please a woman much better than Peel." Another Tory, the Duke of Buckingham, wrote that "Melbourne has soon become all-powerful in the palace." Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, who went everywhere and noticed everything, wrote that Melbourne's behaviour to the Queen was perfect. "The fullest attentive deference of the subject, with a subdued air of 'your father's friend' which was quite fascinating."

This well-planned campaign of social agreeableness secured the end for which it was designed. Nothing is more conspicuous in the Queen's *Letters* than the absolute agreement on public questions which subsisted between her and her Premier. In private letters to her friends and kinsfolk, the Queen identifies herself with her Ministry.

"The elections, I'm thankful to say, are rather favourable, though not quite so much so as we could wish.

"The Session has gone off very satisfactorily, much more so even than any of us could hope. We are going on most prosperously here, and have no fear of any of the questions. The Duke of Wellington is behaving uncommonly well, going *with Ministers*, and behaving like an honest man *should do*."

But before very long this happy relation of Crown and Cabinet was threatened with severance. In May, 1839, the Whig Ministry was beaten on a Bill relating to the Government of Jamaica, and resigned. The

Queen sent for Sir Robert Peel, and the famous "Bedchamber Plot" was hatched.

"One morning there was an odd whisper in the circle of first initiation. The clubs were crowded even at noon. Everywhere a mysterious bustle and an awful stir. The world employed the whole of the morning in asking and answering the important question, 'Is it true?' Towards dinner-time it was universally settled in the affirmative, and then the world went out to dine and to ascertain why it was true and how it was true. And now what had really happened? What had happened was what is commonly called 'a hitch.' There was undoubtedly a hitch somewhere and somehow, a hitch in the construction of the new Cabinet. Who could have thought it! The Whig Ministers, it seems, had resigned, but somehow or other had not entirely and completely gone out. What a constitutional dilemma! But soon the oddest rumour in the world got about. It seemed, though of course no one could for a moment credit it, that these rebellious wrong-headed Ministers who would not go out—wore petticoats! And the great Jamaica debate, that had been cooked so long, and the anxiously expected, yet almost despaired of, defection of the Independent Radical section, were they all to end in this? Was Conservatism, that mighty mystery of the nineteenth century—was it after all to be brained by a fan?"

Such was the crisis of May, 1839, as it presented itself to the observant gaze of Benjamin Disraeli. Even though the official correspondence between the Queen and Sir Robert Peel represented the young Sovereign as acting on her own responsibility, it was pretty well known that Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell were behind the scenes, and guided the hand which held the pen. Lord John used to relate that, when Sir Robert Peel retired worsted from the contest, and the Whig

Ministers were reinstated, the Queen said, "I have stood by you, and now you must stand by me." The *Letters* show that she did indeed "stand by" her Ministers, and consulted them at every stage of her communications with Peel. Thus she writes to Melbourne on May 29—

"Sir Robert Peel has behaved very ill, and has insisted on my giving up my ladies, to which I replied that I would never consent; and I never saw a man so frightened. . . . I was calm but very decided, and I think you would have been pleased to see my composure and great firmness; the Queen of England will not submit to such trickery. Keep yourself in readiness, for you may soon be wanted."

The "Bedchamber Plot" was a temporary triumph; but it only averted for two years the change which the Queen so much dreaded.

In June, 1841, Parliament was prorogued (with a view to dissolution next day) by the Queen in person. Lord Shaftesbury amiably wrote in his diary that the Whig Ministers thus sought to "hide their own hoary profligacy under her young virtue"; and there is a letter from Lord Melbourne to the Queen, dated June 16, 1841, which (in spite of an obvious misprint)* confirms this impression.

The General Election gave Peel a majority, and Melbourne retired for ever from the Queen's service. "What the Queen felt when she parted from her dear, kind friend is better imagined than described." The lessons which, during the four years of their official connection, the "dear, kind friend" had instilled sank deep into a receptive mind, and never were disturbed till,

* The word printed "universal" must surely be "unusual."

thirty years later, a yet more powerful Minister set himself to replace them with a code of his own. These lessons comprised a sensitive respect for public opinion, a prompt acquiescence in the wishes of Parliament, and a careful avoidance of anything which might, in the public view, suggest a personal preference for one of the two great parties in the State. I have used the word "lessons," but it seems scarcely applicable to the easy, informal, and suggestive methods by which Melbourne, always light in hand, conveyed his notions of the Sovereign's office. Yet, when duty required him to speak directly, no one could be more direct than Melbourne. A memorandum of the Queen, written in 1856, shows that in the earlier part of their married life she had wished to give Prince Albert the title of "King" by Act of Parliament, and abandoned the notion because the title might be "productive of more inconveniences than advantages to the individual who bears it." This exactly corroborates Melbourne's account of the same transaction, as given by himself to Lord Shaftesbury, and by Shaftesbury to me—

"Then I thought it my duty to be very plain with her; and I said, 'For God's sake, ma'am, let's have no more of it. If you once get the English people into a habit of making kings, you may get them into a habit of unmaking them.'"

We turn now to some other members of the Whig Cabinet. Lord John Russell was not much of a favourite at Court, although in later years the Queen came to regard him as "a statesman of wide outlook, well informed, and moderate." A royal criticism on his absorbing

devotion to the Revolution of 1688 has already been noticed. His manner, though refined and dignified as befitted one trained at Woburn and Bowood and Holland House, was dry and formal. His shyness made him, as he knew, seem cold and unapproachable. His absolute straightforwardness could never be really acceptable in an atmosphere thick with flattery and toadyism, and his sturdy insistence on the principles of the Sacred Date was always getting him into difficulties. He was accustomed to relate that one day the Queen, perhaps promising herself a little quiet fun, had asked him if it was true that he taught his political disciples that it was lawful for a subject under certain circumstances to disobey the sovereign. "'Well, ma'am,' I said, 'speaking to a Sovereign of the House of Hanover, I can only answer in the affirmative.'" In exactly the same spirit, when in 1860 the Italian people were "seeking to liberate themselves from a foreign yoke," Lord John informed the Queen that, according to the doctrines of 1688, supported by Mr. Fox and Lord Grey, "all power held by Sovereigns may be forfeited by misconduct, and each nation is the judge of its own internal government." And again, "Whatever may be the consequences, the liberation of the Italian people is an increase of freedom and happiness at which all well-wishers to their kind must rejoice."

Of the Whig Cabinet which came to an end in 1841, Lord Palmerston was, next to the Prime Minister, the most important member.

"He was the man from whose combined force and flexibility of character, the country had confidence that in all their

councils there would be no lack of courage, yet tempered with adroit discretion. He had served his apprenticeship under Perceval and Liverpool, and changed his party just in time to become a member of the Cabinet of 1831."

This circumstance did not tend to make him acceptable to the stalwart Whigs, who had borne the burden and heat of long opposition; and, although they were constrained to avail themselves of his ready and flexible abilities, they avenged themselves by saying that he was vulgar. It cannot be denied that, in spite of his titular rank and social success, there was something in his character and bearing which differentiated him from the great gentlemen who had hitherto led the hosts of Whiggery. His demeanour towards the Queen was compared to that of "a favourite footman on easy terms with his mistress." His private life was irregular and even scandalous. His whole tone was flippant and bumptious. He was a man of masterful habits; adroit, and not too scrupulous. He framed his own course and pursued his own policies, without reference to Sovereign, premier, or colleagues. In early days the Queen seems to have felt his social agreeableness, and to have treated him with the same friendship as she extended to all her Ministers; but, as years went on, the friendship seems to have been replaced by suspicion, disapproval, and even detestation; and the most remarkable passages in the Queen's *Letters* are those which describe Palmerston's insolent defiance of official propriety, and discreditable suppleness in dodging—no other word is possible—the consequences of his misconduct. With regard to the remainder of the Cabinet little need now

be said, for it does not appear that the Queen had more than general and official intercourse with any of them. There was Spring Rice, most ineffective of Chancellors of the Exchequer, nicknamed by O'Connell "The Early Vegetable," till he became Lord Monteagle, only to be called "Lord Mount-Kite." There was Lord Glenelg, who was always at Clapham when he was wanted in Downing Street, and presiding over the Bible Society when he ought to have been looking after the Colonies. There was Lord Howick (afterwards third Earl Grey), whose "revolutionary language," held in the very Throne Room of the Palace, filled Charles Greville with the most dismal apprehensions of civil catastrophe.* There was Sir John Hobhouse, who had once been imprisoned by the Tories; Lord Holland, who as "nephew of Fox and friend of Grey" was an inevitable element in a Whig Government; and Lord Minto, whose sole title to fame was the fact that he was father-in-law to Lord John Russell.

We need not reason of these, but regard them and pass on.

My title speaks of "The Queen and the Whigs," but so far I have spoken only of the Whig Cabinet. There were Whigs outside the Cabinet, fully as influential as those within; and their relations with the Crown were neither few nor unimportant. There was the seventh Duke of Bedford (eldest brother of Lord John Russell), a resolute Whig, of whom the Queen wrote that he "never was Radical. God knows I wish every man was as little so." There was the magnificent Duke of Devonshire,

* See *Greville's Memoirs*, iii. p. 812.

whom the Queen delighted to honour and to visit; and the Duke of Sutherland, whose wife was Mistress of the Robes. There was Lord Fitzwilliam, who had inherited, with the estates, the parliamentary influence, of Rockingham. And behind these chiefs of Whiggery were ranged in close phalanx a regiment of country gentlemen, bearing some of the most honoured names in England, and owning some of the richest acres; all unalterably pledged to the faith of the Sacred Date. Such was "Coke of Norfolk," whose hereditary motto was "Never trust a Tory"; and such was Sir Francis Burdett, who, disregarding half-way houses, based his whole political career on the principles of *Magna Carta*.

About this period it seems to have dawned upon the minds of critics who, whether they were Tories or Radicals, were not Whigs, that Whiggery was a Family Party. The allegation was in great measure true. From a certain Lord Gower, who flourished in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, descend all the Gowers, Levesons, Russells, Cavendishes, Howards, and Grosvenors who walk on the face of the earth. When in 1846 Lord John Russell formed his first Administration, those who were not included alleged that it was principally composed of his cousins. "'Lord John's grandmother' became consequently a favourite subject of wit and jest, as the 'Mother Eve' of the whole Cabinet." Ten years later it became necessary for Lord Granville to explain the complicated ramifications of his highly-placed family, which he did in memorable words. "I am obliged to admit that some of those who went before me had quivers-ful of daughters who did not die old maids." In 1858

Lord Derby assured Prince Albert that "the country was tired of the Whig family clique." Twenty-five years later this tradition that Whiggery was a matter of relationship was still so strong that Beresford-Hope worked it into a novel, and made capital fun of the "Sacred Circle of the Great-Grandmotherhood."

But Whiggery, though relationship had a good deal to do with it, meant more than relationship. It meant a firm adhesion to a compact body of political doctrine. Of that doctrine a leading tenet was a jealousy (inherited from 1688) of the Royal Prerogative. As late as 1871 Lord Russell gravely rebuked Mr. Gladstone for having, in order to abolish Purchase in the army, overridden a vote of the House of Lords by an exercise of Prerogative. Another tenet was a genuine belief in civil and religious freedom, and in representative government at home and abroad. A third was an intense hostility to any claim on the part of the English Church to a spiritual character, and a firm resolve to maintain Establishment. "As long as the Church is established, we can kick the parsons; but once disestablish it, and begad! they'll kick us." That is the Whig doctrine of Church and State in a nutshell.

Again, the Whigs were even savagely tenacious of the rights of property, and, at least in later years, believers in Political Economy and Free Trade. In these cardinal respects the Whigs of Queen Victoria's reign may be said to have fairly represented the men of 1688, whose blood and property they had inherited, and whose memory they revered. But it was noticeable that, as the nineteenth century advanced, the Whigs became more and more averse to political progress. Though

they loved liberty, they hated equality. They gloried in past victories of their party over enemies who no longer existed; but, when they were forced to face the problems of the present and the future, they hesitated and hung back. On the most pressing of political issues —the Extension of the Suffrage—they were hopelessly divided; and, as they deliberately refused to lead, the forces of democracy pushed them quietly on one side, and Liberalism, now democratized, went on its way without them. "Whiggery," wrote Lord Lyndhurst in 1855, "Whiggery (a real and selfish aristocracy, under the pretence of liberty) is an impudent fraud." And, if it be urged that Lyndhurst, an ex-Radical and a highly-placed Tory, was no fair judge of a political party equally remote from Radicalism and from Toryism, I will cite the witness of Thackeray, whose Liberalism was beyond reproach—

"To be a Whig you must be a Reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe, not only that the Corn Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be contented, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street. If the people will have reforms, why, of course you can't help it, but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs', and that everything they give us is a blessing. When Lord John Russell the other day blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us how the Whigs had got the Corn Bill for us, I declare I think we all believed it. It wasn't Cobden and Villiers that got it—it was the Whigs, somehow, that *octroyed* the measure for us. They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There *is* what Thomas of Finsbury * almost blasphemously called 'A Whig Dodge'—and it beats all other dodges."

* T. S. Duncombe (1796-1861), Radical M.P. for Finsbury.

And now to sum up and conclude this attempt to estimate the relations between the Queen and the Whigs. It is obvious to all readers of the *Letters* that the Queen began her reign with the most enthusiastic admiration for her Whig advisers, and the most profound mistrust of their opponents. Not less obvious is it that these feelings had undergone considerable modification before Prince Albert's death, and that a widening knowledge of men and of affairs had shown the Queen that political wisdom and virtue were distributed between the two parties more equally than she had once supposed. Two quotations may serve to illustrate the alteration which time effected in the Royal point of review. In 1840 the Queen wrote, "The Whigs are the only safe and loyal people, and the Radicals will also rally round their Queen to protect her from the Tories." In 1878 she wrote, with reference to Lord Russell's death, "I truly regret an old friend of forty years' standing, whose personal kindness in trying and anxious times I shall ever remember. 'Lord John,' as I knew him best, was one of my *first* and most *distinguished* Ministers, and his departure recalls many eventful times."

In this transition from enthusiasm for Whigs in general to temperate praise of the last Whig in particular we may read, perhaps, not only the sobering influence of years, but also a deliberate change in political opinion. Lord Beaconsfield had avenged himself on his ancient foes, and the spell of 1688 was broken.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

I

A STUDY IN CHARACTER

WHOEVER attempts to write a study of Mr. Gladstone's character undertakes to handle a rather complicated theme. He has to analyse a nature agitated and perplexed by a dozen cross-currents of conflicting tendency, and to assign their true causes to psychological phenomena which are peculiarly liable to misinterpretation.

Mr. Gladstone has for more than half a century * loomed so large in the public view as the politician, the minister, and latterly the demagogue, that other and deeper aspects of his character have been overlooked and obscured. Thus it will probably seem to savour of paradox to affirm, as the writer is prepared to do, that the paramount factor of Mr. Gladstone's nature is his religiousness. The religion in which Mr. Gladstone lives and moves and has his being is an intensely vivid and energetic principle, passionate on its emotional side, definite in its theory, imperious in its demands, practical, visible, and tangible in its effects. It runs like a silver strand through the complex and variegated web of his long and chequered life. When he left

* This paper was written in 1891.

Oxford, he wished to take Holy Orders instead of entering Parliament. Under paternal pressure he altered his course; but the mere choice of a profession could make no difference to the ground-tone of his thought. While a Politician he was still essentially, and above all, a Christian — some would say an ecclesiastic. Through all the changes and chances of a political career, as a Tory, as a Home Ruler, in office and in opposition, sitting as a Duke's nominee for a pocket-borough, and enthroned as the idol of an adoring democracy, he—

> "Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value must be won."

In his own personal habits, known to all men, of systematic devotion; in his rigorous reservation of the Sunday for sacred uses; in his written and spoken utterances; in his favourite studies; in his administration of public affairs; in the grounds on which he has based his opposition to policies of which he has disapproved—he has steadily and constantly asserted for the claims of religion a paramount place in public consideration, and has reproved the stale sciolism which thinks, or affects to think, that Christianity, as a spring of human action, is an exhausted force.

It is this religiousness of Mr. Gladstone's character that has incurred the bitter wrath of those large sections of society whose lax theories and corresponding practice his example has constantly rebuked; which has won for him the affectionate reverence of great masses of his countrymen who have never seen his face; and which accounts for the singular loyalty to his person

and policy of those Nonconformist bodies from whom, on the score of merely theological opinion, he is so widely separated. His present attitude towards Nonconformity and Nonconformists, so strikingly different from that which marked his earlier days, is due, in great part, to his growing conviction that English Nonconformity means a robust and consistent application of the principles of the Kingdom of God to the business of public life. This was well illustrated by what occurred at the Memorial Hall in 1888, when he received an address in support of his Irish Policy, signed by some thousands of Nonconformist Ministers, and thus replied—

"I rejoice again to meet you within walls which, although no great number of years have passed since their erection, have already become historic, and which are associated in my mind, and in the minds of many, with honourable struggles, sometimes under circumstances of depression, sometimes under circumstances of promise, but always leading us forward, whatever may have been the phenomena of the moment, along the path of truth and justice. I am very thankful to those who have signed this address for the courageous manner in which they have not scrupled to associate their political action and intention with the principles and motives of their holy religion."

The best theologian in England (as Dr. Döllinger called Mr. Gladstone) cannot help being aware that the theories of Dissent, both in respect of their historic basis and of their relation to scientific Theology, leave much to be desired; and not the less clearly does he recognize the fact that, on those supreme occasions of public controversy when the path of politics crosses the

path of morality, the Nonconformist bodies of England have pronounced unhesitatingly for justice and mercy, while our authorized teachers of religion have too often been silent or have spoken on the wrong side. This keen sense of the religious bearing of political questions has determined his action in not a few crises of his parliamentary life. It was the exacting rigour of a religious theory that drove him out of the Cabinet in 1845. It was his belief that marriage is a sacred and indissoluble union which dictated his pertinacious opposition to the Divorce Bill in 1857. Ten years later he felt that the Irish Establishment could no longer be maintained, because it could plead neither practical utility nor "the seal and signature of ecclesiastical descent." In the Eastern Question he discerned that all the various interests which dread and loathe Christianity were making common cause on behalf of the Power which has for centuries persecuted the worshippers of Christ in Eastern Europe, and that the godless cynicism which scoffed at the red horrors of Bulgaria was not so much an unchristian as an anti-Christian sentiment. When he handles the religious aspects of a political question, his eloquence rises to its highest flight, as in his speech on the Second Reading of the Affirmation Bill in 1883. Under the system then existing (which admitted Jews to Parliament, but excluded Atheists), to deny the existence of God was a fatal bar, but to deny the Christian creed was no bar at all. This, Mr. Gladstone contended, was a formal disparagement of Christianity, which was thereby relegated to a place of secondary importance. Those who heard it will not

easily forget the solemn splendour of the passage in which his argument was enforced.

The administration of government has always been, in Mr. Gladstone's hands, a religious act. Even in the trivial concerns of ordinary life, the sense of responsibility to an invisible Judge for the deeds done in the body presses on him with overwhelming weight. He is haunted by responsibility for time, and talents, and opportunities, and influence, and power; responsibility for reading, and writing, and speaking, and eating, and drinking; and to this the task of government superadds responsibility for the material and moral interests of the people entrusted to his charge; responsibility, above all else, for much that vitally affects the well-being, the efficiency, and the spiritual repute of that great religious institution with which the commonwealth of England is so closely intertwined. In the Bidding Prayer at Oxford the congregation is exhorted to pray for those in authority that they "may labour to promote the glory of GOD and the present and future welfare of mankind; remembering always that solemn account which they must one day give before the judgment-seat of CHRIST." Those who have been behind the scenes when Mr. Gladstone was preparing to make some important appointment in the Church, and have witnessed the anxious and solemn care with which he approaches the task, have seen that high ideal of duty translated into practice.

If we assign the first place in Mr. Gladstone's character to his religiousness, we must certainly allow the second to his love of power. And it is neither a sarcasm nor a jest (though it sounds like both) to say

that his second characteristic is in some measure related to the first. From his youth up, he must have been conscious of high aims and great abilities. He has earnestly desired to serve his day and generation, and he has known that he has unusual capacity for giving effect to his desire. In order that those powers and that capacity may have free scope, it has been necessary that their possessor should be in a position of authority, of leadership, of command. And thus it comes about that ambition has been part of his religion; for ambition means with him nothing else than the resolute determination to possess that official control over the machine of State which will enable him to fill his pre-destined part in the providential order, and to do, on the largest scale, and with the amplest opportunities, what he conceives to be his duty to God and man. This is Mr. Gladstone's love of power. It has nothing in common with the vulgar eagerness for place and pay and social standing which governs the lesser luminaries of the political heaven; but, in itself an inborn and irresistible impulse, it has become identified with his deliberate theory of the public good, and it is confirmed by the unbroken habit of a lifetime. As a Tory, as a Peelite, as a Liberal, and as a Home Ruler, he has passed the greater part of his life amid the excitements, the interests, and the responsibilities of office; and, when not in office, he has found in the active guidance of a militant Opposition ample scope for the exercise of his astonishing gifts, and a scarcely diminished importance in the public eye.

Of course, Mr. Gladstone's love of power is supported

by a splendid fearlessness. In proposing in Parliament the national Memorial to Lord Beaconsfield, he referred in tones of genuine admiration to his dead rival's political courage; and that great quality has been illustrated at least as signally in his own career. No dangers have been too threatening for him to face, no obstacles too formidable, no tasks too laborious, no heights too inaccessible. His courage has, indeed, its inconvenient side. He begins to build his towers without counting the cost, and in going to war forgets to calculate the relative strength of ten and twenty thousand. The natural consequence is frequent failure; but failure only strengthens his resolve and stimulates his endeavour. Often defeated, he never despairs, and though his friends have more than once written *Requiescat* on what they believed to be his political tomb, he persists in substituting *Resurgam.*

The love of power and the courage which supports it are allied in Mr. Gladstone with a marked imperiousness. Of this quality there is no trace in his manner, which is courteous, conciliatory, and even deferential; nor in his speech, which breathes an almost exaggerated humility. But the imperiousness shows itself in the more effectual form of action: in his sudden resolves, his invincible insistence, his recklessness of consequences to himself and his friends, his habitual assumption that the civilized world and all its units must agree with him, his indignant astonishment at the bare thought of dissent or resistance, his incapacity to believe that an overruling Providence will permit him to be frustrated or defeated. It is this last peculiarity of his temper which has exposed him

to the severest shocks of adverse fate. His friends and relations, his colleagues and supporters and official guides, know so well this imperious optimism, and shrink so naturally from the consequences of disturbing it, that they insensibly fall into the habit of assuring him that everything is going as he wishes, and that human daring and political perversity will not, in the long run, venture to withstand his wise and righteous will. It is the inconvenient property of those who systematically speak smooth things to prophesy deceits; and again and again, as in 1874 and 1886, Mr. Gladstone's complacent counsellors have prepared for him a rude awakening from sweet dreams of majorities and office to the grim reality of defeat and Opposition.

Mr. Gladstone's love of power is one of the many features of his character which have been widely misconstrued. His political opponents cannot or will not believe that it is only a synonym for disinterested devotion to the public good. Another point in which the general estimate of him is curiously erroneous is his feeling about change. It has fallen to his lot to propose so many and such momentous alterations in our political system that all his enemies, and some of his friends, have come to regard him as a man to whom change for its own sake is agreeable. Never was a greater error. He is essentially and fundamentally a Conservative. This temper of his mind powerfully affects his feelings about great authors of all types and times. He is a cavalier all over in his devotion to Sir Walter Scott. He reveres St. Thomas Aquinas as a chief exponent of the great principle of Authority. His

sentiments towards Edmund Burke may be given in his own words, addressed to the writer of this book in 1884.

"I turn from these troublesome thoughts to say how glad (not surprised) I am that Burke has a place in your admiration, and on most subjects, as I conjecture, in your confidence. Yet I remember a young Tory's saying at Oxford he could not wish to be more Tory than Burke. He was perhaps the maker of the Revolutionary War; and without any 'perhaps,' almost unmade the liberties, the Constitution, even the material interests and prosperity of our country. Yet I venerate and almost worship him, though I can conceive its being argued that all he did for freedom, justice, religion, purity of government in other respects and other quarters, was less than the mischief which flowed out from the 'Reflections on the French Revolution.'"

Mr. Gladstone's natural bias is to respect institutions as they are, and nothing short of plain proof that their effect is injurious will induce him to set about reforming them. And even when he is impelled by strong conviction to undertake the most fundamental and far-reaching alterations of our policy, the innate conservatism of his mind makes him try to persuade himself that the revolution which he contemplates is in truth a restoration. Thus, his favourite argument for Home Rule is that it is merely a return to the system of government which commended itself to the wisdom of our fathers, and which their presumptuous children heedlessly set aside; and he seeks to allay the alarms of his followers by dwelling on the encouraging prospect that an Irish Legislature will probably contain a large majority of Conservatives.

The Church, regarded as a divinely-constituted

society, has had no more passionate defender than the author of "Church Principles considered in their results," and "The State in its Relations with the Church." His chivalric devotion to the Throne has often and severely tried the patience of his Radical followers, as when, amid the plaudits of his foes and the moans of his friends, he championed the Royal Grants in 1889. His sentiment of loyalty is exceedingly strong, and was beautifully expressed in the letter which he addressed to the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, on the attainment of his majority—

"Hawarden Castle, January 7th, 1885.

"SIR,

"As the oldest among the confidential servants of Her Majesty, I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life. The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past are of little moment; but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future.

"There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust at a distant date, of a throne which, to me at least, appears the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England.

"I fervently desire and pray, and there cannot be a more animating prayer, that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct, and may be adorned with all the qualities, which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

"And, Sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties and by a bright example to the country. This result we have been happily permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.

"Heartily desiring that in the life of your Royal Highness every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honour to remain, Sir, your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Even the House of Lords, which has so often mutilated and delayed great measures on which he set his heart, still has a definite place in his respect, and he always has attached to the possession of rank and what it brings with it an even exaggerated importance. In all the petty details of daily life—in his tastes, his habits, his manners, his way of living, his social prejudices—he is the stiffest of Conservatives. Indeed, he not seldom carries his devotion to the existing order to a ludicrous point, as when he gravely laments the abolition of the Nobleman's Gown at Oxford, or deprecates the admission of the general public to Constitution Hill.

It is true that Mr. Gladstone has sometimes been forced by conviction or fate or political necessity to be a revolutionist on a large scale; to dethrone an Established Church; to add two millions of voters to the electorate; to attack the parliamentary union of

the kingdoms. But, after all, these changes were, in their inception, distasteful to their author. He has allowed us to see the steps by which he arrived at the belief that they were necessary, and, with admirable candour, has shown us that he started with quite opposite prepossessions. His mind is singularly receptive, and his whole life has been spent in unlearning the prejudices in which he was educated. His love of freedom has steadily developed, and he has applied its principles more and more courageously to the problems of government. But it makes some difference to the future of a democratic State whether its leading men are eagerly on the look-out for something to revolutionize, or approach a constitutional change by the gradual processes of conviction and conversion. It is this consideration which makes Mr. Gladstone's continued ascendency to the Liberal party so important to the country. In spite of all that has come and gone, he is a restraining and a conservative force. And those who know him best, as they peer into the future, feel something of that misgiving which filled the air in Queen Elizabeth's latter days—"All men pointed to the Queen's white hairs and said, 'When that snow melteth, there will be a flood.'"

Mr. Gladstone's religiousness, his love of power, his Conservative bias, are aspects of his character which have often been the ground of debate and dispute. There cannot be two opinions about his love of beauty. It is a many-sided and far-reaching enthusiasm. Beauty in nature, in art, in literature, appeals to him with irresistible force. For what is merely rare, or curious,

or costly, he does not care a jot; but he kindles with contagious enthusiasm over a fine picture, a striking statue, a delicate piece of artistic workmanship. Good music stirs him to his depths. In literature, he exacts beauty both of form and of substance. No mere skill in character-painting, or subtlety of analysis, or creative force, will win his praise for a writer who, like George Eliot, is powerful rather than beautiful, or dwells, however skilfully, on the repulsive aspects of life and character. When, in 1859, he claimed for Alfred Tennyson a supreme place among modern poets, and even among the benefactors of mankind, he based that claim in great measure on "the delicate insight into beauty, the refined perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye both in the physical and moral world for motion, light, and colour," with which his friend's genius was so splendidly endowed.

It is his devotion to spiritual and physical beauty which has made Mr. Gladstone a life-long, a passionate, almost an adoring, disciple of Homer and Dante. With regard to the former, it is not necessary to follow him in all the ethnological and religious theories which, in successive works, published in 1858, 1869, 1876, and 1890, he has laid before the world. Whether sound or erroneous, they are founded on an absolute and detailed knowledge of the text—a commonplace but essential equipment for the task of interpretation which even professional scholars too often neglect. His published studies in Homer have received high praise from such competent authorities as Professor Jebb and Professor Freeman, though these learned men did not accept all

his theories or follow his deductions from the narrative. He has "done such justice to Homer and his age as Homer has never received out of his own land. He has vindicated the true position of the greatest of poets; he has cleared his tale and its actors from the misrepresentation of ages." Speaking to the boys at Eton in 1891, he gave this curious fragment of autobiography—

"When I was a boy I cared nothing at all about the Homeric gods. I did not enter into the subject until thirty or forty years afterwards, when, in a conversation with Dr. Pusey, who, like me, had been an Eton boy, he told me, having more sense and brains than I had, that he took the deepest interest and had the greatest curiosity about these Homeric gods. They are of the greatest interest, and you cannot really study the text of Homer without gathering fruits; and, the more you study him, the more you will be astonished at the multitude of lessons and the completeness of the picture which he gives you. There is a perfect encyclopædia of human character and human experience in the poems of Homer, more complete in every detail than is elsewhere furnished to us of Achaian life."

Mr. Gladstone's love of Dante is reinforced by his theological sense. At the most, the theology of Homer belongs to the region of natural religion; but in Dante Mr. Gladstone finds a poet after his own heart, in whom passion and pathos and a profound sense of the underlying tragedy of human life are penetrated by the influence of the Christian dogma. His sentiments on this head are well expressed in the following translation of an Italian letter which, in 1882, he addressed to Professor Giambattista Guilioni, of Rome—

"You have been good enough to call that supreme poet 'a solemn master' for me. These are not empty words. The

reading of Dante is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force*, or a lesson; it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man. In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of the mental provision (however insignificant it be) which has served me to make this journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years. And I should like to extend your excellent phrase, and to say that he who labours for Dante labours to serve Italy, Christianity, the world."

In Mr. Gladstone's character several seemingly inconsistent qualities are combined; and it is curious to note, in a temperament so highly emotional, imaginative, and even histrionic, a strong cross-current of business-like instinct. Those who speculate in matters of race and pedigree might be inclined to suggest that he owes the ideal elements of his nature to his mother's Gaelic ancestors, and the practical elements to those shrewd burghers of Leith and lairds of Lanarkshire from whom, through his father, he descends. But, however this may be, his taste for commercial enterprise is as clearly marked a feature of his character as his rhetorical fervour or his dialectical subtlety. A colleague who knew him well said, "The only two things that Gladstone really cares for are the Church and finance." This was before the days of Home Rule; but it is still true that the Church and finance are the only two departments of public affairs which have interested him keenly and constantly from his earliest manhood till now, and with regard to which his whole course has been consistent. It was in the realm of finance that his most remarkable achievements were won. He was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who ever made the Budget romantic. He

believes in Free Trade as the gospel of social salvation. He revels in figures; and every detail of price and value, of production and distribution, of money and money's worth, and every form of enquiry and speculation which tends to illustrate these subjects, exercises an irresistible fascination over his mind.

The gravity and earnestness of Mr. Gladstone's nature are allied with what he himself once described as a "vulnerable temper and impetuous moods." While it is easy to discern the passionate nature as it works within, it is impossible not to admire the vigorous self-mastery by which it is turned from harmful into useful channels. He has a grand capacity for generous indignation, and nothing is finer than to see the changing lights and shades on his mobile and expressive face when—

> "Some tale of injury calls forth
> The indignant spirit of the North."

The hawk-like features become more strongly marked, the onyx-eyes flash and glow, the voice grows more resonant, and the utterance more emphatic. It is droll to observe the discomfiture of a story-teller who has fondly thought to tickle the great man's sense of humour by an anecdote which depends for its point upon some trait of cynicism, baseness, or sharp practice. He finds his tale received in grim silence, and then perceives to his dismay that what was intended to entertain has only disgusted. "Do you call that amusing? I call it devilish," was the emphatic comment with which a characteristic story about Lord Beaconsfield was once received by his eminent rival. In personal dealing, he

is no doubt quickly roused; but is placable, reasonable, and always willing to hear excuses or defence. And, when the course of life is flowing smoothly, and nothing happens to disturb the stream, he is delightful company. He has a keen faculty of enjoyment, great appreciation of civility and attention, and a nature completely unspoilt by success and prominence and praise. A most engaging quality of his character is his courtesy. It is invariable and universal. A pretty and touching instance of it is contained in the following letter. A young lady, who was suffering from consumption, sent to Mr. Gladstone on his birthday, which was also her own, a letter containing a bookmark, on which she had embroidered the words: "The Bible our Guide." She received in return some gifts suitable to an invalid, together with the following letter:—

"I am greatly touched by your kindness in having worked a bookmark for me, under the circumstances at which you glance in such feeling and simple terms. May the guidance which you are good enough to desire on my behalf avail you fully on every step of that journey in which, if I do not precede, I can but shortly follow you."

Mr. Gladstone has the ceremonious manners of the old school, and alike to young and old, to men and women, he pays the compliment of assuming that they are on his own intellectual level and furnished with at least as much information as will enable them to follow and to understand him. Indeed, his manner towards his intellectual inferiors is almost ludicrously humble. He consults, defers, enquires; argues his point where he would be fully justified in laying down the law; and

eagerly seeks information from the mouths of babes and sucklings. Still, after all, he is frankly human, and it is part of human nature to like acquiescence better than contradiction, and to value more highly than they deserve the characters and attainments of second-rate people who agree with one. Hence it arises that all his geese are swans. He shows, as Bishop Wilberforce said, "a want of sharp-sighted clearness as to others," and he is consequently exposed to the arts of scheming mediocrities, on whose interested opinions he is apt to place a fatally implicit reliance.

In order to form the highest and the truest estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character it is necessary to see him at home. There are some people who appear to the best advantage on the distant heights, elevated by intellectual eminence above the range of scrutiny, or shrouded from too close observation by the misty glamour of great station and great affairs. Others excel in the middle distance of official intercourse, and in the friendly but not intimate relations of professional and public life. But the noblest natures are those which are seen at their best in the close communion of the home, and here Mr. Gladstone is pre-eminently attractive. The diligence, the order, the simplicity, and, above all, the devout and manly piety of his daily life, form a spectacle even more impressive than his most magnificent performances in Parliament or on the platform. He is the idol of those who are most closely associated with him, whether by the ties of blood, of friendship, or of duty; and perhaps it is highest praise to say that he is not unworthy of the devotion which he inspires.

II

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES *

I am an hereditary Gladstonian, in this respect differing from most members of Whig families. For many years after Mr. Gladstone had come over, *viâ* Peelism, to Liberalism, he was "suspect" in the eyes of the Whigs. They believed that a good deal of his early Toryism still clung to him, and in particular they dreaded his devoted and eager Churchmanship. To this rule my father † was an exception. Though a Whig *pur sang*, he was an enthusiastic Gladstonian, and Mrs. Gladstone remembers to this day his keen admiration of those "Budget Speeches" which have since become so famous. I was six years old when Mr. Gladstone joined Lord Palmerston's Government as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1859. In that Government my uncle, Lord Russell, was Foreign Secretary, and the two statesmen, so unlike in all their antecedents and in many of their tendencies, were drawn together by their common zeal for extension of the suffrage, their common sympathy with oppressed nationalities, and their common dislike of Lord Palmerston's vain-glorious Jingoism. During the life of that Administration Mr. Gladstone was a frequent guest at my parents' house, but I was too young to be brought in contact with him. I often saw him in the House of Commons, and well remember his Italian

* Written in 1893.

† Lord Charles James Fox Russell (1807–1894).

aspect—the pale face, black hair, and piercing eyes. In 1865 my uncle became Prime Minister for the second time, with Mr. Gladstone as Leader of the House of Commons; but during the debates on the Whig Reform Bill of 1866, I was in the country, and saw nothing of the fray. In the summer of 1867, just before I went to Harrow, I was again in London; and from under the Gallery I witnessed some of those hand-to-hand encounters between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli which made the debates on the Tory Reform Bill so amusing and so memorable. In the following year Mr. Gladstone began his attack on the Irish Church. Henceforward I was an enthusiast in his cause. I had seen and admired him; I had been taught to look upon him as eminently good; his eloquence, no longer confined to the House of Commons, was beginning to thrill great popular audiences and to reach all readers of the newspapers. He was classical, literary, accomplished; a cultivator of beauty and the arts; yet a most vigorous and victorious fighter; above all, he saw and taught that the Church is a spiritual society, independent of, though allied with, the State; and his attack upon the Irish Church seemed to my boyish eyes to be High Churchmanship in the most romantic and attractive form. The General Election which decided that issue took place in November, 1868. Harrow School then contained about 500 boys. I remember only four (beside myself) who wore the Liberal colours. They were the present Lord Grey, Mr. W. A. Meek (Recorder of York), Mr. Walter Leaf (the Homeric scholar), and Mr. Danglish, who edits the *Harrow*

Register. And I remember with pride that I received my "baptism of fire," or more literally of mud, in a violent struggle to defend my colours against overwhelming odds. For these last thirty years then I have been a convinced and whole-hearted Gladstonian; but with Mr. Gladstone himself I had at that time no personal intercourse. He never visited Harrow while I was in the school, and my home was then in the country. It was not till after I had done with Oxford and come to live in London that I renewed my youth by coming into contact with my hero. It was a golden opportunity. The Eastern Question was raging, and if ever Mr. Gladstone had the passionate devotion of young men and young Churchmen, it was during the years of his great crusade —1876–1880. At the very hottest moment of that conflict—July, 1878—just when Lord Beaconsfield returned from Berlin, I chanced to meet Mr. Gladstone at dinner, and to have a conversation with him about a political career. I told him of my enthusiasm for his cause, and my desire to serve it in Parliament. And I remember my astonishment when he told me, in a tone of the gravest warning, that politics was a career which he could never recommend any man to adopt. Perhaps it would have been happier for me if I had heeded his counsel; but the passion of the hour was too strong. The desire to dethrone Lord Beaconsfield carried all before it; and it carried me into Parliament, when I was just twenty-seven, at the General Election of 1880.

From this time on, of course, my opportunities of knowing Mr. Gladstone increased. He gave me, on hereditary grounds, the kindest welcome to the House

of Commons. Soon after, followed my first visit to Hawarden, and by degrees a variety of circumstances brought me into closer and closer contact with him. In 1882 occurred an incident which I hope it is not immodest to recall. We were debating Sir William Harcourt's Crimes Bill, which had been made necessary by the murders in the Phœnix Park. In the Bill, as brought in, there was a most salutary provision giving the police the right to search houses in which murders were supposed to be plotted. After making us vote for this clause three times—on the First Reading, the Second Reading, and in Committee—the Government, yielding to clamour, proposed to alter it on Report by limiting the right of search to the daytime. Some of us opposed this alteration, as giving "a close time for murder," and we beat the Government. While I was speaking, Mr. Bright said to Mr. Gladstone, "What a pity that George Russell is taking this line!" And Mr. Gladstone replied, "Yes; but how well he is doing it!" Mr. Bright told the story to my father, and I confess that a compliment so magnanimous gave me a quite peculiar pleasure. In the following year Mr. Gladstone made me Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, and his letter on that occasion, together with two or three written in reference to subsequent elections, are among my most treasured possessions.

The loss of my seat at the General Election of 1885 seemed to me at the time the most crushing of misfortunes. But in 1886 I learned to regard it as a blessing. I had opinions about the way in which Home Rule was introduced, and the methods by which the wirepullers

tried to push it through Parliament, which would have made my position, if I had been a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government, intolerable. I thought—as I still think—very poorly, of the first Home Rule Bill, and yet to vote against Mr. Gladstone on a question in which he was vitally interested would have made me feel like a parricide. So I now look back upon my absence from Parliament in 1886 with unmixed thankfulness.

But here again is an instance of Mr. Gladstone's magnanimity. He was perfectly aware that I did not entirely agree with him. I set forth my points of disagreement in a signed article, which he did me the honour to read, and to remember five years afterwards. Yet the knowledge never made the slightest difference in our personal intercourse. He was still the same kind, familiar, fatherly friend that he had always been; honoured me by coming to my house, and welcomed me at his own. And, when the election of 1892 was approaching, it was his personal solicitation, made in full knowledge of all the facts, that determined me to win North Bedfordshire from the common enemy.

Another subject, of greater importance than Home Rule, on which Mr. Gladstone and I did not think alike was State Socialism. As long ago as 1885 he asked me with marked anxiety if it was true that Socialistic opinions were gaining ground among young Liberals. Before answering, I asked if by Socialism he meant the State doing what the individual should do, or the taking of private property for public uses. He replied, with indescribable emphasis: "I mean both; but I reserve my worst Billingsgate for the latter." From this time

on, and more clearly after 1889, he knew the way in which my own opinions tended, and yet he made no reference to them when he asked me to join his Government in 1892. But, when he quitted office in 1894, in reply to my letter of farewell, he reverted to the subject in words which I think I may venture to quote—

"I am thankful to have had a part in the emancipating labours of the last sixty years; but entirely uncertain how, had I now to begin my life, I could face the very different problems of the next sixty years. Of one thing I am, and always have been, convinced—it is not by the State that man can be regenerated and the terrible woes of this darkened world effectually dealt with."

In connexion with this subject, I may refer to, though I must not describe in detail, some deeply interesting transactions which occurred in the autumn in 1885. The General Election was imminent. Mr. Gladstone had set forth the "Authorized Programme," as it was called, in a Letter to Midlothian, and Mr. Chamberlain had summed up in the "Unauthorized Programme" a number of radical reforms on which he had set his heart. I was Mr. Gladstone's guest at Hawarden, and Mr. Chamberlain's intentions formed the subject of a very grave conversation. I am convinced that it was the "Collectivist" (as we now say, though the word was not used then) or Socialistic tendency of the Unauthorized Programme which set Mr. Gladstone against it, much more than the fact that it was issued without regard to his own views and position. I was myself an advocate of the Unauthorized Programme, and did my utmost to produce

an understanding between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Chamberlain, in response to a sudden invitation, paid a flying visit to Hawarden. "The rest is silence"; but, in view of what happened immediately afterwards, it is an interesting memory.

I have often been driven to ask myself what accounted for the undeserved and exceptional kindness with which Mr. Gladstone always treated me, even when he thought me in error. Something, no doubt, was due to hereditary association and Auld Lang Syne, to which he was always passionately loyal; but I think the main cause must have been that he knew that I shared, from the depths of my heart, his convictions about the Christian religion, and the Church of England in particular, and that my views of the Eastern Question were dominated by my religious beliefs. As it was in 1876–1880, so it was again in 1895–98, and I shall always be deeply thankful that in Mr. Gladstone's last great battle for the right I was able to follow him, no longer, indeed, as a regular soldier, but still as an eager volunteer.

It was, of course, our agreement in the sphere of Churchmanship which led Mr. Gladstone sometimes to consult me about ecclesiastical appointments. Into those communications I cannot enter; but I may say that, as far as I was able to see, every step which he took was governed by sacred care for the highest interests of spiritual religion—and by that alone.

In August, 1895, it was my privilege to spend a week at Hawarden, and during a great part of the time, to be alone with Mr. Gladstone. He opened his mind to me with a fulness and a frankness which he had never

used before. He spoke of his own memories and experiences; of political prospects and political men; of our colleagues in his late Ministry; of the increasing disadvantages of public life; of the natural beauties of the place; and of material improvements, actual and prospective, in the labourer's lot. What he said on these subjects, though well remembered by me, need not now be recalled. But two topics may be commemorated in connexion with the subject of religion. One was that grave branch of social duty which concerns our fallen sisters. The other was the doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul. Never shall I forget the hour when I sate with Mr. Gladstone in the park at Hawarden, while a thunderstorm was gathering over our heads, and he, all unheeding, poured forth, in those organ-tones of profound conviction, his belief that the human soul is not necessarily indestructible, but that immortality is the gift of God in Christ to the believer. The impression of that discourse will not be effaced until the tablets of memory are finally blotted.

But, putting aside these solemn communications, it is difficult to exaggerate the charm of Mr. Gladstone's companionship. His manner was the very perfection of old-fashioned courtesy. It was entirely free from "superiority," condescension, or the desire to patronize. He assumed that his hearers, however young or undistinguished, were on his own moral and intellectual level; and he was as willing to hear and learn as to speak and teach. Yet at the same time there was something formidable. I felt a genuine and wholesome awe of his straightforwardness, his thoroughness, his argumentative

force. I cannot conceive that any human being ever took a liberty with him in private intercourse, though, alas! I have seen it done in Parliament. The "vulnerable temper and impetuous moods" which he long ago ascribed to himself, though disciplined by the most splendid self-control, made themselves seen and felt, and, by a curious influence, checked the expression of opinions which he did not share. An instance may be allowed. I was once dining with a party of eight or ten men, of whom Mr. Gladstone was one. He began praising the scheme of a Channel Tunnel; one man agreed loudly; no one expressed dissent; and Mr. Gladstone said he was pleased to find so complete an agreement. Personally I was opposed to the Tunnel, and I suspected that some of the others shared my view. I thereupon proposed to take a division, when it appeared that only Mr. Gladstone and one other supported the Tunnel, and that all the rest were opposed to it. Yet they had been awed into silence, which had been interpreted as acquiescence.

I spoke just now of Mr. Gladstone's straightforwardness. This quality was curiously illustrated in a department where duplicity or equivocation is generally thought admissible. He never could be induced to praise what he did not admire. He would sometimes soften the process by saying, "I should like to hear that passage again," or "I will look at the picture more carefully"; and I well remember the laborious courtesy with which he once tried to find something complimentary to say about a Gothic summer-house of stucco and blue glass. But, when pressed for his

opinion, he gave it emphatically; and I am sorry to recall his unfavourable verdict on Tennyson's Ode to Virgil, and Charles Wesley's "Jesu, Lover of my Soul."

It was this very quality of straightforwardness which gave such special value to his praise, whether of men or things; and made his letters of condolence or of felicitation so real and so cheering. Can anything be more perfect than what he wrote to me on the day of my father's death?

"I have seen, with the eyes of others, in newspapers of this afternoon, the account of the death—shall I say?—or of the ingathering of your father. And of what he was to you as a father, I can reasonably, if remotely, conceive from knowing what he was in the outer circle, as a firm, true, loyal friend. He has done, and will do, no dishonour to the name of Russell. It is a higher matter to know, at a supreme moment like this, that he had placed his treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, and his dependence where dependence never fails. May he enjoy the rest, light, and peace of the just until you are permitted to rejoin him! With growing years you will feel more and more that here everything is but a rent, and that it is death alone which integrates."

Mr. Gladstone's mental alertness is a quality so well known that I need not dwell on it, though I had plenty of opportunities of observing it at close quarters in the Session of 1893. Perhaps it is a quality which others may have had in the same perfection; but there was one in respect of which I am convinced that he stood quite alone, and that was his faculty of concentration. He himself, I believe, the most modest of human beings, specified it as the only point, so far as he knew, in which he differed from his fellows. I know by experience that

when he was reading or writing, one could go in and out of his room, and move about in it, without the least disturbing him; and I have been told that it required the same effort to rouse him from study which is required to rouse an ordinary man from sleep. I hope it is not irreverent to say that the same faculty of concentration was most manifest in the offices of devotion. There Mr. Gladstone was "solus cum Solo," and the outer world had disappeared.

III

THE IMPRESSIONS OF TEN DAYS

"His voice is silent in your Council-hall
For ever; and, whatever tempest lour,
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke:
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."

It would, I think, be untrue to say that Mr. Gladstone's death came to us as a great sorrow. The sorrowful element, of course, was present. The removal of a noble landmark, the severance of a life-long link—these changes are not accomplished without pain. But sorrow was swallowed up in a sense of exultation. There had been for six months the spectacle of decreasing vigour, the knowledge of increasing pain, and the apprehension—happily never fulfilled—of intellectual impairment. Now

all that misery was at an end, and our hero had triumphed —if such an expression is permissible—over the Last Enemy. And the end had come so exactly as he would have wished, with her who for nearly sixty years was the Good Angel of his house by his side to the last, and with all his living children round his bed. They had gone with him to the brink of the river, and there waited in faith and hope for the arrival of the Shining Ones who were to carry him to the Celestial City. He was happy even in the moment of his departure, dying just as the earliest Eucharists of Ascension Day were mounting up to the Eternal Throne. Certainly at one altar, and very likely at more, he had been doubly commemorated—first among the living, if perchance he was still with us; and then among the departed, if he had already left the earth. And he died enjoying the goodwill of all the world. The political animosities which once raged so fiercely round his name had long since been extinguished, and he had passed in his lifetime into the ranks of our national Immortals, and had taken his permanent place among the great figures of English history.

But though these last ten days * have not been days of sorrow, they have been days, never to be forgotten, of deep, increasing, and universal Feeling. Feeling was the dominant note; a feeling mingled of respect, love, admiration, and regret; of thankfulness for a great inspiration; of longing that we might not prove unworthy of it. And it was all so spontaneous. The feeling was not manufactured, nor organized, nor produced to order. It poured in a rushing stream from its source, deep in the

* May 19-29, 1898.

honest hearts of an unemotional and sometimes a prejudiced people. In such a connexion we speak habitually of Mourning. We talk of public Mourning and private Mourning, of Mourning garb and Mourning looks. But here the word seems wholly out of place. It was Feeling that the nation manifested—Feeling for our lost leader, Feeling for those who stood nearest to his heart, Feeling for our "brethren and companions" whom we knew to be partakers of the same emotion as ourselves. But still it was not sorrow, and its expression was not mourning. And, as day after day brought tidings of the glorious manner of his ending, and his praises were in every one's mouth, and we feasted on the accounts of the honour rendered and to be rendered to his memory, the exultation of victory prevailed with increasing mastery over the pang of parting and the blankness of loss. And then came the farewell to the beautiful home which his name had made famous all over the world; and the last prayers before the altar which had seen his marriage, and the Communions of sixty years; and the long, triumphal march through the darkness of the night, starred all along the road with the loving lights of welcome; and then, in the deep silence of the midnight, his arrival at the darkened scene of his historic triumphs; and then—most sacred, most fit, most happy consummation—his three nights' repose in that glorious Hall, which, scarcely less than its neighbour-Abbey, belongs to the high story of the land which he four times ruled. Never can fade from the memory of those long vigils—the vasty silence, the encircling lights, the Symbol of Salvation guarding the sacred deposit; and round the bier the kneeling forms of men who came,

drawn together by an inspired impulse of grateful love, to commend the departed soul to perpetual and increasing peace. And then the great river of the nation's life, which for two whole days poured unceasingly past the Throne of Death—the unending procession of men and women, and lads and children, who, without the faintest fuss or posturing or striving for effect, paid a long homage to the greatest man whom they have known or will ever know again.

And what of the rite which we celebrated on Whitsun-Eve? It was, in all its parts, aspects and elements, the perfect crown and climax of these ten triumphal days. Incredible if one had not seen it—indescribable though one has—was the God-sustained composure,—the sweet, natural grace,—of her whose heart was buried there, as she walked, all stately, to her place, and knelt by the open grave, and sate like a queen to receive the homage of friends who strove in vain to learn from her the difficult lesson of unselfish grief.

"Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust:
He is gone who seem'd so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him: Christ receive him."

And now I look back once again to the impressions

of these Ten Days. I revert to Feeling as the dominant note, and I ask myself the secret of that Feeling. It was natural—it was inevitable—for men who had been associated with Mr. Gladstone by the ties of blood, of friendship, or of duty, to feel his death as one feels the two or three great epoch-making events of life. But these thronging multitudes of Englishmen and Englishwomen, who had never seen his face nor heard his voice, who perhaps had not shared his theory of the public good, had even spent themselves in the endeavour to defeat his purposes—what was it that brought them in thousands to his bier, and drew from their hearts a homage such as no king or conqueror could ever have elicited? The answer is the simplest, yet, as I profoundly believe, the most absolutely true—they knew that he was a good man, and they paid their unspoken tribute to purity and uprightness and Christian manhood. It is this which makes the events of the last ten days so supremely valuable. They have drawn out of its habitual restraint the best element of our national character, and they have provided the generations that are yet to come with a monument of faith, on which the storms of disbelief may beat with unavailing fury.

"On God and Godlike men we build our trust."

Conspicuous among those men was he who is here commemorated. His influence over the Englishmen of his generation cannot be fully measured until that final day when the Books are opened; but something of it we already know. If we should ever be tempted to despair of humanity, we shall bethink ourselves of him.

If our Christian faith should be haunted by blank misgivings, the memory of his strong confidence will reassure us. If we are told, by the flippancy of scepticism, that "Religion is a disease," then we can point to him, who, up to the verge of ninety years, displayed a fulness of vigorous and manly life beyond all that we had ever known.

CARDINAL MANNING

MR. PURCELL has given us, in his "Life of Cardinal Manning," a peculiarly fascinating, because a perfectly candid, biography.* He is entitled to the gratitude of every one who is interested either in the Cardinal's remarkable personality or in the practical working of the system by which the Church of Rome operates at home and abroad. I do not propose to enter into the dispute between Mr. Purcell and those who have assailed him in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere, beyond saying that, so far as I have the means of judging, the biographer has effectually justified himself against his critics. Nor shall I attempt in this chapter an epitome of the Cardinal's great career, or a minute dissection of his character. I have given elsewhere my own personal impressions of that remarkable man as he was in life.† I now proceed to compare those impressions with the finished and elaborate portrait which Mr. Purcell has set before us in his recently-published Biography.

In Chapters I. to XI. of his First Volume, Mr. Purcell narrates Manning's parentage, early surroundings, and education; the development of his character; his tastes,

* Written in 1896.

† See *Collections and Recollections*, Chapter IV.

inclinations, and his secular ambitions; the dislocation of all his plans by his father's failure in business; the religious influence brought to bear upon him by his Evangelical friends; the gradual substitution of spiritual for worldly aspirations; his entrance into Holy Orders; the happiness of his short married life; his growing absorption in the duties of the sacred ministry; his aloofness from the Oxford Movement; his independent line of ecclesiastical thought and action; the gradual concentration of all his heart and mind on the Unity of the Church.

The beauty and desirability of Unity and its necessity to an ideal condition, had long occupied a leading place in Manning's thoughts. He dealt with it in his first published sermon on "The English Church: its Succession and Witness for Christ," preached at a Visitation, in Chichester Cathedral, in 1835. Again and again he returned to it in his Archidiaconal charges. In 1842 he elaborated his views about it in a formal treatise, "affectionately inscribed" to his friend Mr. Gladstone. The main part of the book is occupied with the theory of Unity as set forth in Holy Scripture and the Fathers, and a strong enforcement of its moral and theological importance. It is only in the last twenty pages that the author grapples with the practical difficulties of the subject, and compares the ideal of Unity with the actual condition of Christendom. In these pages he substantially reproduces the argument of Bramhall, and justifies, while he minimizes, the Anglican claim to independence of Roman control. This part of the book is sketchy and superficial; and critics have wondered

how so keen an intellect as Manning's could have been satisfied with such inadequate handling of an urgent problem. Nearly fifty years after the publication of the book, its venerable author placed it in my hands, and told me the circumstances under which it was written. In 1838, Mr. Gladstone brought out his famous book on *The State in its Relations with the Church*, and Manning, while fully appreciating his friend's desire to serve the Church of England, thought that he based his advocacy on mistaken grounds, and attributed too much value to her alliance with the State. To supply a more spiritual view of the English Church, as part of the Universal Church, and to assert her claims on higher ground than that of legal establishment, was the object which Manning proposed to himself. His theory of Church and State, and of the relations of Anglicanism to "the Holy Church Universal," was perfectly clear in his own mind; and all went on swimmingly till he approached the consideration of things as they actually were, and tried to square his theory with the facts. "Then," he said, "it all broke down, and I could not get through the last chapter." It was a significant failure; but its full significance was not yet clear, even to Manning himself. He thought that the difficulty of reconciling the Anglican position with the doctrine of "One Catholic and Apostolic Church" was a misfortune which we owed to our unhappy divisions. It marred the logical symmetry and completeness of the Anglican position, but it suggested as yet no disloyal or distrustful thoughts. Duties were ours; events were God's. Difficulties would vanish in His own good time;

and in the meantime we must put up with the intellectual annoyance of a theoretical inconsistency.

These main outlines of Manning's Anglican life were sufficiently well known. Mr. Purcell has filled in the picture with a vast number of interesting and novel touches. Few people probably knew that Manning's devotion to Caroline Sargent was not his earliest love-affair; few realized the keen struggle that went on in him between conscience and the cravings of ecclesiastical ambition; few his growing mistrust of, and alienation from, his wife's brother-in-law, Samuel Wilberforce. Nobody, as far as I know, was prepared for what we find in his secret correspondence with Robert Wilberforce, namely, that, from the time of Newman's secession, Manning, whose public utterances led men to regard him as the mainstay and champion of the Anglican position, was grievously afflicted with misgivings about the character and claims of the Church of England. Reviewing this correspondence, Mr. Purcell says—

"The letters to Robert Wilberforce give a clear and connected history of the changes in Manning's religious opinions, the gradual growth and remorseless strengthening of his doubts as to the character and position of the English Church; the drawing of heart and intellect towards the Church of Rome, and the development of a belief, fatal to Anglicanism, in the unity and infallibility of the Church. It was not the Gorham Case which shattered Manning's faith in the Church of England, for before the Gorham judgment was pronounced or formulated he had utterly lost all belief in Anglicanism as forming a part of the Church of Christ."

The discovery of this fact is by far the most

important result of Mr. Purcell's researches into the secret records of Manning's Anglican days.

But it is with the Second Volume that the intense interest of the narrative begins. Manning was received into the Church of Rome on Passion Sunday, April 6, 1851, and was ordained, or re-ordained, Priest on the ensuing Trinity Sunday. He then entered as a student of the *Academia Ecclesiastica* at Rome; and the first chapter of the Second Volume is devoted to the musings and self-communings of the neophyte beginning life again at forty-three, amid new and strange surroundings.

On March 28, 1852, he writes in his private journal—

"I am now more detached, isolated, cut round about, without future, or thought of home, or desire in life, than ever. God alone and the great Forty Days are all I desire, till faith is swallowed up in sight. The one visible, infallible, imperishable Kingdom in which, in 1833, I believed *in confuso*, I have found—am in it, and am its servant. Wonderful grace carrying me through all. If after this I perish, I perish indeed. God be merciful to me a sinner."

This is the genuine utterance of Manning's spiritual part; but man is composite, and it is true ecclesiastically as geographically that—

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

Accordingly, as time goes on, we find the old Adam in Manning's nature reasserting itself. In 1854 he writes in his journal: "I am conscious of a desire to be in such a position as I had in time past"; and, even without this frank admission, it would be easy enough to perceive, as we pursue the narrative of his Roman

life, that the characteristics which had marked him ever since his schooldays at Harrow—the love of prominence, the taste for rulership, the determination to be "aut Cæsar aut nullus,"—were still strong and active within him under the changed conditions of his new career. But the difference is this. Inclinations which, in his Anglican days, he had regarded as snares to be shunned, were now providential leadings to be dutifully followed. He felt an inborn capacity for rule and administration, and a natural love of doing that which he did extremely well. But in Anglican days he was haunted by the fear that ecclesiastical office and pre-eminence among his fellows would, by their very suitableness to his aptitudes and tastes, insensibly deafen him to that voice of conscience which even then seemed to be whispering: "Come out of Her, that ye receive not of Her plagues." It used to be currently believed, and Bishop Wilberforce's diary sanctioned the view, that Manning left the Church of England because he saw no chance of being a bishop here—that an Anglican mitre would have kept him in the Church of England, and that the remote prospect of a Roman one lured him across the border. It is satisfactory to see in the history of his refusal of the Sub-Almonership offered him by Archbishop Harcourt, and the reasons which dictated it, the working of an exactly opposite spirit. Among his reasons for refusing, he mentions—

"That anything which complicated my thoughts and position may affect the *indifference* with which I wish to revolve my mind on the great issue. Visions of a future certainly would." . . . "I am afraid of venturing out of the

Church into the Court. It is a μετάβασις εἰς ἀλλογενεῖς, the first point in the line, and therefore involves the whole principle. . . . I would fain simply deny myself as an offering to Him Who pleased not Himself, and perhaps, in a distinction and an honour having worldly estimation, such a denial is better for me, than in money and the like."

And again, after the decision is made, he writes—

"The associations of the world came about me, and made me feel that I had played the fool and lost a great opportunity. I cannot deny that in the region of the world, even of the fair, not irreligious, view of self-advancement, also of command and precept, I have made a mistake. But in the region of counsels, self-chastisement, humiliation, self-discipline, penance, and of the Cross, I think I have done right.

"Yet great humility alone can keep me from being robbed of all this.

"To learn to say No, to disappoint myself, to choose the harder side, to deny my inclination, to prefer to be less thought of, and to have fewer gifts of the world; this is no mistake, and is most like the Cross, only with humility—God grant it to me."

But when once Manning had crossed the rubicon, all this was changed. Henceforward there was no fear no misgiving, no self-distrust. If a call to higher place or greater power came, it came from God, and must be obeyed without question or delay. At each successive step in his ecclesiastical advancement, this feeling is uppermost; and, indeed, as years went on, it seems to have been accompanied by something very like a desire that a still more important call should come.

Manning had what has been called "the Ambition of Distinctiveness." He felt that he had a special

mission, which no other man could so adequately fulfil, and that was to establish and popularize in England his own robust faith in the cause of the Papacy as identical with the cause of God. There never lived a stronger Papalist. He was more ultramontane than the Ultramontanes. Everything Roman was to him Divine. Italian architecture, Italian vestments, the Italian mode of pronouncing ecclesiastical Latin, were precious in his eyes, because they visibly and audibly implied the all-pervading presence and power of Rome. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that English Romanism was practically Gallianism; that it minimized the Papal supremacy, was disloyal to the Temporal power, and was prone to accommodate itself to its Protestant and secular environment. Against this temporizing spirit he set his face like a flint. He believed that he had been appointed to Papalize England. In Cardinal Wiseman he found a superior after his own heart, and they worked in perfect accord for an end equally dear to both. But Wiseman was old and feeble, and Manning was forced to look forward. As long as Wiseman governed Catholic England, Manning could shape its policy; but there was danger ahead. Wiseman had appointed as his coadjutor with right of succession Dr. Errington, a man of old English family, and tainted, in Manning's view, with the characteristic faults of English Catholicism. If Errington should succeed Wiseman in the Archiepiscopate, a substantial alteration in policy was to be apprehended; and quite certainly Manning would no longer be able to "shape the whispers of a throne," as he had so long shaped them in the ultramontane

sense. The danger was imminent, and Manning's course was obvious. Dr. Errington must be dispossessed of his right of succession. Now, as always, Manning, willing the end, willed the means; and a careful study of the methods by which, single-handed, he carried his point, will disclose a fertility of resource, a tenacity of purpose, an intrepidity, and a remorselessness which would have been remarkable in the fiercest conflicts of political or commercial life. It is charitable to hope that, in Manning's case, they were sanctified by the sincerity with which he identified his own purposes with the Will of God; but the impression which this part of the narrative leaves on the mind is that of Mr. Chamberlain in a cassock.

Errington was duly shunted, but, somehow or other, Manning was not installed in his place; and so, when Wiseman died, and the Archbishopric became vacant, there arose a fresh necessity for prompt, energetic, and persistent agitation. The wrong successor might be appointed after all, and the machinations which had dislodged Errington might prove to have been *effusus labor*. So the indefatigable Manning sets to work again, this time in close alliance with Monsignore Talbot,* who lived in the Vatican, and had constant access to Pius IX. Papal Infallibility could be absolutely trusted in the region of faith and morals, but in that of administrative action it needed a little judicious wire-pulling, lest its decisions should go astray.

Cardinal Wiseman died on February 15, 1865. Mr. Purcell remarks, in a significant footnote:—

* The Hon. and Rev. George Talbot (1816-1886).

"Between the 24th of February and the 18th of March, there is a break in the correspondence between Dr. Manning and Mgr. Talbot. Either no letters were exchanged during those weeks of suspense and expectation, *or the correspondence has not been preserved.*"

I incline to the latter hypothesis. Anyhow, from the 18th of March to the 30th of April, the correspondence is brisk, animated, and profoundly interesting. Never before, I should fancy, has the Protestant world been allowed so clear a view of the inner working of Vaticanism; but I am not writing for controversial purposes, and I willingly leave this episode to those who will know how to make the most of it. On the 30th of April, Pius IX., overriding the choice of the Chapter of Westminster, appointed Manning Archbishop; and the faithful Mgr. Talbot, writing from the Vatican, thus comments on the event—

"*My* policy throughout was never to propose you *directly* to the Pope, but to make others do so; so that both you and I always can say that it was not I who induced the Holy Father to name you, which would lessen the weight of your appointment. This I say, because many have said that your being named was all my doing. I do not say that the Pope did not know that I thought you the only man eligible; as I *took care to tell him over and over again what was against all the other candidates; and in consequence he was almost driven into naming you.*"

Surely the electioneering correspondence of the Caucus, or the most privileged communications of the Tammany Ring, never produced a more deliciously frank avowal of the wire-puller's spirit and methods.

The same principle which I have indicated as underlying Manning's views about ecclesiastical preferments, emanating from the Vicar of Christ, governed all his public policy and all his private dealing. The cause of the Pope was the cause of God; Manning was the person who could best serve the Pope's cause, and therefore all forces which opposed him were in effect opposing the Divine Will. This seems to have been his simple and sufficient creed, and certainly it had the merit of supplying a clear rule of action. One of the parts of Manning's policy which, I suppose, will be new to most Protestants was his steady opposition to all Religious Orders, and especially the Society of Jesus; his dealings with which form the only subject on which Mr. Purcell has practised suppression.* Viewed in the light of the principle stated above, this opposition was reasonable enough. Religious Orders are extra-episcopal. The Jesuits are scarcely subject to the Pope himself. Certainly neither the Orders nor the Society would, or could, be subject to Manning. A power independent of or hostile to his authority was inimical to religion, and must, as a religious duty, be checked, and if possible destroyed.

Exactly the same principle animated his dealings with Cardinal Newman. Rightly or wrongly, Manning thought Newman a half-hearted Papalist. He dreaded alike his way of putting things and his practical policy.

* See his *Life of Cardinal Manning*, vol. II. chapter xxvii. In this chapter Manning enumerates "Nine Hindrances to the Spread of the Catholic Church in England." The ninth hindrance is "S.J." This section Mr. Purcell omitted from the *Life*, but he printed it privately, and showed it—among others, to me.—G. W. E. R.

Newman's favourite scheme of establishing a Roman Catholic college or institute at Oxford Manning regarded as fraught with peril to the faith of the rising generation. The scheme must therefore be crushed and its author snubbed. I must in candour add that these differences of opinion between the two Cardinals were mixed with and embittered by a sense of personal dislike. This surely breathes in Newman's graphic letter (of which Manning grimly remarked that it "was in terms which made a reply hardly fitting on my part"): "My dear Archbishop,—I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels when I have active relations with you."

Nor was Manning at all backward in reciprocating these compliments. When Newman died, there appeared in a monthly magazine a series of very unflattering sketches by one who had known him well. I ventured to ask Cardinal Manning if he had seen these sketches. He replied that he had, and thought them very shocking; the writer must have a very unenviable mind, etc., and then, having thus sacrificed to propriety, after a moment's pause he added: "But if you ask me if they are like poor Newman, I am bound to say—a photograph."

It was, I suppose, matter of common knowledge that Manning's early and conspicuous ascendency in the counsels of the Papacy rested largely on the intimacy of his personal relations with Pius IX.; though it is not necessary to give literal credence to that account of those relations which Bishop Wilberforce, in his diary, reported from my lamented cousin Odo Russell. But it is news to most of us that Manning, as Mr. Purcell seems to hint, wished to succeed Antonelli

as Secretary of State in 1876, and to transfer the scene of his activities from Westminster to Rome; and that he attributed the Pope's disregard of his wishes to mental decrepitude. The point, if true, is an important one, for Manning's accession to the Secretaryship of State, and permanent residence in Rome, could not have failed to affect the development of events when, two years later, the Papal throne became vacant by the death of Pius IX. But *Deo aliter visum.* It was ordained that Manning should pass the evening of his days in England, and that he should out-live his intimacy at the Vatican, and his influence on the general policy of the Church of Rome. With the accession of Leo. XIII. a new order began, and Newman's elevation to the Sacred Purple seemed to affix the sanction of Infallibility to principles, modes, and methods against which Manning had waged a Thirty Years' War. Henceforward he felt himself a stranger at the Vatican, and powerless beyond the limits of his own jurisdiction.

It is Mr. Purcell's opinion that this restriction of exterior activities in the ecclesiastical sphere drove the venerable Cardinal to find a vent for his untired energies in those various efforts of social reform in which, during the last ten years of his life, he played so conspicuous and so useful a part. If this be so, though Rome may have lost, England was unquestionably a gainer. It was during those ten years that I was honoured by his friendship. The storms, the struggles, the ambitions, the intrigues, which had filled so large a part of his middle life, lay far behind. He was honoured, useful, and I think, contented, in his present life, and looked

forward with serene confidence to the final, and not distant, issue.

As I close Mr. Purcell's fascinating book, and once again compare the character which he has drawn with that which I remember, the words rise unbidden to my lips, "*Ecce sacerdos magnus.*" Here was a man who was a Priest in every fibre of his being—who was utterly devoted to the Will of God, and to the Church, which, for him, was the organ of that Will; who served it through a long life of absolute and calculated sacrifice; and who now enjoys his everlasting reward in the company of "just men," once like himself, encompassed with human infirmity, but now, through grace, "made perfect." *

* This paper is reprinted from *The Household of Faith.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

An attempt to commemorate the genius of Matthew Arnold must sedulously guard itself against the peril of overstatement. In the first pain of a personal loss, this is not quite easy. When we feel that one of the chief elements of our intellectual joy is suddenly quenched, there is much risk of exaggerated eulogy.* Yet the duty of avoiding it is in this case imperious; for to the unerring taste, the sane and sober judgment, of the friend whom we have lost, unrestrained and inappropriate praise would have been peculiarly distressing.

This caution will apply with special force to our estimate of Matthew Arnold as a poet. That he was a poet, the most exacting, the most paradoxical criticism will hardly deny, but there is urgent need for moderation and self-control when we come to consider his place among the poets. Are we to call him a great poet? The answer must be carefully pondered.

In the first place, he wrote but little. The total body of his poetry is small. He wrote only in the rare leisure-hours of an exacting profession. And he wrote only in the early part of his life. In later years he seemed to feel that the "ancient fount of inspiration"

* This paper was written immediately after Matthew Arnold's death, April 15, 1888.

was dry. He had delivered his message to his generation, and wisely avoided last words. Then it seems indisputable that he wrote with difficulty. His poetry has little ease, fluency, or spontaneous movement. In every line it bears traces of the laborious file. He had the poet's heart and mind, but they did not readily express themselves in the poetic medium. He longed for poetic utterance, as his only adequate vent, and sought it earnestly with tears. Often he achieved it, but not seldom he left the impression of frustrated and disappointing effort, rather than of easy mastery and sure attainment.

Again, if we bear in mind Milton's threefold canon, we must admit that Matthew Arnold's poetry lacks three great elements of power. He is not Simple, Sensuous, or Passionate.

He is too essentially modern to be really simple. He is the product of a high, possibly a rather exhausted, civilization, and all its complicated cross-currents of thought and feeling stir and perplex his verse. Simplicity of style indeed he constantly aims at, and, by the aid of a fastidious culture, secures. But his simplicity is, to use the distinction which he himself imported from France, rather akin to *simplesse* than to *simplicité*, to the elaborated and artificial semblance than to the genuine quality. He is not sensuous except in so far as the most refined and delicate appreciation of nature in all her forms and phases can be said to constitute a sensuous enjoyment. And then, again, he is pre-eminently not passionate. He is calm, balanced, self-controlled, sane, austere. The very qualities which are his characteristic glory make passion impossible.

Another hindrance to Matthew Arnold's title as a great poet, is that he is not, and never could be, a poet of the multitude. His verse lacks all popular fibre. It is the delight of scholars, of philosophers, of men who live by silent introspection or quiet communing with nature. But it is altogether remote from the stir and stress of popular life and struggle. Then, again, his tone is profoundly, though not morbidly, melancholy, and this is fatal to popularity. As he himself has said, "The life of the people is such that in literature they require joy." But not only his thought, his very style is anti-popular. Much of his most elaborate work is in blank verse, and that in itself is a heavy drawback. Much also is in exotic and unaccustomed metres, which to the great bulk of English readers must always be more of a discipline than of a delight. And even when he wrote in our indigenous metres, his ear often played him false. His rhymes are sometimes only true to the eye, and his lines are over-crowded with jerking monosyllables. Let one glaring instance suffice—

"Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well."

—a line which Mr. Hutton* is never tired of quoting as one of the most beautiful in the language. The sentiment is true and even profound; but the expression is surely rugged. And the *Spectator* goes on glorifying it, and calling on the world to admire the poet who could produce so rare a gem. Certainly the worst foe that a poetic reputation can have to contend with is indiscriminate admiration.

* R. H. Hutton, then Editor of the *Spectator*.

But, after all these deductions and qualifications have been made, it remains true that Matthew Arnold was a poet, and that his poetic quality was pure and rare His musings—

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,"

are essentially and profoundly poetical. They have indeed a tragic inspiration. He is deeply imbued by the sense that human existence, at its best, is inadequate and disappointing. He feels, and submits to, its limitations and its incompleteness. With stately resignation he accepts the common fate, and turns a glance of calm disdain on all endeavours after a spurious consolation—

"Stern law of every mortal lot,
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life, I know not where."

He has dismissed with a rather excessive contempt the idea that the Recollections of Childhood may be "Intimations of Immortality"; and the inspiration which poets of all ages have agreed to seek in "hope and a renovation without end," he finds in the immediate contemplation of present good.

"Self-reverence, Self-knowledge, Self-control,"

are the keynotes of that portion of his poetry which deals with the problems of human existence. When he handles these themes, he speaks to the innermost consciousness of his hearers, telling us what we know about ourselves, and have believed hidden from all others, or else putting into words of perfect suitableness what we have dimly felt, and have striven in vain to

utter. It is then that, to use his own word, he is most "interpretative." It is this quality which makes such poems as *Youth's Agitations*, *Youth and Calm*, *Self-dependence*, and the *Grande Chartreuse* so precious a part of our intellectual heritage.

But even Matthew Arnold's teaching on human life, subtle and searching as it is, has done less to endear him to many of his disciples, than his feeling for Nature. His is the kind of nature-worship which takes nothing at second-hand. He pays the Mighty Mother the only homage which is worthy of her acceptance, a minute and dutiful study of her moods and methods. He places himself as a reverent learner at her feet, before he presumes to go forth to the world as an exponent of her teaching. It is this exactness of observation which makes his touches of local colouring so vivid and so true. This gives its winning charm to his landscape-painting, whether the scene is laid in Kensington Gardens, or the Alps, or the valley of the Thames. This fills *The Scholar-Gipsy*, and *Thyrsis*, and *Obermann*, and the *Forsaken Merman*, with flawless gems of natural description, and felicities of phrase which haunt the grateful memory.

In brief, it seems to me that Matthew Arnold was not a great poet, for he lacked the gifts which sway the multitude, and compel the attention of mankind. But he was a true poet, rich in those qualities which make the loved and trusted teacher of a chosen few—as he himself would have said, of "the Remnant." Often in point of beauty and effectiveness, always in his purity and elevation, he is worthy to be associated with the

noblest names of all. Alone among his contemporaries, we can venture to say of him that he was not only of the school, but of the lineage, of Wordsworth.

When we come to consider Matthew Arnold as a prose-writer, cautions and qualifications are much less necessary. Whatever may be thought of the substance of his writings, it surely must be admitted that he was a great master of style. And his style was altogether his own. In the last year of his life he said to the present writer, "People think I can teach them style. What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."

Clearness is indeed his own most conspicuous note, and to clearness he added singular grace, great skill in phrase-making, great aptitude for beautiful description, perfect naturalness, absolute ease. The very faults which the lovers of a more pompous rhetoric profess to detect in his writing are the easy-going fashions of a man who wrote as he talked. The members of a college which produced Cardinal Newman, Dean Church, and Matthew Arnold are not without some justification when they boast of "the Oriel style."

But style, though a great delight and a great power, is not everything, and we must not found our claim for Matthew Arnold as a prose-writer on style alone. His style was the worthy and the suitable vehicle of much of the very best criticism which English literature contains. We take the whole mass of his critical writing, from the Lectures *On translating Homer* and the *Essays in Criticism*, down to the Preface to Wordsworth and the Discourse on Milton; and we ask, Is there anything better?

As a literary critic, his taste, his temper, his judgment were pretty nearly infallible. He combined a loyal and reasonable submission to literary authority with a free and even daring use of private judgment. His admiration for the acknowledged masters of human utterance—Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, was genuine and enthusiastic, and incomparably better informed than that of some more conventional critics. Yet this cordial submission to recognized authority, this honest loyalty to established reputation, did not blind him to defects, did not seduce him into indiscriminate praise, did not deter him from exposing the tendency to verbiage in Burke and Jeremy Taylor, the excessive blankness of much of Wordsworth's blank verse, the undercurrent of mediocrity in Macaulay, the absurdities of Ruskin's etymology. And, as in great matters, so in small. Whatever literary production was brought under Matthew Arnold's notice, his judgment was clear, sympathetic, and independent. He had the readiest appreciation of true excellence, a quick eye for minor merits of facility and method, a severe intolerance of turgidity and inflation—of what he called "desperate endeavours to render a platitude endurable by making it pompous," and a lively horror of affectation and unreality. These, in literature as in life, were in his eyes the unpardonable sins.

On the whole it may be said that as a critic of books Matthew Arnold had in his lifetime the reputation, the vogue, which he deserved. But in other fields he has hardly been appreciated at his proper value. His politics were of course fantastic. They were influenced by his

father's fiery but limited Liberalism, by the abstract speculation which flourishes perennially at Oxford, and by the cultivated Whiggery which he imbibed as Lord Lansdowne's Private Secretary. But the total result was something peculiarly wayward and impossible. Of this he was himself in some degree aware. At any rate he knew perfectly that his politics were lightly esteemed by politicians, and, half jokingly, half seriously, he used to account for the fact by that jealousy of an outsider's interference, which is natural to all professional men. Yet he had the keenest interest, not only in the deeper problems of politics, but also in the routine and mechanism of the business. He enjoyed a good debate, liked political society, and was interested in the personalities, the trivialities, the individual and domestic ins-and-outs, which make so large a part of political conversation.

But, after all, Politics, in the technical sense, did not afford a suitable field for Matthew Arnold's peculiar gifts. It was when he came to the criticism of national life that the hand of the master was felt. In all questions affecting national character and tendency, the development of civilization, public manners, morals, habits, idiosyncracies, the influence of institutions, of education, of literature, his insight was penetrating, his point of view perfectly original, and his judgment, if not always sound, invariably suggestive. These qualities, among others, helped to give to such books as *Essays in Criticism*, *Friendship's Garland*, and *Culture and Anarchy* an interest and a value quite independent of their literary merit. And they are displayed in their most serious

and deliberate form, dissociated from all mere fun and vivacity, in *Discourses in America*. This, he told the present writer, was the book by which, of all his prose-writings, he most desired to be remembered. It was a curious and memorable choice.

Another point of great importance in Matthew Arnold's prose writing is this: if he had never written prose the world would never have known him as a humorist. And that would have been an intellectual loss not easily estimated. How pure, how delicate, yet how natural and spontaneous his humour was, his friends and associates know well; and—what is by no means always the case—the humour of his writing was of exactly the same tone and quality as the humour of his conversation. It lost nothing in the process of transplantation. As he himself was never tired of saying, he was not a popular writer, and he was never less popular than in his humorous vein. In his fun there is no grinning through a horse-collar, no standing on one's head, none of the guffaws, and antics, and "full-bodied gaiety of our English cider-cellar." But there is a keen eye for subtle absurdity, a glance which unveils affectation and penetrates bombast, the most delicate sense of incongruity, the liveliest disrelish for all the moral and intellectual qualities which constitute the Bore, and a vein of personal raillery as refined as it is pungent. Sydney Smith spoke of Sir James Mackintosh as "abating and dissolving pompous gentlemen with the most successful ridicule." The words not inaptly describe Matthew Arnold's method of handling personal and literary pretentiousness.

The praise of Matthew Arnold as a phrase-maker is in every one's mouth. It was his skill in this respect which elicited the liveliest compliments from Lord Beaconsfield. But his wise epigrams and compendious sentences about books and life, admirable in themselves, will hardly recall the true man to the recollection of his friends so effectually as his sketch of the English Academy, disturbed by a "flight of Corinthian leading articles, and an irruption of Mr. G. A. Sala;" his comparison of Miss Cobbe's new religion to the British College of Health; his parallel between Phidias's statue of the Olympian Zeus and Coles' truss-manufactory; Sir William Harcourt's attempt to "develope a system of unsectarian religion from the Life of Mr. Pickwick;" the "portly jeweller from Cheapside," with his "passionate, absorbing, almost bloodthirsty clinging to life;" the grandiose war-correspondence of the *Times*, and "old Russell's guns getting a little honey-combed;" Lord Lumpington's subjection to "the grand old fortifying classical curriculum," and the "feat of mental gymnastics" by which he obtained his degree; the Rev. Esau Hittall's "longs and shorts about the Calydonian Boar, which were not bad;' the impecunious author "commercing with the stars" in Grub Street; reading "the *Star* for wisdom and charity, the *Telegraph* for taste and style;" and looking for the letter from Mr. Octavian Blewitt, "enclosing half-a-crown, the promise of my dinner at Christmas, and the kind wishes of Lord Stanhope for my better success in authorship;" the "bold, bad men, the haunters of Social Science Congresses," who declaim "a sweet union of philosophy

and poetry" from Wordsworth on the duty of the State towards Education; the agitation of the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* on hearing the word "delicacy."—"Surely I have heard that word before! Yes, in other days," he went on dreamily, "in my fresh enthusiastic youth; before I knew Sala, before I wrote for that infernal paper, before I called Dixon's style lithe and sinewy." "Collect yourself, my friend," said I, laying my hand on his shoulder, "you are unmanned."

One is tempted to prolong this analysis of Matthew Arnold's literary gifts, but time and space forbid, and the writer would ill discharge the debt of twenty years' affection and gratitude, if he concluded this paper without a word of tribute to his friend's personal character. A more genuinely amiable man never lived. His sunny temper, his quick sympathy, his inexhaustible fun; these were natural gifts. But something more than nature must have gone to make his constant unselfishness, his manly endurance of adverse fate, his noble cheerfulness under discouraging circumstances, his buoyancy in breasting difficulties, his unremitting solicitude for the welfare and enjoyment of those who stood nearest to his heart. He lived a life of constant self-denial, yet the word never crossed his lips. He revelled in doing kindness, never more than when the recipient was a little child, or an overworked school-mistress, or a struggling author. He taxed his ingenuity to find words of encouragement and praise for the most immature and unpromising efforts. He was even passionately loyal to *Auld Lang Syne*, and to have helped or cared for those who were dear to him, was a sure passport to his affection

The magnificent serenity of his demeanour concealed from the outside world, but never from his friends, his boyish appreciation of kindness, of admiration, of courteous attention. No human being ever had a keener faculty of enjoyment. First and foremost he was a worshipper of nature, watching all her changing aspects with a loverlike assiduity, and never happy in a long-continued separation from her. Then his manifold culture and fine taste enabled him to appreciate at its proper value all that is good in high civilization, and yet the unspoilt naturalness of his character found a zest in the most common-place joys of daily existence. Probably Art, whether in music or painting, affected him less than most men of equal cultivation; but there never lived a human being to whom Literature and Society—books and people—taking each word in its most comprehensive sense, yielded a livelier or a more constant joy.

"Never," as Mr. John Morley said, "shall we know again so blithe and friendly a spirit." A thousand endearing traits of character come crowding on the memory—his merry interest in his friends' concerns, his love of children, his kindness to animals, his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancour, or envy; his unstinted admiration of beauty, or cleverness, his frank enjoyment of "youth and bloom and this delightful world," of a happy phrase, an apt quotation, a pretty room, a brilliant effect of light and colour, a well-arranged dinner, a fine vintage; his childlike pleasure in his own performances—"Did I say that? How good that was!"

But all these trifling touches of character-painting, perhaps, tend to overlay and obscure the true portraiture

of Matthew Arnold. He was pre-eminently a good man, gentle, generous, enduring, laborious, a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unfailing friend. His heart—

"The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Qualified by nature and training for the highest honours and successes which the world can give, he spent his life in a long round of unremunerative drudgery, working even beyond the limits of his strength for those whom he loved, and never by word or gesture betraying even a consciousness of that dull indifference to his gifts and services which stirred the fruitless indignation of his friends. His theology, once the subject of such animated criticism, seems now a matter of little moment. For, indeed, his nature was essentially religious. He was loyal to truth as he knew it, loved the light and sought it earnestly, and by his daily and hourly practice gave sweet and winning illustration of his own doctrine that conduct is three-fourths of human life. He is honestly mourned by a wide contemporary circle, and as we, his admirers, believe, will be read and loved by a remote posterity. To have known him, to have loved him, to have had a place in his regard, is—

"Part of our life's unalterable good."

One personal reminiscence may not unfitly close this sketch.

In 1868 Matthew Arnold lost his eldest son, a schoolboy at Harrow. It was the present writer's privilege to be with the bereaved father on the morning after his boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius. Readers of the *Essays in*

Criticism will remember the beautiful panegyric on that great Seeker after God, and will, perhaps, feel that, in describing him, the friend whom we have lost half-unconsciously described himself—"We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond—*tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*"

GEORGE ELIOT REVISITED

Mr. Frederic Harrison, the most accomplished critic of our time, gave us in his *Studies in Early Victorian Literature* a masterly estimate of George Eliot, and of her permanent place among great writers. His essay came home to me, for I am a typical unit of that perfervid crowd which, by its unmeasured and ill-regulated admiration, did, as Mr. Harrison points out, such ill service to George Eliot's fame.

I was three years old when George Eliot's first novel appeared, and I was twenty-three when her last was completed. Thus she fairly dominated the reading part of my boyhood and early manhood. Not that she was a writer who ever, in my experience, attracted boys; neither her mind nor her style had the qualities with which boys fall in love. But we believed in her genius as something immensely great and solemn, which not to admire argued oneself a booby. Even at this distance of time, I can recollect the awe, not unmingled with incredulity, with which I heard my tutor at Harrow declare that he had obtained more pleasure from a page of George Eliot than from a chapter of Dickens. It was as an undergraduate at Oxford that I first really felt her spell, and from that time on I was an enthusiastic and no doubt a hyperbolical admirer. But, even in those fresh days, one

could discriminate; and then, as now, I was bored by *Romola* and displeased by *Daniel Deronda*. The poetry, of course, one could not stomach; but the novels, as a whole, seemed the grandest and truest of fiction. The analysis of human character and motive; the careful linking of cause and effect; the pregnant moralization; the closely-compacted maxims, seemed, to minds entirely theoretical and necessarily untaught by experience, the utterance of the highest wisdom. A new world opened before our eyes; or, rather, the old world in which we had lived our twenty years was suddenly illuminated by a new and revealing light. George Eliot appeared to hold the key of all philosophy, and we listened with an astonished reverence to the voice of the oracle.

And there were other elements which moved our admiration—her keen enjoyment of physical health and vigour; her love of the country and the open air; her knowledge of nature; even her humour, though it must be confessed that this last quality owed much of its effect to its violent contrast with a sombre environment. In brief, I, and others of my own time and place, were worshippers of George Eliot; and, though our loyalty was tried by *Daniel Deronda*, and very nearly broke down under *Theophrastus Such*, still it stood the strain. As far as I know, her ascendency was undiminished at her death. But, as years went on, devout disciples experienced "a return upon themselves." They began to criticize where they used to adore, and to enquire where they used to believe. Knowing a little more than they had known ten years before, they were much less inclined to take the philosophy of life at

secondhand. Their artistic palates grew more fastidious. They became aware of faults which they had not noticed, and resented more keenly those which had always been patent. They became impatient of George Eliot's elaborateness and longwindedness; of her strained and cumbrous jocosity; of her undue insistence on the sexual idea; of her strange deviations into downright nastiness of thought and phrase, as in the description of Mr. Casaubon's mole, and the apologue of the lady who made herself sick with pickled salmon. In brief, a reaction set in, and men aspiring to be thought clever and critical were as extravagant in censure and depreciation as twenty years ago they had been hyperbolical in praise.

Here, as Mr. Harrison pointed out, is the opportunity of criticism—of a sane and sober appreciation, which can sift the good from the bad, and in some measure anticipate the final judgment of the High Court of Literary Equity. That judgment cannot, according to Mr. Harrison, be delivered just yet; but, in the meantime, it may be as well for old admirers of George Eliot who have been a little shaken by the storms of later criticism, to renew their acquaintance with her works, and revise their estimate of her genius and effect.

Let us take first the earliest of her novels, *Scenes of Clerical Life.** This volume consists of three separate tales—"Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," and

* The *Saturday Review*, discussing *Scenes of Clerical Life*, decided that "George Eliot" was "an assumed name, screening that of some studious clergyman, a Cantab, who lives, or has lived, the greater part of his life in the country, who is the father of a family, of High Church tendencies, and exceedingly fond of children, Greek dramatists, and dogs."

"Janet's Repentance." And here, in the very first page of her first attempt at fiction, George Eliot introduces us to the localities, the society, the life, and the circumstances, in which she was so essentially and peculiarly at home. Each of her English stories is really and in its nature what one of them is expressly and in its title, "A Study of Provincial Life." In them we see next to nothing of London, with its gaieties, its excitements, its grinding miseries, or its myriad forms of enterprise and energy. Nor, again, are we often brought into contact with the absolute monotony, the calm decay, of the very aged, the very simple, and the very poor of our agricultural populations. The life which George Eliot knew as no other novelist has known it is the life of the lawyers, the clergy, the small gentry, the tradesmen, and the farmers of large country-towns or thickly-populated rural neighbourhoods. She quarries constantly in the mine of those experiences which were hers when living as a land-agent's daughter near Nuneaton, or with well-to-do friends in Coventry. We shall find, as we go on, that each story contains unmistakable allusions to places and things among which her early years were passed. Thus, in "Amos Barton" the story opens with a description of Shepperton Church, which those who know the district have no difficulty in recognizing as Chilvers Coton, in Warwickshire. The ecclesiastical atmosphere of those days—1830–1850—when the Tractarian movement was beginning to modify the effects of the Evangelical revival, has lent its colour to the theological character of Amos Barton. Otherwise, his life is a carefully-drawn picture of the cruel consequences which

vanity, selfishness, and coarseness of fibre, in a man not radically vicious, may bring upon a refined and gentle woman who passionately loves him. The thread of narrative on which this is hung, describing Mr. Barton's clerical career, his unfortunate attachment, and his wife's early death, is of the slightest character. Still, here, in the very first of her novels, we find George Eliot marking out distinctly those lines on which, in later and more elaborate stories, she advanced to so unique a fame.

"Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" describes the life of an earlier day. The story is laid in the last years of the eighteenth century. And here George Eliot takes us into the society of those country magnates whom she constantly uses to decorate her background. They occupy a less important place in her interest and ours than the farmers' wives and the pretty village-girls, the carpenters and weavers, whom she makes the prominent figures of her foreground. But they contribute an effective element of contrast; and their lives and surroundings supply a local colouring of brightness and richness which throws the homespun raiment of provincial life into high and admirable relief. We feel that George Eliot is less vitally interested in the large-acred squires and baronets who figure in so many of her stories than in the creations which belong to her own class and caste; but the spirit and accuracy with which they are delineated give proof of her singular power as a literary portraitist. Cheveril Manor, in "Mr. Gilfil's-Love Story," is Arbury Hall, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Newdegates, whom George Eliot's father had served as land-agent, and Knebley is Astley Church, in the same neighbourhood. Amid this

scenery, she draws with singular delicacy and a graceful minuteness the picture of a young clergyman's solitary love-passage. The picture is like a painting of Watteau, or an exquisitely-coloured group in Dresden china. In the handling there is a peculiar touch of old-world refinement which I do not think we find in any other of her tales. The story describes the one supreme love of a pure and passionate nature, threatened with ruin by the heartless cynicism of a polished sensualist. The injured pride of a beautiful woman shapes for itself, as later on in *Daniel Deronda*, a horrible revenge; and that revenge is intercepted by the death of the once-loved, now hated, object. Two sympathetic hearts are at last united; and united only to be parted by the bride's early death. So ends a most graceful and yet strangely powerful tale.

In "Janet's Repentance" we find George Eliot again in her native element. Milby is Nuneaton. The fierce strife of Evangelical and Orthodox, the vulgarity, the meanness, the heart-burnings, the emulations, and the gossip, of the dull manufacturing town, are traced with a life-like touch. The beautiful and commanding Janet, married to a harsh and vindictive tyrant, and seeking refuge from sorrow in drunkenness, is rescued from sin by the ministry of an Evangelical clergyman, "whose heart beat with true compassion, and whose lips were moved by fervent faith." It is the triumph of the religious school in which George Eliot herself was reared.

So much for *Scenes of Clerical Life*. When we have read them, we know the elements and materials out of which George Eliot creates her world; the keen

observation of habits and thoughts, the strong grasp of great religious movements, the vivid appreciation of their influence on daily action, the grave and sometimes ironical humour, the deep sense of the mystery and tragedy underlying even commonplace lives, which she subsequently works up into her great romances with infinite shades of colour, with endless subtleties of meaning, with inexhaustible diversity of individual character, and with all the discerning and differentiating skill of the novelist's true genius.

The publication of *Adam Bede* in 1858 made an immense and widespread sensation. Nothing like it had been known since Charlotte Brontë, also writing under a masculine pseudonym, took the town by storm with *Jane Eyre*. In each case there was the same uncertainty and eager speculation as to the sex, age, name, and condition of the author; the same general feeling that a new writer had appeared who knew and could manipulate the deepest springs of human passion; the same delighted discovery that there were still untrodden fields of romance in common English life, though a generation of peevish critics had told us that from Dan to Beersheba all was barren.

But a notable point of difference between the great achievement of Charlotte Brontë and the great achievement of George Eliot was that the one revealed genius and ignorance; the other, genius and knowledge. The depth and versatility of George Eliot's culture, and her intimate acquaintance with various phases of English society, did not astonish those who had studied *Scenes of Clerical Life;* but to the majority even of the reading

public they only formed an additional element of perplexity in the already perplexing problem of the author's identity.

It would seem that Hayslope in *Adam Bede* is the little village of Roston, four miles from Ashbourne; and that Adam and Seth Bede are portraits of George Eliot's uncles, Samuel and William Evans. Dinah is an idealized recollection of Elizabeth Evans, the saintly wife of the Methodist William Evans. No one of George Eliot's novels has given to the world a larger number of clear and memorable portraits. The weakness and vanity of Hetty, the thoughtless profligacy of the not wholly evil Donnithorne, the genial common-sense and humour of Parson Irwine, the rapt and mystic yet most practical piety of Dinah Morris, and the shrewd wit and caustic proverbs of Mrs. Poyser—all these are household words. Of the picture of the hero, Adam Bede himself, the late Bishop Wilkinson once said in his pulpit that it seemed to him the best presentment in modern guise and colour of the earthly circumstances which surrounded the life of the Divine Founder of Christianity, as He toiled in the carpenter's shop to supply His own and His mother's wants; and, though the comparison seemed to some irreverent and to others grotesque, it contained an element of truth.

We come now to *The Mill on the Floss*, a story made specially interesting to lovers of George Eliot, as *David Copperfield* is to the lovers of Charles Dickens, by the freedom with which the author has woven autobiographical details into the narrative. The peculiar charm of the story is that it reveals the real pathos which underlies

the sorrows, the sufferings, and even the naughtiness, of childhood. The Red Deeps, the scene of Maggie's spiritual awakening, were, I believe, near George Eliot's own home, and had been a favourite haunt of her early days. Maggie's warm affections, her craving for sympathy, her rebellion against harsh control, her quick curiosity about the two worlds of nature and of books, her adventures, her successes, her mortifications, her childish love for the masterful, acute, unsympathetic brother—all bear the marked traces of personal experience. The careful delineation of the town of Gainsborough, which figures under the name of St. Ogg's, with its river, marshes, and liability to floods, gives graphic reality to the appalling catastrophe which, just as the cross-purposes and tangled threads of the story are working out, consigns Maggie and her brother to a sudden and horrible death.

Silas Marner has a peculiar melancholy of its own. We all remember the story of the devout Methodist weaver, driven, by a gross injustice wrought under the semblance of religion, to lifelong separation from home, loss of employment, loss of money, loss of love, and the total eclipse of religious faith. The restoration of that supreme blessing through the play of natural affection, poured out upon an orphan child, is beautifully told. There is a remarkable concord between all the great critics—Mr. Harrison among them—as to the transcendent merits of this story, but it lends itself but little to illustrative citation. *The Lifted Veil* and *Brother Jacob* are generally associated with *Silas Marner*, and, in themselves not excellent, suffer loss by the juxtaposition.

In *Romola*, George Eliot entirely changes her element and her materials. She foresakes the English scenery, English society, and English institutions, among which she is so thoroughly at home. She transports us from England to Florence, and from the first half of the nineteenth century to the days of the Renaissance. The learning which *Romola* displays is profound and exact; the local colouring vivid and true. As a monument of conscientious labour, it is worthy of all respect; as a moral essay, it is profitable doctrine for an age which is reviving the vices of the Renaissance. But as a story it is dull, and as a historical romance it signally fails to clothe the dry bones of the past with the living flesh and blood of human interest.

In *Felix Holt*, we return again to more familiar scenes and people. The twofold interest of this story, over and above the author's favourite theme of latent romance in common life, is legal and political. The plot depends on a technical point of law in regard to the devolution of landed property; and, in the course of its development, we get a careful and even subtle study of the under-currents and side-influences; the chicanery, the violence; the cynical immorality, mingled with honest political enthusiasm, which went to make the interest of an electioneering contest seventy years ago. In no other novel has George Eliot more forcibly and even painfully delineated the terrible and lifelong consequences of an early fall. No other of her stories, perhaps, preaches with more eloquent voice to those who have ears to hear.

We now approach *Middlemarch*, in many respects the grandest of all George Eliot's works. It is easy enough

to criticize it as too long and too ponderous; a canvas overcrowded with figures; and more of a study of character thrown into narrative form than a genuine novel. There is more or less force in all these objections, and a generation of novel-readers accustomed to authors of whom you can skip one paragraph in three with no perceptible injury to the plot or the moral, may well grumble at a novel of which the interest is profound, not superficial; ethical, rather than sensational; and coherent and sustained, instead of fragmentary and spasmodic. Still, for those who care to see the deep springs of human action; the subtle and sometimes misguided workings of human conscience; the mutual influence and interdependence of the man's and woman's natures; and the miserable ruin wrought by emotion uncontrolled by thought, as well as by thought untempered by emotion; for all these *Middlemarch* is a storehouse of delight.

With the publication of *Middlemarch*, most people would consider that the zenith of George Eliot's greatness was attained. Both her later books were disappointments. *Daniel Deronda* was a careful and laborious attempt to analyse the differentiating qualities and gifts of the Hebrew race, some of whose noblest aspirations are bodied forth in the semi-prophetic dreams of the consumptive Mordecai. As an exhibition of the author's power of getting up unfamiliar details, and representing a life which she has never lived, it is second only, if it is second, to *Romola*. As an instance of research, aptly used, one may quote a speech of Daniel's mother, when she is describing her rebellion against the strictness of her Jewish upbringing: "I was to feel awe for the bit of

parchment in the *mezuza* over the door; *to dread lest a bit of butter should touch a bit of meat.*" I have been told by Jewish friends that not every born member of their community would recognize this Talmudic gloss on the text: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." But the story is disfigured by undue concession to a repulsive realism. The characters of Grandcourt and Gwendolen are conspicuous for a moral odiousness which is almost unredeemed. The heartless and worldly girl meets a kind of poetic retribution in the refined and calculating cruelty of the cynical libertine whom her ambition leads her to marry; and he, again, receives the reward of his misdeeds in a sudden and awful death, from which his wife might have rescued him if she would. From the painful and disagreeable interest of this morbid tale we turn with something of relief to the unexpected dulness of *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* These contain much that is true, more that is sententious, little that is beautiful, and less that is amusing. The easiest and most satisfactory way of accounting for them is that they are attempts to condense and perpetuate in epigrammatic form the opinions of Mr. G. H. Lewes.

George Eliot's poems I do not intend to include among the subjects of my analysis, for I fear we shall find in them little to qualify the verdict that in poetry she is not happy. One critic has said, that "In poetry the thought was over great for the somewhat unfamiliar element in which it moved, and brought to the reader a certain sense of stiffness and constraint." Another, that George Eliot's poems are merely the work of "a clever

woman who tried to write verses." They are a little more than this, for her mind and temper abounded in two out of three of the qualities which Milton attributes to poetry. Her genius was Sensuous enough, and Passionate enough, in all conscience; but the first note of poetry—Simplicity—was signally lacking. The thought of her poems is profound, involved, and highly analytical; in a word, as much as possible the reverse of Simple; and the verbal medium and apparatus is rugged with the ruggedness of a violent attempt to press into poetic form that of which poetry itself is intolerant.

Having thus retrodden some familiar ground, I must now attempt to analyse some of the leading characteristics of George Eliot's mind and teaching. I shall only be obeying a natural instinct if I place first among the subjects of this analysis her religious thought. One who was her intimate friend has told me that, though not formally, she was essentially and profoundly a Positivist. Another writes—

"That the mind of her who penned these novels was profoundly religious, no reader can doubt. . . . When, however, we attempt closely to define the religion in which George Eliot rested, our task is difficult. We find in her the most marvellous power of putting herself in the position of the holders of all creeds, so deep was her sympathy with every form in which the religious instincts have expressed themselves. The simple faith, half pagan but altogether reverent, of Dolly Winthrop; the sensible, matter-of-fact, and honourable morality of Mr. Irwine; the aspirations of a modern St. Theresa; the passionate fervours of Dinah, were understood and reverenced by her. All that was most human, and therefore most divine, most ennobling, and most helpful, was

assimilated by her. The painful bliss of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction which comes of self-abnegation, were realized by her as though she had been a fervent Catholic. But the ground-tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant. She could not submit herself completely to any external teacher."

For those to whom the faith of Christendom is as vital air, the history of her religious thought is pre-eminently painful. Very early in life she broke away from the Evangelical beliefs in which she had been educated, and before her first volume was published she was no longer a Christian. Yet who can read her description of Dinah Morris's preaching on the green, her prayers and entreaties, "written," to quote George Eliot's own words, "with hot tears, as they surged up in in my own mind," without the deep conviction that the author had once known the intensity and the power of a fervid faith? This impression is even deepened when we follow her in the beautiful words of the prayer, too sacred for transcription, with which Dinah melts and heals the broken heart of Hetty in the condemned cell; or when she claims our love and admiration for the heroic courage of the young preacher in "Janet's Repentance," battling at once with religious intolerance and physical decay; or, when again, she thrills our hearts with the Baptist-sternness, the Christ-like tenderness of Savonarola's message to guilty Florence.

Still, as we follow in order the gradual development of her mind as expressed in her works, we find ever less and less recognition of the truth and power of the Gospel; ever more and more of the substitution of moral

duty for religious faith; ever an increasing sense of darkness and hopelessness and impending annihilation, in the prospect of death. Let me quote a few striking passages out of many which seem to mark resting-places or turning-points in the history of George Eliot's belief. First, the concluding passage of Dinah Morris's sermon on the green.

"Dear friends," she said at last, "brothers and sisters, whom I love as those for whom my Lord has died, believe me I know what this great blessedness is; and because I know it I want you to have it too. . . . Think what it is not to hate anything but sin; to be full of love to every creature; to be frightened at nothing; to be sure that all things will turn to good; not to mind pain, because it is our Father's will; to know that nothing—no, not if the earth was to be burnt up, or the waters come and drown us—nothing could part us from God who loves us, and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever He wills is holy, just, and good. Dear friends, come and taste this blessedness; it is offered to you; it is the good news that Jesus came to preach to the poor."

Or, take again, from the same book, this lovely passage of moralized description—

"What a glad world this looks like as one rides or drives along the valleys and over the hills! I have often thought so when in foreign countries, when the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land tilled with just as much care; the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows—I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire; an image of a great agony—the agony of the Cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering apple-blossoms, or in

the broad sunshine by the cornfields, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below; and surely, if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the apple-blossoms or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the woods, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young, blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from a swift-advancing shame, understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the nightfall on the lonely heath, yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness. Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if you came closer to one spot behind a small bush, would be mingled for your ear with a despairing human sob. No wonder man's religion has so much sorrow in it. No wonder he needs a suffering God."

Or, again, this confession of faith of the simple, yet sagacious minister, Rufus Lyon—

"The Lord knoweth them that are His; but we—we are left to judge by uncertain signs, so that we may learn to exercise hope and faith towards one another, and in this uncertainty I cling with awful hope to those whom the world loves not because their conscience, albeit mistakenly, is at war with the habits of the world."

Take, again, this most significant sentence, which seems to record the effect of some staggering blow—

"No one who has ever known what it is to lose faith in a fellow-man whom he has profoundly loved and reverenced, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the Invisible Goodness unshaken."

Or take, finally, this statement of Dorothea's creed, which seems to point to the attitude in which, after breaking with dogmatic religion, George Eliot's mind reposed—

"That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."

The most painful feature of the history is that, with the loss of belief in a personal God, came the loss of belief in a personal immortality. And in this "eclipse of faith" she died. Not even a gleam of sunset light was permitted to irradiate the gloom. I have heard that when Sir Andrew Clark entered the sick-room he found that she had already sunk into the final stupor, without even realizing that she was dangerously ill. From that darkened chamber of bereavement and anguish we turn away with the words which she herself has put into the mouth of Rufus Lyon—

"Though I would not wantonly grasp at ease of mind through an arbitrary choice of doctrine, I cannot but believe that the merits of the Divine Sacrifice are wider than our utmost charity."

An American poet, writing on George Eliot's death, thus marked the incongruity between the creations of her imagination, and her theological conclusions—

"A lily rooted in a sacred soil,
Arrayed with those who neither spin nor toil;
Dinah, the preacher, through the purple air,
For ever in her gentle evening prayer
Shall plead for Her—what ear too deaf to hear?
'As if she spoke to some one very near.'

"And he of storied Florence, whose great heart
Broke for its human error; wrapped apart,
And scorching in the swift prophetic flame
Of passion for late holiness, and shame
Than untried glory, grander, gladder, higher;
Deathless, for Her, he 'testifies by fire.'

"A statue fair and firm on marble feet,
Womanhood's woman, Dorothea, sweet
As strength and strong as tenderness, to make
'A struggle with the dark' for white light's sake,
Immortal stands, unanswered speaks. Shall they,
Of Her great hand the moulded, breathing clay,
Her fit, select, and proud survivors be?
Possess the life eternal, and not She?"

We now turn by a natural transition from George Eliot's religious thought to its necessary complement in her ethical system. This may almost be summed up in one word—Duty. No novelist, and scarcely any professional moralist, has dwelt with more insistence or more varied force on this ennobling theme. Her sense of duty includes in its imperious purview every relation of public and private life. The duty of the landowner, of the politician, of the parish-priest; the duty of parent to child, of brother to sister, of the young man to the woman of his choice, of wife to husband, of husband to wife—these are the favourite themes of each different tale. Each succeeding agony or sorrow in the long and often complicated chain of misfortune is traced home with unrelenting pertinacity to its source in some failure of moral duty. Nor are the demands of duty satisfied and its consequent blessings attained by a mere discharge of mutual obligations. George Eliot's sense of duty was that higher and completer one which includes our duty to ourselves. Our warfare with the foe within, the

necessity of self-mastery and self-control, the blessedness of self-forgetfulness and self-surrender—these are her chosen themes. Nor, again, is the ideal of duty attained by abstinence from those glaring and palpable breaches of it which grate upon the common conscience, and only require to be stated in order to be condemned. Her special value as a moral teacher lies in the stern insistence with which she makes us see our own hidden and less obvious vices; our pettinesses, our selfishnesses, our sins of harshness, of coldness, of unsympathy; and forces us to recognize in the ruin of another's happiness the handiwork of some little fault of character or action which was concealed from all outside, and, till she revealed it, only half-known to ourselves. Of course, so high an ideal of duty involved a correspondingly high notion of the beauty of sacrifice. To live for others in the humble offices of common duty; to die for others in the flames of martyrdom, or the less heroic pangs of domestic drudgery and unrequited love, these form her ideal of the truly enviable fate. The same absolute self-forgetfulness, seeking no reward here or hereafter, colours even her conception of that impersonal immortality to which alone she permitted herself to aspire. Surely, in an age of unbounded Mammon-worship and self-pleasing we may esteem the teacher of so sublime a creed at least as truly one of our great benefactors, as though she had invented new facilities of communication, or amplified, by a fresh discovery, our means of physical enjoyment.

In George Eliot's philosophy of life two or three ruling ideas are manifest. In the first place, she was as conspicuously as possible the reverse of a fatalist. She

believed absolutely in the freedom and responsibility of the individual will. She held that we fashion our own characters and lives, and was much less disposed than many thinkers to attribute their determining qualities to the force of circumstances. She herself has said—

> "Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
> And what we have been makes us what we are."

Again, she had a melancholy conviction of the irreparable nature of human experience. She believed with all her heart the stern truth that in the physical world there is no forgiveness of sins. Again and again we have the same note of quiet sorrow over the irrevocable fixity of the past. For example—

"O the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!"

Or again, in a lighter fashion, though the same vein of thought, this motto—

> "It is a good and soothfast saw;
> Half-roasted never will be raw:
> No dough is dried once more to meal,
> No crock new-shapen by the wheel;
> You can't turn curds to milk again,
> Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then;
> And having tasted stolen honey,
> You can't buy innocence for money."

Again, George Eliot saw with special keenness the unyielding connexion of cause and effect in human life.

See this in Adam Bede's indignation when he imagines that Arthur Donnithorne is proposing to set things straight, after the irreparable injury he has done to Hetty. He—

"thought he perceived in them that notion of compensation for irretrievable wrong, that self-soothing attempt to make evil bear the same fruit as good, which most of all roused his indignation."

Once again, she realized, as few writers of fiction and still fewer historians are calm enough to do, the immense influence for good or evil of insignificant people and obscure deeds. This it was which gave such special seriousness to all her teaching on the minute and humble actions of daily life. Few, probably, who heard it will forget a sermon * by Dr. Liddon in the University Church at Oxford, soon after the publication of *Middlemarch*, when he concluded with the concluding words of that wonderful analysis of human character—

"The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

As a close observer of human life and its determining forces, George Eliot found an absorbing interest in the power and imperiousness of sexual passion. The sorrows, the joys, the mysteries, even the crimes, which chequer the career of her heroes and heroines, have their origin

* *The Prophecy of the Magnificat.* University Sermons. Second Series.

in the subtle and manifold influences of love. The love of Adam Bede for Hetty, of Hetty for Arthur Donnithorne, of Lydgate for Rosamond, of Dorothea for Ladislaw, of Philip Wakem for Maggie Tulliver; all these and countless others are instances of the penetration with which George Eliot regarded the love of man and woman, and its widely diverse issues in the good and evil of their lives. A real, though weak and selfish, love for Milly redeems from utter vulgarity the character of Amos Barton. The sweet affection of Dinah Morris towards Adam Bede completes with a touch of human interest the almost angelic beauty of her ideal character. And the same profound master-passion of man's nature supplies some of the darker shades of pathos and even of criminality.

As we have seen before, one leading article of George Eliot's belief was that even the most commonplace lives are underlain with tragedy. On occasion she can heighten the interest of a dramatic scene by invoking the more sublimely tragic powers — the destructive energy of angry Nature, or the even deadlier wrath of human hatred. But these situations are rare. The majority of her tales derive their tragedy from the hidden sufferings of wounded hearts; from the fruitless pangs of unrequited love, or the gnawing remorse which dogs successful sin. Her genius combines the powers of the telescope and the microscope; it sweeps the wide horizon of events and forces which have moved the world; it directs our gaze to the teeming life beneath our daily feet, and reveals the microcosm of a single water-drop. She taught us to sympathize with the great movements

of humanity which have upheaved empires, and changed the face of religions, and have raised up generations of heroes for their accomplishment, and have scattered their seed in the blood of martyrs. But even more faithfully and beneficially she led us to recognize the unnoticed tragedy which lies around our everyday path; which is the product of events not strikingly impressive, but insignificant and even vulgar: and to which each day we live we may perhaps be unconsciously contributing. Let us quote her words on the flight of Hetty from home—

"What will be the end?—the end of her objectless wandering, apart from all love, caring for human beings only through her pride, clinging to life only as the hunted wounded brute clings to it? God preserve you and me from being the beginners of such misery."

It is partly owing to this conviction that the tragedy of life lies in its common things, that George Eliot assigns such prominent place in her writings to the action of pain, illness, and death. But other causes contributed to the same result. One was that her delicate health made her keenly conscious of the mysterious influence which physical organization exercises over thought, and even action. Another was the guidance of Mr. G. H. Lewes, whose own studies had been very much concerned with medicine, and who stimulated in her a physiological curiosity which was evidently inborn. Another and deeper cause lay in the Positivism which gradually became the sole residuum of her religious faith. However uncertain and unknowable

were the nature and destinies of the human soul, the functions of the body were at any rate certain, tangible, and vitally important. But, from whatever cause it sprang, we find in all her writings a singularly clear and vivid interest in the nature and powers of the human frame; a close and scientific acquaintance with its pathology; and a keen eye for the subtle effects which it produces in the complicated issues of existence. The death of Captain Wybrow in *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story;* the awfully vivid description of *angina pectoris* in *The Lifted Veil;* Mr. Tulliver's apoplectic seizure; Mr. Casaubon's slow decay and sudden dissolution by fatty degeneration of the heart; the ravages of consumption in Mordecai and Mr. Tryan—all these are instances of the accuracy and force with which she employs these melancholy mechanisms. A great part of the fun which we find among the comfortable farmers' wives and dear old ladies of the various tales lies in their childlike reliance on third-rate doctoring, and their pathetic interest in their own and their neighbours' disorders. How true to life is the following description of an old woman's researches in religious literature!

"On taking up the biography of a celebrated preacher, she immediately turned to the end to see what disease he died of; and if his legs swelled, as her own occasionally did, she felt a stronger interest in ascertaining any earlier facts in the history of the dropsical divine."

And then take, in marked contrast to this, a sample of George Eliot's grave handling of the same kind of theme. Lydgate has just informed Mr. Casaubon that he is

suffering from a mortal disease, which must terminate soon, and suddenly—

"When the commonplace 'We must all die' transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness, 'I must die—and soon,' then death grapples us, and his fingers are cruel; afterwards, he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did, and our last moment of dim earthly discerning may be like the first. To Mr. Casaubon now it was as if he suddenly found himself on the dark river-brink, and heard the plash of the on-coming oar, not discerning the forms, but expecting the summons."

Any estimate of George Eliot's genius would be glaringly incomplete if it were not to deal in some detail with her wit and humour. To define these two qualities with satisfactory accuracy is notoriously impossible; but, if we regard the essence of wit as lying in the conciseness and point of expression, as much as in any juxtaposition of ideas, we must at once admit that George Eliot had comparatively little of it. There are indeed numbers of sentences which cling to the memory, as terse and vigorous expressions of profound truths; but they lack that perfect symmetry of form which is so delightful in the really epigrammatic writers, like Lord Beaconsfield and Rochefoucauld; and they generally require, if I may so say, more room to turn round in than the dimensions of the true epigram permit. I will quote a few samples of what I mean—

"Ignorance [says Ajax] is a painless evil; so, I should think, is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it.

"Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

"It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the 'dear deceit' of beauty.

"We cannot reform our forefathers.

"In the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.

"Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.

"One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

"The wit of a family is best received among strangers.

"Those who trust us, educate us.

"The depths of middle-aged gentlemen's ignorance will never be known, for want of public examinations in this branch."

And this, which has been erroneously attributed to Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps as high a compliment as could be paid to a would-be epigram—

"Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous."

But if she is deficient in that perfection of form which is essential to wit, among humorists George Eliot stands high. She appreciated very keenly the humour of characters, of situations, and of dialogues. The admirable picture of Mr. Brooke on the Hustings is one of the best extant illustrations of electioneering on the old system. The scene at the reading of Mr. Featherstone's will has all the significant fun of a painting by Hogarth. The characters of Mrs. Poyser, of Mrs. Tulliver and her sisters, of Bob Jakin, of Mr. Trumbull, and of Mrs. Cadwallader, are instances, taken almost at random, of her skill in depicting various forms of conscious and

unconscious comedy. The proverbs and maxims in which several of these characters so freely indulge are full of point, and practical wisdom; and, in their shrewd experience of country life, they fairly reek of the soil from which George Eliot sprang. Of these Mrs. Poyser's are the most famous—

"It is poor work allays settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, istid o' beginning when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crops.

"It's poor eating where the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt to hide it.

"There's folks 'd stand on their heads, and then say the fault was i' their boots.

"Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

Again, Mrs. Hackett, in *Amos Barton*—

"They say a green yule makes a fat churchyard; and so does a white yule too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it."

Again, Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster—

"Simple addition enough! Add one fool to another fool, and in six years' time six fools more. They're all of the same denomination, big and little 's nothing to do with the sum.

"It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient."

And Adam Bede himself—

"If you get hold of a chap that's got no shame nor conscience to stop him, you must try what you can do by bunging his eyes up."

Mr. Lammeter—

"Breed is stronger than pasture."

Mrs. Denner—

"When I awake at cock-crow, I'd sooner have one real grief on my mind than twenty false. It's better to know one's robbed, than think one's going to be murdered."

A word ought to have been said about George Eliot's minute eye for Nature, her love of animals, her scientific knowledge of music; but the subject expands before us, and we must hasten to a close.

It is only George Eliot's genius as expressed in her writings that I have endeavoured to discuss. Her life, and its governing incident, and its influence on the ethical standard of her time, I have left untouched, as lying outside my present province. Again, I have dealt as sparingly as possible in hostile criticism. I have written with the egotism of a lively gratitude, and I have preferred to suggest rather than to elaborate the faults, whether of substance or of form, which, in my judgment, place her work in a rank beneath that of perfection. But if, as an artist, she is "a little lower than the angels," I still hold that she has higher claims upon our admiration than those which belong to her as a keen analyst of human nature, or a masterly painter of

English scenery and manners. I submit that, as far as her writing is concerned, she is entitled to rank with those best benefactors of mankind who, by preaching a pure and exalted morality, and by making the sublime creeds of duty and self-sacrifice lovely and attractive, have conspicuously helped the civilization of the race, and have enriched the treasury of the common good.

GARIBALDI *

AN historian who combines the names of Macaulay and Trevelyan instantly challenges respectful attention. The reader feels instinctively that, in an author so denominated, he ought to find thoroughness of investigation and brilliancy of style, combined with at least a sufficiency of wholesome and manly prejudice. Whoso looks for these qualities in Mr. George Trevelyan's books will not be disappointed; he will find all that he expected, and perhaps something for which he had scarcely hoped. Mr. J. R. Green was held by his admirers to combine the accuracy of Freeman with the grace of Froude; and in the same way, Mr. Trevelyan is at once very learned and very literary. The learning is perhaps a little too conspicuous. The book is rather heavily loaded with authority and apparatus. It contains seven maps, thirty-five illustrations, thirteen (as I count them) appendices, nineteen closely-printed pages of bibliography, and foot-notes as the sand which is on the sea-shore innumerable. May I suggest, in all humility, that the non-scientific reader finds it a little irksome to be told, in the middle of a thrilling adventure, that "it is essential" for him to turn back over a hundred pages to look for a map? To

* *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

most people maps mean very little; and the elect who enjoy them can wait for them till they read the book a second time. Disregarding, then, at least for the moment, maps and footnotes, illustrations and authorities, we surrender ourselves to the buoyant impulse and movement of the narrative, which carries us breathless along, from "the breezy uplands of Brazil," where the Hero was trained, to the Eternal City which he so memorably defended, and so to that "strange campaign which is immortalized in Italian history as 'the Retreat from Rome.'" Truly it is a fascinating tale, rich in heroism, adventure, and romance, and worthily told by Mr. Trevelyan in his flexible and vivid style. To be of the lineage and school of Macaulay is to run a frightful risk of writing Macaulayese; and this risk Mr. Trevelyan has most successfully avoided. For the "hard metallic movement," which, according to Matthew Arnold, was Macaulay's "external characteristic," Mr. Trevelyan gives us "the soft play of life"; and his narrative, though constantly changing its form and colour and volume, is always natural and easy as running water.

So much for thoroughness, and so much for style. What about prejudice? Here again Mr. Trevelyan is worthy of his antecedents. He will not have the Pope or the Tedeschi at any price; he thinks the Bonapartes and the Bourbons no better than they should be; and is fully persuaded that, when any one—even Mazzini—quarrelled with Garibaldi, it was not Garibaldi who was in the wrong. For, above all else, Mr. Trevelyan is a hero-worshipper; and it will generally be conceded that, in Garibaldi, he has got hold of a hero considerably more

attractive than his great-uncle's William III., or his father's Charles Fox—perhaps even than the Wycliffe of his own earlier love. Considering the enormous enthusiasm which Garibaldi excited in England, at least at certain stages of his career, it is strange that till Mr. Trevelyan's book appeared there was no Life of him worthy of the name. His visit to London in 1864 produced a crop of little "sketches" and "narratives," but these were as short-lived as the red blouses which young ladies donned in honour of the Hero. The translation of his Autobiography cannot be ranked as an English book; and Mr. Trevelyan's volume is confessedly a fragment, and nominally a history. Still it is, in reality, a piece of original and lifelike biography; and, if it should prove to be only an instalment of a larger work, the lovers of good literature will have reason to rejoice.

Of course, Mr. Trevelyan is an historian by profession and practice, but his theory of history is such as adapts itself most easily to biographical purposes. It is not his way to treat historical events as the necessary products of antecedent causes lying outside the domain of human will. He does not regard the affairs of men simply as governed by natural laws; as moving in obedience to irresistible streams of tendency; as proceeding by inexorable necessity from what has gone before. Contrariwise, he has apprehended the fact, ignored by historians of the fatalistic school, that history, after all, records the acts of men constructed of like material, and swayed by like passions, with ourselves. He allows full scope to the effect produced on the course of the world by the

character, conduct, and physical organization of individual men and women. Regarding History from this personal point of view, and setting out to describe the course of movements in which his Hero took the leading part, he glides easily and naturally from History, strictly so called, to Biography, and back again to History, just as occasion serves, and as the necessities of his task require a wider or a closer survey.

Mr. Trevelyan thus introduces us to his subject—

"Though England was not the country which actually accomplished most for Italian freedom and unity, it was the country in Europe where the passion for that cause was, beyond all comparison, strongest and most disinterested, and where it will be for ever connected with such names as Byron and Shelley, Palmerston and Gladstone, Browning and Swinburne. The attachment of our fathers to Garibaldi grew out of their Italian sympathies, but it grew also out of something in his personality peculiarly captivating to the English, who saw in him the rover of great spaces of land and sea, the fighter against desperate odds, the champion of the oppressed, the patriot, the humane and generous man, all in one. He touched a chord of poetry and romance still latent in the heart of our city populations, so far removed in their surroundings and opportunities from the scenes and actions of his life. Whether his memory will now appeal to the English of a generation yet further removed from nature, and said to be at once more sophisticated and less idealist than the Victorian, I do not know. But I doubt whether we have really changed so much."

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice on July 4, 1807. His blood was purely Italian, for his family had come from Chiavari, beyond Genoa, some thirty years before

he was born. From his earliest days his master-passion was the sea; and, when his parents had found, by repeated experiment, that he would never consent to a sedentary occupation or a landsman's life, they sent him to sea as a cabin-boy in a merchant-ship trading from Nice. From cabin-boy he rose to be captain, and for twelve adventurous years he followed his fortunes on the sea—"not on the well-policed ocean of to-day, more orderly than a London street, but in the Levant during the Greek War of Independence"—a strenuous and exhilarating school. At home he had learnt nothing of Italy or of Revolution. His parents were law-abiding citizens, Catholic and Conservative.

"It was on his voyages in the Levant that he first came across men with the passion for liberty, and it was beyond the sea that he first met Italian patriots, exiles who instructed him that he had a country, and that she bled. He, too, like these Greeks, had a country for which to fight. What a thought! Nay, what a passion! It seized him in early youth, like first love—the revelation of life. Henceforth he was a man devoted, with an aim ahead that had in it nothing of self. Italy first, Italy last, and always Italy! Nor till the day of his death did his zeal and love once waver. He believed in Italy as the Saints believed in God."

But in 1832 Italy was in chains; some patriotic attempts to liberate her had been suppressed by Austria with the usual brutality; and Giuseppe Mazzini, the student of Genoa, was already deep in that work of organizing revolution which was to be the main occupation of his life. Garibaldi joined him in 1832, and in 1834 both these young enthusiasts for Liberty took their

part in a highly unsuccessful attempt to invade Savoy. As no one rose to support the enterprise, Mazzini promptly retreated into Switzerland, and Garibaldi into France. "The first time he ever read his name in print was when, on reaching Marseilles, he saw in the papers that the Piedmontese Government had condemned him to death," as a rebel and a traitor.

Young and obscure though he was, Garibaldi was henceforth a marked man, and he soon found it expedient to put himself outside the jurisdiction of the European dynasties; so he sailed for South America, and there spent the next twelve years of his life (1836–1848). "He there learned war and leadership"; and, in his thirtieth year, took up arms for the infant Republic of Rio Grande against the giant Empire of Brazil.

"Before long, celebrated as he was for his exploits at sea, he was yet more celebrated as a guerilla chief, leading bodies of a few hundred, sometimes a few thousand, men across the vast upland plains and forests and river gorges that lay between the Atlantic and the Panama River."

It was in the heyday of this adventurous career that he saw, and loved at first sight with a love which never waned, the beautiful Amazon, Anita Riberas. They were married at Monte Video in 1842, and before long they were ranging the hills again, at the head of the Republican armies. "What spaces of earth and sky, what speed, what freedom, what glory of life and love were theirs, as they galloped, side by side, and slept under the homely stars!"

But, even in this wild seclusion, the distant voices of

Italian revolution could reach the exile's ear; and by the end of 1847 those voices were summoning him to take his part in the liberation of Italy from Austrian rule, with an imperious insistence which he could not, if he would, have disobeyed. Early in 1848 he set sail for home, with from fifty to a hundred fighting men in his train. "They only knew that they were going towards the attainment of the passion and desire of their lives." Towards the end of June they arrived at Nice; and, after some haphazard fighting against the Austrian tyranny, they found their true destiny at Rome.

1848 was pre-eminently the year of Revolution. Thrones went down with a crash all over Europe; the populace of Rome rose against the Papal Government, and on November 24 Pio Nono fled disguised from his capital. "Henceforth the Papacy stood for all that was most opposed to Italian aspirations, for all that was most retrograde in politics and in religion. Pio Nono had gone to become the guest of King *Bomba*," who had just acquired his nickname by the brutal bombardment of Messina. After the flight of the Pope, and the consequent dislocation of the traditional Government, events in Rome moved rapidly towards a Republic. A Constituent Assembly was summoned, and Garibaldi was sent to Rome, this time in a civil capacity, as representative of the City of Macerata. On February 8, 1849, he took part in the proclamation of the Roman Republic. The Republic summoned Mazzini to Rome, and made him a Triumvir and practically Dictator. "Little as they liked one another," says Mr. Trevelyan, "Garibaldi and Mazzini between them turned a rather limp

revolutionary movement, begun in murder and frothy talk of the Clubs, into one of the great scenes of history."

It was clear from the first that the defence of the newborn Republic would be a task of difficulty and danger. "Spain, Austria, and France were competing with Naples for the honour and advantage of restoring the Pope," and soon they were hastening over land and sea to overthrow the Republic. On April 25, 1849, a French army landed at Civitavecchia, and set its face towards Rome. "The Triumvirs looked round and saw that they were alone against the world." Yet they resolved, at all costs and all hazards, to defend the Republic; and, if it be questioned whether this was a wise resolve, let Mr. Trevelyan answer.

"The combined effect of the presence of Mazzini and of Garibaldi in Rome was to exalt men's hearts and minds into a region where it seemed base to calculate nicely whether there was any hope of victory in the defensive war which they were undertaking. And in such magnificent carelessness lay true wisdom. There are times when it is wise to die for honour alone. If Rome had submitted again to Papal despotism without a blow, she could never have become the capital of Italy, or only as the despised head of a noble family. Historians who blame the defence of Rome overlook this point, which surely is one of immense importance. The end of the present war might be scarcely doubtful, but the end for which they were about to fight lay in the distant future."

The defence, thus magnanimously undertaken, heroically conducted, and tragically overcome, forms of course the heart and marrow of Mr. Trevelyan's narrative. He describes it with a jealous and searching accuracy which

takes nothing for granted, and with a genuine enthusiasm for arms and strategy, which I do not share and cannot imitate. I resume the thread of narrative at a point which appeals more powerfully to my own sympathies—Garibaldi's retreat and escape.

On June 30, 1849, Garibaldi, "his red shirt covered with dust and blood, his face still moist with the sweat of battle, his sword so bent that it stuck half-way out of the scabbard," announced to the Assembly of the Roman Republic that further resistance was useless; and that, for his own part, he had resolved to retreat into the wilderness, with all those who, like himself, would die sooner than treat with the foreigner on Italian soil. That same day the Assembly proclaimed, "in the name of God and the People," that it "ceased from a defence that had become impossible," but "remained at its post" of civil duty.

On the night of July 2, accompanied by the undaunted Anita and the patriot-priest Ugo Bassi, and followed by four thousand men, Garibaldi started on "the wildest and most romantic of all his marches." The words in which he called his friends to share it with him have a pathos and beauty unusual in military eloquence.

"Fortune, who betrays us to-day, will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger, come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart, and not with his lips only, follow me."

And now the interest of the narrative becomes intense, as we pursue the fugitive Hero from land to sea, over mountain and river, through all his feints, his *ruses de guerre*, his midnight marches, his instant and pressing perils, his manifold hardships, his miraculous escapes. From first to last, his movements were guided by a supreme and simple principle—that he would never capitulate to the foreigner on Italian soil. That point established, he allowed himself the widest latitude as to means and methods, and astonished soldiers trained in more regular schools by "those peculiar arts of war which he had learnt in South America, and by the vigour and mobility with which he had managed to endow his motley force." And truly he had need of all his arts. "All the hunters were out to catch the lion. In Tuscany and the Papal States alone, there were some 30,000 French, 12,000 Neapolitans, 6000 Spaniards, 15,000 Austrians, and 2000 Tuscans. At Tivoli, on July 3, he was fairly in the middle of these armies." His force, nominally 4000 strong, was so honeycombed with the spirit of disaffection and desertion, that, for fighting purposes, it probably did not exceed half that number, and that half was badly drilled, badly armed, and badly equipped. "Under such conditions, it is doubtful whether any other leader in the world could have penetrated right through the immense hosts of the enemy, and reached the Romagna and the Adriatic coast." But this Garibaldi did, and his way of doing it makes a tale of romantic adventure, which, as Mr. Trevelyan unfolds it, fascinates even the most pacific reader.

The interest and pathos of the story reached their climax in the death of Anita and the execution of Ugo Bassi. Anita perished by want and over-exertion among the marshes of Ravenna. "No longer conscious of anything save that Garibaldi was there, the dying woman may have fancied that they were escaping once more over the well-known waters of another lagoon now all too far away; or that they were riding together to war, in the first glory of youth and love, over rolling, infinite spaces." Ugo Bassi, with "his crucifix and his red shirt," with his devotion equally divided between the religion of which he was a priest and the land of which he was a most loyal and loving son—Ugo Bassi, betrayed to death by a coward whose life he had saved—"fell pierced by Austrian bullets after praying aloud to God for the liberation of Italy."

When the news of Ugo Bassi's murder overtook Garibaldi he was nearing the friendly sea, to which he always looked as his natural ally. Some rough travelling, some hair-breadth 'scapes, still lay before him; but on the morning of the 2nd of September he reached Cala Martina, where a fishing-boat awaited him. Before 10 o'clock he was at sea, and safe, but an exile from the land he loved, and the lonely champion of a defeated cause.

At this point Mr. Trevelyan suspends his narrative. Suspends, I say; for by his successful appeal to the best emotions he has laid himself under a kind of moral obligation to continue it. Far ahead, on that autumnal day in 1849, lay the predestined triumph of the Italian cause; but some verses, written after the tragedy of

Aspromonte, by an English girl, whom Mazzini, half in jest and half in earnest, designated as the Laureate of the Roman Republic, may serve to remind a less enthusiastic generation that, even at the darkest moments of his fortunes, the worshippers of Garibaldi stood unshaken in their loyalty and their love.

"There is One in Heaven, Garibaldi,
Whose face we have not seen;
But thinner to you than to us lies
The veil that hangs between.

"He has made you for His own work,
He has kept you spotless through;
And you know better than we can
What He has called you to do.

"Some day you will go forth again,
And He will go with you;
If we would but look up, to us
The heavens would open too!

"Full often, we know already,
When the arm of the Conqueror fails,
When the wise have sunk despairing,
The Martyr at last prevails.

"So our hopes are with you, whether
Your fortunes rise or fall;
For—you are Garibaldi,
And God is over all!"

Rough verses, perhaps, and barely metrical, but all on fire with the ardent faith and loyalty which later life finds it so difficult to revive. That Mr. Trevelyan feels them to his fingers' tips is the fact which makes his book so great.*

* For the continuation of the narrative, see p. 496.

LORD HALIFAX

THERE can scarcely be two more typically English names than Wood and Grey. In Yorkshire and Northumberland, respectively, they have for centuries been held in honour; and it was a happy conjuncture which united them in 1829. In that year, Charles Wood, elder son of Sir Francis Lindley Wood, married Lady Mary Grey, youngest daughter of Charles, second Earl Grey, the hero of the first Reform Bill. Mr. Wood succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1846, sate in Parliament as a Liberal for forty years; filled some of the highest offices of State in the Administrations of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, and was raised to the peerage as Viscount Halifax in 1866.

Lord and Lady Halifax had seven children, of whom the eldest was Charles Lindley Wood—the subject of the present sketch—born in 1839; and the second, Emily Charlotte, wife of Hugo Meynell-Ingram, of Hoar Cross and Temple Newsam. I mention these two names together because Mrs. Meynell-Ingram (whose qualities of intellect and character made a deep impression on all who were brought in contact with her), was one of the formative influences of her brother's life. The present Lord Halifax (who succeeded to his father's peerage in 1885) writes thus about his early days—

"My sister was everything to me. I never can remember the time when it was not so between us. I hardly ever missed writing to her every day when we were away from one another; and for many years after her marriage, and as long as her eyes were good, I don't think she and I ever omitted writing to one another; as indeed we had done all through my school and college life. She is never out of my mind and thoughts. Her birthday, on the 19th of July, and mine, on the 7th of June, were days which stood out amongst all the days of the year."

This extract illustrates the beautiful atmosphere of mutual love and trust in which the family of Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood were reared. In other respects, their upbringing was what one would naturally expect in a Yorkshire country house, where politics were judiciously blended with fox-hunting. From the enjoyments of a bright home, and the benign sway of the governess, and the companionship of a favourite sister, the transition to a private school is always depressing. In April, 1849, Charles Wood was sent to the Rev. Charles Arnold's, at Tinwell, near Stamford. "What I chiefly remember about the place is being punished all one day, with several canings, because I either could not or would not learn the Fifth Declension of the Greek Nouns."

So much for the curriculum of Tinwell; but it only lasted for one year; and then, after two years with a private tutor at home, Charles Wood went to Eton in January, 1853. He boarded at the house of the Rev. Francis Vidal, and his tutor was the famous William Johnson, afterwards Cory. "Billy Johnson" was not only a consummate scholar and a most stimulating

teacher, but the sympathetic and discerning friend of the boys who were fortunate enough to be his private pupils. In his book of verses — *Ionica* — he made graceful play with a casual word which Charles Wood had let fall in the ecstasy of swimming—"Oh! how I wish I could fly!"

"Fresh from the summer wave, under the beech,
Looking through leaves with a far-darting eye,
Tossing those river-pearled locks about,
Throwing those delicate limbs straight out,
Chiding the clouds as they sailed out of reach,
Murmured the swimmer—'I wish I could fly.'

"Laugh, if you like, at the bold reply,
Answer disdainfully, flouting my words:
How should the listener at simple sixteen
Guess what a foolish old rhymer could mean
Calmly predicting—'You will surely fly'—
Fish one might vie with, but how be like birds?
* * * * *
"Genius and love will uplift thee; not yet;
Walk through some passionless years by my side,
Chasing the silly sheep, snapping the lily-stalk,
Drawing my secrets forth, witching my soul with talk.
When the sap stays, and the blossom is set,
Others will take the fruit, I shall have died."

Surely no teacher ever uttered a more beautiful eulogy on a favourite pupil; and happily the poet lived long enough to see his prophecy fulfilled.

The principal charm of a Public School lies in its friendships; so here let me record the names of those who are recalled by contemporaries as having been Charles Wood's closest friends at Eton—Edward Denison, Sackville Stopford, George Palmer, George Lane-Fox, Walter Campion, Lyulph Stanley, and Augustus Legge. With Palmer, now Sir George, he "messed," and with

Stopford, now Stopford-Sackville, he shared a private boat. As regards his pursuits and career at Eton, I am able to quote his own words—

"I steered the 'Britannia' and the 'Victory.' I used to take long walks with friends in Windsor Park, and used sometimes to go up to the Castle, to ride with the present King. I remember, in two little plays which William Johnson wrote for his pupils, taking the part of an Abbess in a Spanish Convent at the time of the Peninsular War; and the part of the Confidante of the Queen of Cyprus, in an historical play in which Sir Archdale Palmer was the hero, and a boy named Chafyn Grove, who went into the Guards, the heroine. In Upper School, at Speeches on the 4th of June, I acted with Lyulph Stanley* in a French piece called *Femme a Vendre*. In 1857, I and George Cadogan† and Willy Gladstone, and Freddy Stanley‡ went with the present King for a tour in the English Lakes; and in the following August we went with the King to Koenigs-winter. I was in 'Pop' (the Eton Debating Society) at the end of my time at Eton, and I won the 'Albert,' the Prince Consort's Prize for French."

A younger contemporary adds this pretty testimony—

"As you can imagine, he was very popular both among the boys and the masters. One little instance remains with me. There was a custom of a boy, when leaving, receiving what one called 'Leaving Books,' from boys remaining in the school; these books were provided by the parents and were bound in calf, etc. The present Lord Eldon went to Eton with me in 1857, and when Charles Wood left, in July, 1858, he wanted to give him a book; but, knowing nothing of the custom of parents providing books, he went out and bought

* Now Lord Sheffield. † Now Lord Cadogan.
‡ The late Lord Derby.

a half-crown copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and sent it to C. Wood's room. Two shillings and sixpence was a good deal to a Lower Boy at the end of the half; and it was, I should think, an almost unique testimony from a small boy to one at the top of the house."

In October, 1858, Charles Wood went up to Christ Church. There many of his earlier friendships were renewed and some fresh ones added; Mr. Henry Chaplin coming up from Harrow; Mr. H. L. Thompson, afterwards Vicar of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford, from Westminster; and Mr. Henry Villiers, afterwards Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, from a Private Tutor's. Charles Wood took his full share in the social life of the place, belonging both to "Loder's" and to "Bullingdon"—institutions of high repute in the Oxford world; and, being then, as now, an admirable horseman, he found his chief joy in hunting. In his vacations, he visited France and Italy, and made some tours nearer home with undergraduate friends. In 1861 he took his degree, and subsequently travelled Eastward as far as Suez, and spent a winter in Rome. In 1862 he was appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and in this capacity attended his royal master's wedding at St. George's, Windsor, on March 10, 1863, and spent two summers with him at Abergeldie. At the same period he became Private Secretary to his mother's cousin, Sir George Grey, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, and retained that post till the fall of Lord Russell's administration in 1866.

"There was," writes Lord Halifax, "a question of my standing for some Yorkshire constituency; but with my

convictions it was not easy to come out on the Liberal side, and the project dropped. I never can remember the time when I did not feel the greatest devotion to King Charles I. and Archbishop Laud. I can recall now the services for the Restoration at Eton, when every one used to wear an oak-leaf in his buttonhole, and throw it down on the floor as the clock struck twelve."

This may be a suitable moment for a word about Lord Halifax's "convictions" in the sphere of religion. His parents were, like all the Whigs, sound and sturdy Protestants. They used to take their children to church at Whitehall Chapel—probably the least ecclesiastical-looking place of worship in London; and the observances of the Parish Church at Hickleton—their country home near Doncaster—were not calculated to inspire a delight in the Beauty of Holiness. However, when quite a boy, Charles Wood, who had been confirmed at Eton by Bishop Wilberforce, found his way to St. Barnabas', Pimlico, then newly opened, and fell much under the influence of Mr. Bennett at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and Mr. Richards, at All Saints', Margaret Street. At Oxford he became acquainted with Dr. Pusey, and the young and inspiring Liddon; and frequented the services at Merton College Chapel, where Liddon used often to officiate. By 1863 his religious opinions must have been definitely shaped; for in that year his old tutor, William Johnson, when paying a visit at Hickleton, writes as follows—

"He told me of Mr. Liddon, the saintly and learned preacher, of the devout worshippers at All Saints', whose black nails show they are artisans—of the society formed to pray daily for the restoration of Christian Unity."

And again—

"His father and mother seem to gather virtue and sweetness from looking at him and talking to him, though they fight hard against his unpractical and exploded Church views, and think his zeal misdirected. . . . And all the while his mother's face gets brighter and kinder because she is looking at him. Happy are the parents who, when they have reached that time of life in which the world is getting too strong, and virtue is a thing of routine, are quickened by the bold, restless zeal of their sons and daughters, and so renew their youth."

In 1865, he was induced by his friend Mr. Lane-Fox, now Chancellor of the Primrose League, to join the English Church Union. "At that time," he writes—

"I was much concerned with the affairs of the House of Charity in Soho, and the Newport Market Refuge. 1866 was the cholera year, and I recollect coming straight back from Lorne's * coming of age, to London, where I saw Dr. Pusey, with the result that I set to work to help Miss Sellon with her temporary hospital, in Commercial Street, Whitechapel."

In this connexion it is proper to recall the devoted services which he rendered to the House of Mercy at Horbury, near Wakefield; and those who know what religious prejudice was in rural districts forty years ago, will realize the value of the support accorded to an institution struggling against calumny and misrepresentation, by the most popular and promising young man in the West Riding. There lies before me as I write a letter written by an Evangelical mother—Lady Charles Russell—to her son, then just ordained to a curacy at Doncaster.

* Now Duke of Argyll.

"I want to hear more about Lord and Lady Halifax. I knew them pretty well as Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, but I have lived in retirement since before he was raised to the peerage. His eldest son was not only very good-looking, but inclined to be very good, as I dare say Dr. Vaughan may have heard. Do you know anything about him?"

That "very good" and "very good-looking" young man was now approaching what may be called the decisive event of his life. In April of that year, Mr. Colin Lindsay resigned the Presidency of the English Church Union, and Mr. Charles Lindley Wood was unanimously chosen to fill his place. Eleven years later, Dr. Pusey wrote, "As to his being President of the E.C.U., he is the sense and moderation of it." He has administered its affairs, and guided its policy, through forty anxious years. Indeed, the President and the Union have been so completely identified, that the history of the one has been the history of the other. His action has been governed by a grand and simple consistency. Alike in storms and in fair weather, at times of crisis and at times of reaction, he has been the unswerving and unsleeping champion of the spiritual claims of the English Church, and the alert, resourceful, and unsparing enemy of all attempts, from whatever quarter proceeding, to subject her doctrine and discipline to the control of the secular State and its tribunals. The eager and fiery enthusiasm, which pre-eminently marks his nature, awakes a kindred flame in those who are reached by his influence; and, even when the reason is unconvinced, it is difficult to resist the leadership of so pure and passionate a temper.

It would be ridiculous for an outsider, like myself, to discuss the interior working of the E.C.U., so I avail myself of the testimony which has reached me from within.

"Like most men of his temperament, Lord Halifax seems now and again to be a little before his time. On the other hand, it is remarkable that Time generally justifies him. There is no question that he has always enjoyed the enthusiastic and affectionate support of the Union as a whole."

It is true that once with reference to the book called *Lux Mundi* and once with reference to the "Lambeth Opinions" of 1899, there was some resistance in the Union to Lord Halifax's guidance; and that, in his negotiations about the recognition of Anglican Orders, he would not, if he had been acting officially, have carried the Union with him. But these exceptions only go to confirm the general truth that his policy has been as successful as it has been bold and conscientious.

It is time to return, for a moment, to the story of Lord Halifax's private life. In 1869, he married Lady Agnes Courtenay, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Devon, and in so doing allied himself with one of the few English families which even the most exacting genealogists recognize as noble.*. His old tutor wrote on April 22—

"This has been a remarkable day—the wedding of Charles Wood and Lady Agnes Courtenay. It was in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, which was full, galleries and all, the central

* "The purple of three Emperors who have reigned at Constantinople will authorize or excuse a digression on the origin and singular fortunes of the House of Courtenay." Gibbon. Chapter xli.

passage left empty, and carpeted with red. It was a solemn, rapt, congregation: there was a flood of music, and solemn tender voices. The married man and woman took the Lord's Supper, with hundreds of witnesses who did not communicate. . . . Perhaps a good many were Church Union folk, honouring their Chairman."

Of this marriage I can only say that it has been, in the highest aspects, ideally happy, and that the sorrows which have chequered it have added a new significance to the saying of Ecclesiastes that "A threefold cord is not quickly broken." *

In 1877 Mr. Wood resigned his office in the household of the Prince of Wales. It was the time when the affairs of St. James's, Hatcham, and the persecution of Mr. Tooth, were first bringing the Church into sharp collision with the Courts of Law. The President of the English Church Union was the last man to hold his peace, when even the stones were crying out against this profane intrusion of the State into the Kingdom of God; and up and down the country he preached, in season and out of season, the spiritual independence of the Church, and the criminal folly of trying to coerce Christian consciences by deprivation and imprisonment. The story went that an Illustrious Personage said to the insurgent Groom of the Bedchamber, "What's this I hear? I'm told you go about the country, saying that the Queen is not the Head of the Church. Of course, she's the Head of the Church, just the same as the Pope is the Head of his Church, and the Sultan the

* Charles Reginald Lindley Wood died 1890; Francis Hugh Lindley Wood died 1889; Henry Paul Lindley Wood died 1886.

'Head of *his* Church." But this may be only a creation of that irresponsible romancist, Ben Trovato; and it is better to take Lord Halifax's account of the transaction—

"I remember certain remonstrances being made to me in regard to disobedience to the law and such-like, and my saying at once that I thought it quite unreasonable that the Prince should be compromised by any one in his household taking a line of which he himself did not approve; and that I honestly thought I had much better resign my place. Nothing could have been nicer or kinder than the Prince was about it; and, if I resigned, it was because I thought it much better for him on the one side: while, as regards myself, as you may suppose, I was not going to sacrifice my own liberty of saying and doing what I thought right."

In those emphatic words speaks the true spirit of the man. To "say and do what he thinks right," without hesitation or compromise or regard to consequences, has been alike the principle and the practice of his life. And here the reader has a right to ask, What manner of man is he whose career you have been trying to record?

First and foremost, it must be said—truth demands it, and no conventional reticence must withhold it—that the predominant feature of his character is his Religiousness. He belongs to a higher world than this. His "citizenship is in Heaven." Never can I forget an address which, ten years ago, he delivered, by request, in Stepney Meeting-House. His subject was, "Other-worldliness." The audience consisted almost exclusively of Nonconformists. Many, I imagine, had come with itching ears, or moved by a natural curiosity to see the

man whose bold discrimination between the things of Cæsar and the things of God was just then attracting general attention, and, in some quarters, wrathful dismay. But gradually, as the high theme unfolded itself, and the lecturer showed the utter futility of all that this world has to offer when compared with the realities of the Supernatural Kingdom, curiosity was awed into reverence, and the address closed amid a silence more eloquent than any applause.

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood."

As I listened, I recalled some words written by Dr. Pusey in 1879, about—

"One whom I have known intimately for many years, who is one of singular moderation as well as wisdom, who can discriminate with singular sagacity what is essential from what is not essential—C. Wood."

The Doctor then went on—

"I do not think that I was ever more impressed than by a public address which I heard him deliver now many years ago, in which, without controversy or anything which could have offended any one, he expressed his own faith on deep subjects with a precision which reminded me of Hooker's wonderful enunciation of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and of the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ."

After so solemn a tribute from so great a saint, it seems almost a profanity—certainly a bathos—to add any more secular touches. Yet, if the portrait is even to approach completeness, it must be remembered that we are not describing an ascetic or a recluse, but the most polished gentleman, the most fascinating companion, the most graceful and attractive figure, in the

Vanity Fair of social life. He is full of ardour, zeal, and emotion; endowed with a physical activity which corresponds to his mental alertness; and young with that perpetual youth which is the reward of "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."

Clarendon, in one of his most famous portraits, depicts a high-souled cavalier, "of inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of a glowing and obliging humanity and goodness to mankind, and of a primitive simplicity and integrity of life." He was writing of Lord Falkland: he described Lord Halifax.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

THE Hollands spring from Mobberley, in Cheshire, and more recently from the town of Knutsford, familiar to all lovers of fiction as "Cranford." They have made their mark in several fields of intellectual effort. The present Lord Knutsford, Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1887 to 1892, is a son of Sir Henry Holland, M.D. (1788–1873), who doctored half the celebrities of Europe; and one of Sir Henry's first cousins was the incomparable Mrs. Gaskell. Another first cousin was George Henry Holland (1818–1891), of Dumbleton Hall, Evesham, who married the Hon. Charlotte Dorothy Gifford, daughter of the first Lord Gifford. Mr. George Holland was an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and frequently changed his abode for the better enjoyment of his favourite sport. In 1847 he was living at a place called Underdown, near Ledbury; and there, on January 27th in that year, his eldest son was born.

The first Lord Gifford (1779–1826), who was successively Lord Chief Justice and Master of the Rolls, had owed much in early life to the goodwill of Lord Eldon, and, in honour of his patron, he named one of his sons Scott. This Scott Gifford was Mrs. George Holland's brother, and his name was bestowed on her eldest son, who was christened "Henry Scott," but has always been

known by his second name. This link with George III.'s Tory Chancellor is pleasingly appropriate. Let it be remarked in passing that the hyphen so often introduced into the name is solely a creation of the newspapers, which, always rejoicing in double-barrelled surnames, gratify a natural impulse by writing about "Canon Scott-Holland."

I regret that the most exhaustive research has failed to discover any recorded traits of "Scotty" Holland in the nursery; but his career in the schoolroom is less obscure. His governess was a Swiss lady, who pronounced her young pupil "the most delightful of boys; not clever or studious, but full of fun and charm." This governess must have been a remarkable woman, for she is, I believe, the only human being who ever pronounced Scott Holland "not clever." It is something to be the sole upholder of an opinion, even a wrong one, against an unanimous world. By this time Mr. George Holland had established himself at Wellesbourne Hall, near Warwick; and there his son Scott was brought up in the usual habits of a country home where hunting and shooting are predominant interests. From the Swiss lady's control he passed to a private school at Allesley, near Coventry, and in January, 1860, he went to Eton. There he boarded at the house of Mrs. Gulliver,* and was a pupil of William Johnson (afterwards Cory) a brilliant and eccentric scholar, whose power of eliciting and stimulating a boy's intellect has never been surpassed.

* Of Mrs. Gulliver and her sister, H. S. H. writes: "They allowed football in top passage twice a week, which still seems to be the zenith of all joy."

From this point onwards, Scott Holland's history—the formation of his character, the development of his intellect, the place which he attained in the regard of his friends—can be easily and exactly traced; for the impression which he made upon his contemporaries has not been effaced, or even dimmed, by the lapse of nine-and-forty years.

"My recollection of him at Eton," writes one of his friends, "is that of a boy most popular and high-spirited, strong, and full of life; but not eminent at games." Another writes: "He was very popular with a certain set, but not exactly eminent." He was not a member of "Pop," the famous Debating Society of Eton, but his genius found its outlet in other spheres. "He once astonished us all by an excellent performance in some Private Theatricals in his house." For the rest, he rowed, steered the "Victory" twice, played cricket for his House, and fives and football, and was a first-rate swimmer.

With regard to more important matters, it must suffice to say that then, as always, his moral standard was the highest, and that no evil thing dared manifest itself in his presence. He had been trained, by an admirable mother, in the best traditions of the Tractarian school, and he was worthy of his training. Among his intimate friends were Dalmeny, now Lord Rosebery; Henry Northcote, now Lord Northcote; Freddy Wood, now Meynell; Alberic Bertie; and Francis Pelham, afterwards Lord Chichester. He left Eton in July, 1864, and his tutor, in a letter to a friend, thus commented on his departure—

"There was nothing to comfort me in parting with Holland; and he was the picture of tenderness. He and others stayed a good while, talking in the ordinary easy way. M. L. came, and his shyness did not prevent my saying what I wished to say to him. But to Holland I could say nothing: and now that I am writing about it I cannot bear to think that he is lost."

On leaving Eton, Holland went abroad to learn French, with an ultimate view to making his career in diplomacy. Truly the Canon of St. Paul's is an "inheritor of an unfulfilled renown." What an ambassador he would have made! There is something that warms the heart in the thought of His Excellency Sir Henry Scott Holland, G.C.B., writing despatches to Sir Edward Grey in the style of *The Commonwealth*, and negotiating with the Czar or the Sultan on the lines of the Christian Social Union.

Returning from his French pilgrimage, he went to a private tutor in Northamptonshire, who reported that "Holland was quite *unique* in charm and goodness, but would never be a scholar." In January, 1866, this charming but unscholarly youth went up to Balliol, and a new and momentous chapter in his life began.

What was he like at this period of his life? A graphic letter enables me to answer this question.

"When I first met him, I looked on him with the deepest interest, and realized the charm that every one felt. He had just gone up to Oxford, and was intensely keen on Ruskin and Browning, and devoted to music. He would listen with rapt attention when we played Chopin and Schumann to him. I used to meet him at dinner-parties when I first came out, by which time he was very enthusiastic on the Catholic side, and

very fond of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and was also deeply moved by social questions, East End poor, etc., always unconventional, and always passionately interested in whatever he talked of. Burne-Jones once told me 'it was perfectly delicious to see Holland come into a room, laughing before he had even said a word, and always bubbling over with life and joy.' Canon Mason said to me many years ago that he had hoped I kept every scrap Scotty ever wrote to me, as he was quite sure he was the most remarkable man of his generation. But there was a grave background to all this merriment. I remember that, as we were coming out of a London party, and looked on the hungry faces in the crowd outside the door, I rather foolishly said—'One couldn't bear to look at them unless one felt that there was another world for them.' He replied—'Are *we* to have both, then?' I know that his tone and the look in his face haunted me more than I can say."

A contemporary at Oxford writes, with reference to the same period—

"When we went up, Liddon was preaching his Bamptons and we went to them together, and were much moved by them. There were three of us who always met for Friday teas in one another's rooms, and during Lent we used to go to the Special Sermons at St. Mary's. We always went to Liddon's sermons, and sometimes to his Sunday evening lectures in the Hall of Queen's College. We used to go to the Choral Eucharist in Merton Chapel, and, later, to the iron church at Cowley, and to St. Barnabas, and enjoyed shouting the Gregorians."

On the intellectual side, we are told that Holland's love of literature was already marked. "I can remember reading Wordsworth with him, and Carlyle, and Clough; and, after Sunday breakfasts, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*." Then, as always, he found a great part of his pleasure in music.

No record, however brief, of an undergraduate life can afford to disregard athletics; so let it be here recorded that Holland played racquets and fives, and skated, and "jumped high," and steered the "Torpid," and three times rowed in his College Eight. He had innumerable friends, among whom three should be specially recalled: Stephen Fremantle, and R. L. Nettleship, both of Balliol, and W. H. Ady, of Exeter. In short, he lived the life of the model Undergraduate, tasting all the joys of Oxford, and finding time to spare for his prescribed studies. His first encounter with the examiners, in "Classical Moderations," was only partially successful. "He did not appreciate the niceties of scholarship, and could not write verses or do Greek or Latin prose at all well"; and he was accordingly placed in the Third Class. But, as soon as the tyranny of Virgil and Homer and Sophocles was overpast, he betook himself to more congenial studies. Of the two tutors who then made Balliol famous, he owed nothing to Jowett, and everything to T. H. Green. That truly great man "simply fell in love" with his brilliant pupil, and gave him of his best.

"Philosophy's the chap for me," said an eminent teacher. "If a parent asks a question in the classical, commercial, or mathematical line, says I, gravely, 'Why, sir, in the first place, are you a philosopher?' 'No, Mr. Squeers,' he says, 'I ain't'; 'then, sir,' says I, 'I am sorry for you, for I shan't be able to explain it.' Naturally, the parent goes away and wishes he was a philosopher, and, equally naturally, thinks I'm one."

That is the Balliol manner, all over; and the ardent

Holland, instructed by Green, soon discovered, to his delight, that he was a philosopher, and was henceforward qualified to apply Mr. Squeers' searching test to all questions in heaven and earth. "It was the custom at Balliol for every one to write an essay once a week; and I remember that Holland made a name for his essay-writing and originality. It was known that he had a good chance of a 'First in Greats,' if only his translations from Greek and Latin books did not pull him down. He admired the ancient authors, especially Plato, and his quick grasp of the meaning of what he read, good memory, and very remarkable powers of expression, all helped him much. He was good at History and he had a great turn for Philosophy" (cf. Mr. Squeers, *supra*), "Plato, Hegel, etc., and he understood, as few could, Green's expositions, and counter-attack on John Stuart Mill and the Positivist School, which was the dominant party at that time."

In the Summer Term of 1870 Holland went in for his final examination at Oxford. A friend writes: "I remember his coming out from his paper on Moral Philosophy in great exaltation; and his *viva voce* was spoken of as a most brilliant performance. One of the examiners, T. Fowler (afterwards President of Corpus), said he had never heard anything like it." In fine, a new and vivid light had appeared in the intellectual sky—a new planet had swum into the ken of Oxford Common-Rooms; and it followed naturally that Holland, having obtained his brilliant First, was immediately elected to a Studentship at Christ Church, which, of course, is the same as a Fellowship anywhere else. He

went into residence at his new home in January, 1871, and remained there for thirteen years, a "don" indeed, by office, but so undonnish in character, ways, and words, that he became the subject of an eulogistic riddle: "When is a don not a don? When he is Scott Holland."

Meanwhile, all dreams of a diplomatic career had fled before the onrush of Aristotle and Plato, Hegel and Green. The considerations which determined Holland's choice of a profession I have not sought to enquire. Probably he was moved by the thought that in Holy Orders he would have the best chance of using the powers, of which by this time he must have become conscious, for the glory of God and the service of man. I have been told that the choice was in some measure affected by a sermon of Liddon's on the unpromising subject of Noah; * and beyond doubt the habitual enjoyment of Liddon's society, to which, as a brother-student Holland was now admitted, must have tended in the same direction.

Perhaps an even stronger influence was that of the present Bishop of Lincoln, then Principal of Cuddesdon, in whom the most persuasive aspects of the priestly character were beautifully displayed, and who made Cuddesdon a sort of shrine to which all that was spiritual and ardent in young Oxford was irresistibly attracted. Preaching, years afterwards, at a Cuddesdon Festival, Holland uttered this moving panegyric of the place to which he owed so much—

"Ah! which of us does not know by what sweet entanglement Cuddesdon threw its net about our willing feet? Some

* Preached at St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford, March 11, 1870.

summer Sunday, perhaps, we wandered here, in undergraduate days, to see a friend; and from that hour the charm was at work. How joyous, how enticing, the welcome, the glad brotherhood! So warm and loving it all seemed, as we thought of the sharp skirmishing of our talk in college; so buoyant and rich, as we recalled the thinness of our Oxford interests. The little rooms, like college rooms just shrinking into cells, the long talk on the summer lawn, the old church with its quiet country look of patient peace, the glow of the evening chapel, the run down the hill under the stars, with the sound of Compline Psalms still ringing in our hearts—ah! happy, happy day! It was enough. The resolve that lay half slumbering in our souls took shape; it leapt out. We would come to Cuddesdon when the time of preparation should draw on!"

Readers of this glowing passage have naturally imagined that the writer of it must himself have been a Cuddesdon man; but this is a delusion: and, so far as I know, Holland's special preparation for Ordination consisted of a visit to Peterborough, where he essayed the desperate task of studying theology under Canon Westcott. His first view of his new teacher must be described in his own words—

"Westcott was giving lectures on St. John in a side chapel of the Cathedral; and, all through the first lecture, we could scarcely believe our eyes. This tiny form, with the thin small voice, delivering itself, with passionate intensity, of the deepest teaching of the mystery of the Incarnation, to two timid ladies of the Close, under the haughty contempt of the solitary verger, who had been forced to lend the authority of his 'poker' to those undignified and new-fangled efforts—was this, really, Dr. Westcott? We had to reassure ourselves of the fact, as we emerged, by repeated asseverations that it

certainly must be. But the first interview revealed where the secret of his power lay."

In September, 1872, Holland was ordained deacon by Bishop Mackarness, in Cuddesdon Church, being chosen to read the Gospel at the Ordination; and he was ordained priest there just two years later. It was during his diaconate that I, then a freshman, made his acquaintance. We often came across one another, in friends' rooms and at religious meetings, and I used to listen with delight to the sermons which he preached in the Parish Churches of Oxford. They were absolutely original; they always exhilarated and uplifted one; and the style was entirely his own, full of lightness and brightness, movement and colour. Scattered phrases from a sermon at SS. Philip and James', on May 3, 1874, and from another at St. Barnabas' on June 28 in the same year, still haunt my memory.*

Holland lived at this time a wonderfully busy and varied life. He lectured on Philosophy in Christ Church; he took his full share in the business of University and college; he worked and pleaded for all righteous causes both among the undergraduates and among the citizens. An Oxford tutor said not long ago: "A new and strong effort for moral purity in Oxford can be dated from Holland's Proctorship."

This seems to be a suitable moment for mentioning his attitude towards social and political questions. He was "suckled in a creed out-worn" of Eldonian Toryism, but soon exchanged it for Gladstonian Liberalism, and

* An Oxford Professor, who had some difficulty with his aspirates, censured a theological essay as "Too 'Ollandy by 'alf."

this again he suffused with an energetic spirit of State-Socialism on which Mr. Gladstone would have poured his sternest wrath. A friend writes—

"I don't remember that H. S. H., when he was an undergraduate, took much interest in politics more than chaffing others for being so Tory.". (He never spoke at the Union, and had probably not realized his powers as a speaker.) "But when, in 1872, I went to be curate to Oakley (afterwards Dean of Manchester) at St. Saviour's, Hoxton, Holland used to come and see me there, and I found him greatly attracted to social life in the East End of London. In 1875 he came, with Edward Talbot and Robert Moberly, and lodged in Hoxton, and went about among the people, and preached in the church. I have sometimes thought that this may have been the beginning of the Oxford House."

All through these Oxford years Holland's fame as an original and independent thinker, a fascinating preacher, an enthusiast for Liberalism as the natural friend and ally of Christianity, was widening to a general recognition. And when, in April, 1884, Mr. Gladstone nominated him to a Residentiary Canonry at St. Paul's, every one felt that the Prime Minister had matched a great man with a great opportunity.

From that day to this, Henry Scott Holland has lived in the public eye, so there is no need for a detailed narrative of his more recent career. All London has known him as a great and inspiring preacher; a literary critic of singular skill and grace; an accomplished teacher in regions quite outside theology; a sympathetic counsellor in difficulty and comforter in distress; and one of the most vivid and joyous figures

in our social life. It is possible to trace some change in his ways of thinking, though none in his ways of feeling and acting. His politics have swayed from side to side under the pressure of conflicting currents. Some of his friends rejoice—and others lament—that he is much less of a partisan than he was; that he is apt to see two and even three sides of a question, and that he is sometimes kind to frauds and humbugs, if only they will utter the shibboleths in which he himself so passionately believes. But, through all changes and chances, he has stood as firm as a rock for the social doctrine of the Cross, and has made the cause of the poor, the outcast, and the overworked his own. He has shown the glory of the Faith in its human bearings, and has steeped Dogma and Creed and Sacrament and Ritual in his own passionate love of God and man.

Stupid people misunderstand him. Wicked people instinctively hate him. Worldly people, sordid people, self-seekers, and promotion-hunters, contemn him as an amiable lunatic. But his friends forget all measure and restraint when they try to say what they feel about him. One whom I have already quoted writes again—

"I feel Holland is little changed from what he was as a school-boy and an undergraduate—the same joyous spirit, unbroken good temper, quick perception and insight, warm sympathy, love of friends, kind interest in lives of all sorts, delight in young people—these never fail. He never seems to let the burden of life, and the sadness of things, depress his cheery, hopeful spirit. I hope that what I send may be of some use. I cannot express what I feel. I love him too well."

This is the tribute of one friend; let me add my

own. I do not presume to say what I think about him as a spiritual guide and example; I confine myself to humbler topics. Whatever else he is, Henry Scott Holland is, beyond doubt, one of the most delightful people in the world. In fun and geniality and warm-hearted hospitality, he is a worthy successor of Sydney Smith, whose official house he inhabits; and to those elements of agreeableness he adds certain others which his famous predecessor could scarcely have claimed. He has all the sensitiveness of genius, with its sympathy, its versatility, its unexpected turns, its rapid transitions from grave to gay, its vivid appreciation of all that is beautiful in art and nature, literature and life. No man in London, I should think, has so many and such devoted friends in every class and station; and those friends acknowledge in him, not only the most vivacious and exhilarating of social companions, but one of the moral forces which have done most to quicken their consciences and lift their lives.

"FREDDY LEVESON."

WHEN a man has died in his eighty-ninth year, it seems irreverent to recall him by his nickname. And yet the irreverence is rather in seeming than in reality, for a nickname, a pet-name, an affectionate abbreviation, is often the truest token of popular esteem. It was so with the subject of this chapter, whose perennial youthfulness of heart and mind would have made any more formal appellation seem stiff and out of place.

Edward Frederick Leveson-Gower was the third son of Granville Leveson-Gower, first Earl Granville, by his marriage with Henrietta Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire. The very names breathe Whiggery, and in their combination they suggest a considerable and an important portion of our social and political history.

I have always maintained that Whiggery, rightly understood, is not a political creed, but a social caste. The Whig, like the poet, is born, not made. It is as difficult to become a Whig as to become a Jew. Macaulay was probably the only man who, being born outside the privileged enclosure, ever penetrated to its heart and assimilated its spirit. It is true that the Whigs, as a body, have held certain opinions and pursued certain tactics, which were analysed in Chapters XIX.

and XXI. of the unexpurgated *Book of Snobs.* But those opinions and those tactics have been accidents of Whiggery. Its substance has been relationship. When Lord John Russell formed his first Administration, his opponents alleged that it was mainly composed of his cousins, and the lively oracles of Sir Bernard Burke confirmed the allegation. Mr. Beresford-Hope, in one of his novels, made excellent fun of what he called the "Sacred Circle of the Great-Grandmotherhood." He showed—what, indeed, the Whigs themselves knew uncommonly well—that from John, Earl Gower, who died in 1754, descend all the Gowers, Levesons, Howards, Cavendishes, Grosvenors, Harcourts, and Russells who walk on the face of the earth. Truly a noble and a highly favoured progeny. "They *are* our superiors," said Thackeray; "and that's the fact. I am not a Whig myself (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so as to say that I'm not King Pippin in a golden coach, or King Hudson, or Miss Burdett-Coutts). I'm not a Whig; but oh, how I should like to be one!"

It argues no political bias to maintain that, in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, Toryism offered its neophytes no educational opportunities equal to those which a young Whig enjoyed at Chatsworth and Bowood and Woburn and Holland House. Here the best traditions of the preceding century were constantly reinforced by accessions of fresh intellect. The circle was, indeed, an aristocratic Family Party, but it paid a genuine homage to ability and culture. Genius held the key, and there was a *carrière ouverte aux talents.*

Into this privileged society Frederick Leveson-Gower

was born on May 3, 1819; and within its precincts he "kept the noiseless tenour of his way" for nearly ninety years. Recalling in 1905 the experiences of his boyhood, and among them a sharp illness at Eton, he was able to add, "Never during my long life have I again been seriously ill." To that extraordinary immunity from physical suffering was probably due the imperturbable serenity which all men recognized as his most characteristic trait, and which remained unruffled to the end.

It is recorded of the fastidious Lady Montfort in *Endymion* that, visiting Paris in 1841, she could only with difficulty be induced to call on the British Ambassador and Ambassadress. "I dined," she said, "with those people once; but I confess that, when I thought of those dear Granvilles, their *entrées* stuck in my throat." The "dear Granvilles" in question were the parents of the second Lord Granville, whom we all remember as the most urbane of Foreign Secretaries, and of Frederick Leveson-Gower. The first Lord Granville was a younger son of the first Marquis of Stafford and brother of the second Marquis, who was made Duke of Sutherland. He was born in 1773, entered Parliament at twenty-two, and "found himself a diplomatist as well as a politician before he was thirty years of age." In 1804 he was appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he remained till 1807. In 1813 he was created Viscount Granville, and in 1824 became Ambassador to the Court of France. "To the indignation of the Legitimist party in France, he made a special journey from Paris to London in order to vote for the Reform

Bill of 1839, and, to their astonishment, returned alive to glory in having done so." For this and similar acts of virtue he was raised to an Earldom in 1833; he retired from diplomacy in 1841, and died in 1846.

Before he became an ambassador, this Lord Granville had rented a place called Wherstead, in Suffolk. It was there that Freddy Leveson passed the first years of his life, but from 1824 onwards the British Embassy at Paris was his home. Both those places had made permanent dints in his memory. At Wherstead he remembered the Duke of Wellington shooting Lord Granville in the face, and imperilling his eyesight: at Paris he was presented to Sir Walter Scott, who had come to dine with the Ambassador. When living at the Embassy, Freddy Leveson was a playmate of the Duc de Bordeaux, afterwards Comte de Chambord; and at the age of eight he was sent from Paris to a Dr. Everard's school at Brighton, "which was called the House of Lords owing to most of the boys being related to the peerage, many of them future peers, and among them several dukes." Here, again, the youthful Whig found himself a playmate of princes. Prince George of Hanover and Prince George of Cambridge were staying with King William IV. at the Pavilion; their companions were chosen from Dr. Everard's seminary; and the King amused his nephews and their friends with sailors' stories, "sometimes rather coarse ones." In his holidays, little Freddy enjoyed more refined society at Holland House. In 1828 his mother wrote with just elation: "He always sits next to Lord Holland, and they talk without ceasing all dinner-time."

From Brighton, Frederick Leveson was promoted in due course to Eton, where he played no games and made no friends, had poor health, and was generally unhappy. One trait of Eton life, and only one, he was accustomed in old age to recall with approbation, and that was the complete indifference to social distinctions.

"'There is,' he wrote, 'a well-known story about my friend, the late Lord Bath, who, on his first arrival at Eton, was asked his name, and answered, "I am Viscount Weymouth, and I shall be Marquis of Bath." Upon which he received two kicks, one for the Viscount and the other for the Marquis. This story may not be true, but at any rate it illustrates the fact that if at Eton a boy boasted of his social advantages, he would have cause to repent it.'"

Leaving Eton at sixteen, Frederick Leveson went to a Private Tutor in Nottinghamshire, and there he first developed his interest in politics. "Reform," he wrote "is my principal aim." Albany Fonblanque, whose vivacious articles, reprinted from the *Examiner*, may still be read in *England under Seven Administrations*, was his political instructor, and indoctrinated him with certain views, especially in the domain of Political Economy, which would certainly have been deemed heretical in the Whiggish atmosphere of Trentham or Chatsworth. In 1832, he made his appearance in society at Paris, and his mother wrote: "As to Freddy, he turns all heads, and his own would be if it was to last more than a week longer. His dancing *fait fureur*."

In October, 1837, he went up to Christ Church, then

rather languishing under Dean Gaisford's mismanagement. Here for three years he enjoyed himself thoroughly. He rode with the drag, was president of the Archery Club, played whist, gave and received a great deal of hospitality, and made some lifelong friendships. Among his contemporaries was Ruskin, of whom his recollection was certainly depressing. "He seemed to keep himself aloof from everybody, to seek no friends, and to have none. I never met him in any one else's rooms, or at any social gathering. I see him now, looking rather crazy, taking his solitary walks."

That Freddy Leveson was "thoroughly idle" was his own confession; and perhaps, when we consider all the circumstances, it is not surprising. What is surprising, and what he himself recorded with surprise, is that neither he nor his companions paid the least attention to the Oxford Movement, then just at its height, although—and this makes it stranger still—they used to attend Newman's sermons at St. Mary's. They duly admired his unequalled style, but the substance of his teaching seems to have passed by them like the idle wind.

After taking a "Nobleman's Degree," Frederick Leveson spent an instructive year in France, admitted, in virtue of his father's position, to the society of such men as Talleyrand and Thiers, Guizot and Molé, Berryer and Eugène Sue; and then he returned to England with the laudable, though uninspiring, intention of reading for the Bar. His profession was chosen for him by his father, and the choice was determined by a civil speech of George Canning, who, staying at the British Embassy at Paris, noticed little Freddy, and pleasantly

said to Lord Granville, "Bring that boy up as a lawyer, and he will one day become Lord Chancellor." As a first step towards that elevation, Frederick Leveson entered the chambers of an eminent conveyancer called Plunkett, where he had for his fellow-pupils the men who became Lord Iddesleigh and Lord Farrer. Thence he went to a Special Pleader, and lastly to a leading member of the Oxford Circuit. As Marshal to Lord Denman and to Baron Parke, he acquired some knowledge of the art of carving; but, with regard to the total result of his legal training, he remarked, with characteristic simplicity, "I cannot say that I learnt much law." When living in lodgings in Charles Street, and eating his dinners at Lincoln's Inn, Frederick Leveson experienced to the full the advantage of having been born a Whig. His uncle, the sixth Duke of Devonshire, a benevolent magnifico if ever there was one, treated him like a son, giving him the run of Devonshire House and Chiswick; while Lady Holland, the most imperious of social dames, let him make a second home of Holland House.

"I dined with her whenever I liked. I had only to send word in the morning that I would do so. Of course, I never uttered a word at dinner, but listened with delight to the brilliant talk—to Macaulay's eloquence and varied information, to Sydney Smith's exquisite jokes which made me die of laughing, to Rogers' sarcasms and Luttrell's repartees."

Frederick Leveson was called to the Bar in 1843, and went the Oxford Circuit, in the strangely assorted company of G. S. Venables, J. G. Phillimore, and E. V. Kenealy. This proved to be the last stage in his

progress towards the Woolsack. Lord Granville died at the beginning of 1846, and the change which this event produced in Frederick Leveson's position can best be described in his own quaint words—

"My father was greatly beloved by us all, and was the most indulgent parent—possibly too indulgent. Himself a younger son, although I cannot say that his own case was a hard one, he sympathized with me for being one of that unfortunate class. It may have been this feeling, combined with much affection, that made him leave me well provided for. I much question whether, if I had been left to earn my own bread by my own exertions as a lawyer, I should have succeeded."

His friends had no difficulty in answering the question, and answering it affirmatively; but the practical test was never applied; for, on succeeding to his inheritance, he glided—"plunged" would be an unsuitable word—into a way of living which was more like the σχολή of the Athenian citizen than the sordid strife of professional activity. He was singularly happy in private life, for the "Sacred Circle of the Great-Grandmotherhood" contained some delightful women as well as some distinguished men. Such was his sister-in-law Marie, Lady Granville; such was his cousin Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland; such was his mother, the Dowager Lady Granville, and such, pre-eminently, was his sister, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, of whom a competent critic said that, in the female characters of her novel *Ellen Middleton* she had drawn "the line which is so apt to be overstepped, and which Walter Scott never clearly saw, between *naïveté* and vulgarity." Myself a devoted adherent of Sir Walter, I yet can recall some would-be

pleasantries of Julia Mannering, of Isabella Wardour, and even of Die Vernon, which would have caused a shudder in the "Sacred Circle." Happiest of all was Freddy Leveson in his marriage with Lady Margaret Compton; but their married life lasted only five years, and left behind it a memory too tender to bear transplantation to the printed page.

Devonshire House was the centre of Freddy Leveson's social life, at least until the death of his uncle, the sixth Duke, in 1858. That unsightly but comfortable mansion was then in its days of glory, and those who frequented it had no reason to regret the past. "Poodle Byng," who carried down to 1871 the social conditions of the eighteenth century, declared that nothing could be duller than Devonshire House in his youth. "It was a great honour to go there, but I was bored to death. The Duchess was usually stitching in one corner of the room, and Charles Fox snoring in another." Under the splendid but arbitrary rule of the sixth Duke no one stitched or snored. Every one who entered his saloons was well-born or beautiful or clever or famous, and many of the guests combined all four characteristics. When Prince Louis Napoleon first came to live in London, his uncle Jerome asked the Duke of Devonshire to invite his *mauvais sujet* of a nephew to Devonshire House, "so that he might for once be seen in decent society"; and the Prince repaid the Duke by trying to borrow five thousand pounds to finance his descent on Boulogne. But the Duke, though magnificent, was businesslike, and the Prince was sent empty away.

The society in which Freddy Leveson moved during

his long career was curiously varied. There was his own family in all its ramifications of cousinship; and beyond its radius there was a circle of acquaintances and associates, which contained Charles Greville the diarist and his more amiable brother Henry, Carlyle and Macaulay, Brougham and Lyndhurst, J. A. Roebuck and Samuel Wilberforce, George Grote and Henry Reeve, "that good-for-nothing fellow, Count D'Orsay," and Disraeli, "always courteous, but his courtesy sometimes overdone."

For womankind there was Lady Morley the wit, and Lady Cowper the humorist, and Lady Ashburton, who tamed Carlyle; Lady Jersey, the queen of fashion, and the two sister-queens of beauty, Lady Canning and Lady Waterford; Lady Tankerville, who as a girl had taken refuge in England from the matrimonial advances of the Comte d'Artois; the three fascinating Foresters, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Anson, and Lady Chesterfield; and Lady Molesworth and Lady Waldegrave, who had climbed by their cleverness from the lowest rung of the social ladder to a place not very far from the top.

Beyond this circle again, there was a miscellaneous zone, where dwelt politicians ranging from John Bright to Arthur Balfour; poets and men of letters, such as Tennyson and Browning, Thackeray and Motley and Laurence Oliphant; Paxton the gardener-architect, and Hudson the railway-king; stars of the musical world, such as Mario and Grisi and Rachel; blue-stockings like Lady Eastlake and Madame Mohl; Mademoiselle de Montijo, who captivated an Emperor, and Lola Montez, who ruled a kingdom. No advantages of social education will convert a fool or a bore or a prig or a

churl into an agreeable member of society; but, where Nature has bestowed a bright intelligence and a genial disposition, her gifts are cultivated to perfection by such surroundings as Frederick Leveson enjoyed in early life. And so it came about that alike as a young man, in middle life (which was in his case unusually prolonged), and in old age, he enjoyed a universal and unbroken popularity.

It is impossible to connect the memory of Freddy Leveson with the idea of ambition; and it must therefore have been the praiseworthy desire to render unpaid service to the public which induced him to embark on the unquiet sea of politics. At a by-election in the summer of 1847 he was returned, through the interest of his uncle the Duke of Devonshire, for Derby; a General Election immediately ensued; he was returned again, but was unseated, with his colleague, for a technical irregularity. In 1852 he was returned for Stoke-upon-Trent, this time by the aid of his cousin the Duke of Sutherland (for the "Sacred Circle" retained a good deal of what was termed "legitimate influence"). In 1854, having been chosen to second the Address at the opening of Parliament, he was directed to call on Lord John Russell, then Leader of the House, who would instruct him in his duties. Lord John was the shyest of human beings, and the interview was brief. "I am glad you are going to second the Address. You will know what to say. Good morning."

At the General Election of 1857 he lost his seat for Stoke. "Poor Freddy," writes his brother Lord Granville, "is dreadfully disappointed by his failure in the

Potteries. He was out-jockeyed by Ricardo." All who knew "poor Freddy" will easily realize that in a jockeying contest he stood no chance. In 1859 he was returned for Bodmin, this time by the good offices not of relations but of friends—Lord Robartes and Lady Molesworth—and he retained the seat by his own merits till Bodmin ceased to be a borough. Twice during his Parliamentary career Mr. Gladstone offered him important office, and he declined it for a most characteristic reason—"I feared it would be thought a job." The gaps in his Parliamentary life were occupied by travelling. As a young man he had been a great deal on the Continent, and had made what was then the adventurous tour of Spain. The winter of 1850–1 he spent in India; and in 1856 he accompanied his brother Lord Granville (to whom he had been "précis-writer" at the Foreign Office) on his Special Mission to St. Petersburg for the Coronation of Alexander II. No chapter in his life was fuller of vivid and entertaining reminiscences, and his mind was stored with familiar memories of Radziwill, Nesselrode, and Todleben. "Freddy," wrote his brother, "is supposed to have distinguished himself greatly by his presence of mind when the Grande Duchesse Hélène got deep into politics with him."

A travelling experience which Freddy Leveson used to narrate with infinite gusto belongs to a later journey, and had its origin in the strong resemblance between himself and his brother. Except that Lord Granville shaved, and that in later years Freddy Leveson grew a beard, there was little facially to distinguish them. In 1865 Lord Granville was Lord President of the Council, and

therefore, according to the arrangement then prevailing, head of the Education Office. In that year Matthew Arnold, then an Inspector of Schools, was despatched on a mission to enquire into the Schools and Universities of the Continent. Finding his travelling allowances insufficient for his needs, he wrote home to the Privy Council Office requesting an increase. Soon after he had despatched this letter, and before he could receive the official reply, he was dining at a famous restaurant in Paris, and he chose the most highly-priced dinner of the day. Looking up from his well-earned meal, he saw his official chief, Lord Granville, who chanced to be eating a cheaper dinner. Feeling that this gastronomical indulgence might, from the official point of view, seem inconsistent with his request for increased allowances, he stepped across to the Lord President, explained that it was only once in a way that he thus compensated himself for his habitual abstinence, and was delighted by the facile and kindly courtesy with which his official chief received the *apologia*. His delight was abated when he subsequently found that he had been making his confession, not to Lord Granville, but to Mr. Leveson-Gower.

Looking back from the close of life upon its beginning, Freddy Leveson noted that as an infant he used to eat his egg "very slowly, and with prolonged pleasure." "Did this"—he used to ask—"portend that I should grow up a philosopher or a *gourmand?* I certainly did not become the former, and I hope not the latter." I am inclined to think that he was both; for whoso understands the needs of the body has mastered at least a

great department of philosophy, and he who feeds his fellow-men supremely well is in the most creditable sense of the word a *gourmand*. Freddy Leveson's dinners were justly famous, and, though he modestly observed that "hospitality is praised more than it deserves," no one who enjoyed the labours of Monsieur Béguinot ever thought that they could be over-praised. The scene of these delights was a house in South Audley Street, which, though actually small, was so designed as to seem like a large house in miniature; and in 1870 the genial host acquired a delicious home on the Surrey Hills, which commands a view right across Sussex to the South Downs. "Holmbury" is its name, and "There's no place like Home-bury" became the grateful watchword of a numerous and admiring society.

People distinguished in every line of life, and conspicuous by every social charm, found at Holmbury a constant and delightful hospitality. None appreciated it more thoroughly than Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, whose friendship was one of the chief happinesses of Freddy Leveson's maturer life. His link with them was Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, who, in spite of all Whiggish prejudices against the half-converted Tory, was one of Gladstone's most enthusiastic disciples. In "Cliveden's proud alcove," and in that sumptuous villa at Chiswick where Fox and Canning died, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were her constant guests; and there they formed their affectionate intimacy with Freddy Leveson. Every year, and more than once a year, they stayed with him at Holmbury; and one at least of those visits was memorable. On June 19, 1873, Mr. Gladstone wrote in his diary—

"Off at 4.25 to Holmbury. We were enjoying that beautiful spot and expecting Granville with the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce), when the groom arrived with the message that the Bishop had had a bad fall. An hour and a half later Granville entered, pale and sad: 'It's all over.' In an instant the thread of that precious life was snapped. We were all in deep and silent grief."

And now, for the sake of those who never knew Freddy Leveson, a word of personal description must be added. He was of middle height, with a slight stoop, which began, I fancy, from the fact that he was short-sighted and was obliged to peer rather closely at objects which he wished to see. His growing deafness, which in later years was a marked infirmity—he had no others—tended to intensify the stooping habit, as bringing him nearer to his companion's voice. His features were characteristically those of the House of Cavendish, as may be seen by comparing his portrait with that of his mother. His expression was placid, benign, but very far from inert; for his half-closed eyes twinkled with quiet mirth. His voice was soft and harmonious, with just a trace of a lisp, or rather of that peculiar intonation which is commonly described as "short-tongued." His bearing was the very perfection of courteous ease, equally remote from stiffness and from familiarity. His manners it would be impertinent to eulogize, and the only dislikes which I ever heard him express were directed against rudeness, violence, indifference to other people's feelings, and breaches of social decorum. If by such offences as these it was easy to displease him, it was no less easy to obtain

his forgiveness, for he was as amiable as he was refined. In old age he wrote, with reference to the wish which some people express for sudden death, "It is a feeling I cannot understand, as I myself shall feel anxious before I die to take an affectionate leave of those I love." His desire was granted, and there my story ends. I have never known a kinder heart; I could not imagine a more perfect gentleman.

LORD RIPON*

THE "Character of the Happy Warrior" is, by common consent, one of the noblest poems in the English language. Yet were I, a profound Wordsworthian in general and a devotee of this poem in particular, to venture on a criticism, it would be that, barring the couplet about Pain and Bloodshed, the character would serve as well for the Happy Statesman as for the "Happy Warrior." There is nothing specially warlike in the portraiture of the man

> "Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
> Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
> Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value may be won;
> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
> Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
> Looks forward, persevering to the last.
> From well to better, daily self-surpast."

The lines always recur to my memory when circumstances bring me into contact with Lord Ripon, to whom the Eighty Club lately paid a tribute of well-won respect†:—

Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores.

It always is satisfactory to see public honours rendered,

* George Frederick Samuel, 1st Marquis of Ripon, K.G. (1827–1909).

† The "Eighty Club" gave a luncheon in Lord Ripon's honour on the 24th November, 1908.

not to a monument or a tomb, but to the living man; and, in Lord Ripon's case, the honours, though ripe, are not belated. George Eliot has reminded us that "to all ripeness under the sun there comes a further stage of development which is less esteemed in the market." The Eighty Club has avoided that latent peril, and has paid its honours, while they are still fresh and worth having, to the living representative of a Liberalism "more high and heroical than the present age affecteth."

I know no career in the political life of modern England more interesting or more admirable than that of Lord Ripon; nor any more exactly consonant with Wordsworth's eulogy—

> "Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
> Looks forward, persevering to the last,
> From well to better, daily self-surpast."

The first Lord Ripon, who was born in 1782 and died in 1859, entered public life as soon as he had done with Cambridge, filled pretty nearly every office of honour and profit under the Crown (including, for four troubled months, the Premiership), and served impartially under moderate Whigs and crusted Tories; finding, perhaps, no very material difference between their respective creeds. The experiences of the hen that hatches the duckling are proverbially pathetic; and great must have been the perplexity of this indeterminate statesman when he discovered that his only son, was a young man of the most robust convictions, and that those convictions were frankly democratic. To men possessed by birth of rank and wealth, one has sometimes heard the

question addressed, in the sheer simplicity of snobbery —"Why are you a Liberal?" and to such a question Lord Goderich (for so the second Lord Ripon was called till he succeeded to his father's title) would probably have replied—"Because I can't help it." Almost before his arrival at man's estate he had clearly marked out his line of political action, and to that line he has adhered with undeviating consistency. He was supremely fortunate in an early and ideally happy marriage with a wife who shared to the full his zeal for the popular cause and stimulated his efforts for social as well as political reform. From the earliest days of their married life Lord and Lady Goderich made their home a centre and a rallying-point for all the scattered forces which, within the Liberal Party or beyond its pale, were labouring to promote the betterment of human life. There the "Christian Socialists," recovering from the shocks and disasters of '48, regathered their shattered hosts and reminded a mocking world that the People's Cause was not yet lost. There was Maurice with his mystical eloquence, and Kingsley with his fiery zeal, and Hughes and Vansittart and Ludlow with their economic knowledge and powerful pens. They were reinforced by William Edward Forster, a young Radical M.P. whose zeal for social service had already marked him out from the ruck of mechanical politicians; and from time to time Carlyle himself would vouchsafe a growl of leonine approval to enterprises which, whether wise or foolish, were at least not Shams. But, although he lived in that highly idealistic society, surrounded by young men who saw visions and old men who dreamed

dreams, Lord Goderich was neither visionary nor dreamer. He passed, under Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone, through a long series of practical and laborious offices. He became Secretary of State for India and for War; and, when Lord President of the Council, attained perhaps the highest honour of his life in being appointed Chairman of the Joint Commission on American Affairs which in 1871 saved us from the unimaginable calamity of war with the United States. Ten years later, as Viceroy of India, he made his permanent mark on the history of the British Empire; and from that day to this no Liberal Government would have been considered complete unless it could show the sanction of his honoured name. When, in February, 1886, Mr. Gladstone formed the Administration which was to establish Home Rule, Lord Ripon, who became First Lord of the Admiralty, explained his position with happy candour: "I have always been in favour of the most advanced thing in the Liberal Programme. Just now the most advanced thing is Home Rule; so I'm a Home Ruler."

This being Lord Ripon's record, it was right and fitting that the Eighty Club, which at any rate theoretically represents the youth and enterprise of the Liberal Party, should pay him public homage. I say "theoretically," because some of us, who entered public life at the General Election of 1880 and founded the Club in order to perpetuate the glories of that triumphant date, are no longer dangerously young. We originally owed our existence to the activity and zeal of Mr. Albert Grey, now Lord Grey, and then Liberal

candidate for South Northumberland. In the months immediately preceding the dissolution of March, 1880, "Grey's Committee" of young and energetic Liberals played a considerable part in organizing the victory, which was so soon to hurl Lord Beaconsfield from power. When that victory was won, we felt too brotherly to disband, and we developed out of a transient into a permanent form, and, from a Committee, became a Club. The fate of Hans Breitmann's Party is too familiar for citation; but an early list of the members of the Eighty Club suggests similar reflections. "Where is that Party now?" What has become of the stalwarts of 1880? The storms of 1886 shook the Club, as they shook all political society. Our wrecks lie on every shore; and our Captain, seated on his Viceregal throne at Ottawa, has long since forgotten the flag under which he once sailed and the chart by which he steered.

The places which were left by the seceders of 1886 have been gradually filled by politicians of a robuster type. One could not help feeling that the audience which Lord Ripon faced when he was addressing the Eighty Club was Radical to the backbone. Radicals themselves, and eager to set the world right, they paid reverence to a Radical who, sixty years ago, was inspired by the same passion, and in all that long stretch of time has never failed the cause. The applause, hearty, genuine, emotional, was even more expressive than the oratory, for it was evoked by the presence of a man who, in his earliest youth, had burst the trammels of station and environment, and had sworn himself to the service of the poor, the ill-fed, and the

unrepresented, in days when such devotion was far more difficult than now. It is probable that not a few of Lord Ripon's hearers, while they acclaimed his words and waved their salutations, may have added in the depths of their hearts some aspiration such as this: "When I come to my eightieth year, may I be able to look back upon a career as consistent, as unselfish, and as beneficent."

Thrice happy is the man, be he Warrior or Statesman, who, in spite of lessened activity and increasing burdens and the loss of much that once made life enjoyable still—

> "Finds comfort in himself and in his cause,
> And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

ALL lovers of "Joseph Vance," and I hope that among my readers there are many, will recall the Comtist solicitor, Mr. Spencer, whose only idea of Immortality was expressed in George Eliot's lines—

> "O may I join the Choir Invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence; live
> In pulses stirred to generosity."

When Mr. Spencer went the way of all flesh, his son-in-law, Joe Vance, glorified and transfigured the inexorable fact by saying that Mr. Spencer had gone to join the "Choir Invisible of dead solicitors"—one of the most sublime conceptions which I have ever encountered in literature. But even Joe Vance, in his excess of grateful reverence for his departed father-in-law, would not have limited the Choir to members of the legal profession. Had he attempted to do so, the monopoly would have been vigorously challenged, and men of other crafts would have been loud in urging their claims. Most certainly the Men of Letters would have made themselves heard, for literary immortality has always been a specially attractive dream. In one of Liddon's most famous sermons before the University of Oxford there is a passage of polished satire on the spurious conceptions of Immortality which, forty years ago, were more

widely current than they are to-day. The Immortality of Matter, the Immortality of Force, the Immortality of the Race, the Immortality of Human Virtue, the impersonal Immortality which blends man with an eternal universe, are all discussed and dismissed in turn; and the Immortality of Thought is, of course, not forgotten.

"Say others, 'We believe in Immortality—the immortality of thought. . . . We will live for ever in the thinking life of humanity. For literature, too, has its heaven; and, while there are inferior rewards meted out, in a graduated scale of merit, to lesser celebrities, we may dwell, in the rapture of literary aspiration, upon the transcendent glories reserved for a Homer, a Plato, a Shakespeare, a Goethe.'"

Of all the various claimants who thus jostle Mr. Spencer and his professional brethren in their struggle for places in the Choir Invisible, I certainly am inclined to think that the Men of Letters have both the best claim and the best chance; and, if there is not quite room enough for all of them, we must insist that at any rate the Poets be included—

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares."

Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe can take very good care of themselves, and their seats in the Choir Invisible are fixed and firm as the Apocalyptic thrones; but I plead for some humbler names which in the competitive hustle for literary immortality might easily be disregarded. They have given us pleasure, and that is a sufficient reason why one should desire their

admission to the Choir, even though that admission might involve the exclusion of a few solicitors.

Some years ago I was writing about Minor Poets, and I mentioned, among those whose verse still lingered pleasantly in my ear, Arthur Clement Hilton. I knew nothing more about him than his name, and even that I did not know exactly. I just mentioned him, quoted a verse or two, and passed on to another poet; but very soon I began to receive letters from men of various ages and stations giving me all particulars of Hilton's career and work, and thanking me for having recalled his name to public recollection. Quite lately, one of those correspondents has asked me to write something about Hilton's memory, and it has occurred to me that this book would be a suitable place for such a tribute to one whom I never knew, but whose genius I always admired, and whose character was as attractive as his genius.

Arthur Clement Hilton was born in 1851, in a country Parsonage. He was educated at Marlborough and St. John's College, Cambridge. At neither place did he cover himself with academic glory; and he had not the slightest proficiency in games. Quite early in his school-days his character began to develope itself on the lines which it followed to the end. He was sensitive, imaginative, romantic: yet full of fun and frolic, sweet-tempered and companionable, keenly alive to natural beauty, and a genuine lover of literature. In the way of composition nothing came amiss to him. He was a master of rhyming, grave and gay; a playwright and play-actor, and an excellent letter-writer. A school-fellow sends me the following letter, which shows

Hilton's peculiar vein of humour, not fully developed, but in bud:—

"Marlborough College, Saturday, April 24, 1869. First School.

"*O Pretiosissime*—'most full of price,'— hence 'dearest,' *quite classical*. My emotions yesterday, when I again gazed on that whisker I know so well, were like those of Mr. Pickwick, when he discovered that noble relic of bygone days which eventually resolved itself so disappointingly. By the way, I believe there must be some mysterious connection between our Tishbite and that inscription. Elijah himself would be Bill Stumps, and Vernon of course is 'his mark.' I am much pleased to observe that you patronise such a true Briton as 'John Bull' for a photographer. Presuming, *causâ argumenti*, that you were being transferred to J. B.'s paper, while I was taking my mid-day meal, we should have represented Iphigenia under two aspects. You would have been 'Iphigenia in Tauris' (in Bull's); I should have been the same damsel 'in Aulis' (in Hall). Forced pun, isn't it? Excusable, however, by the circumstance that we are doing the former play this quarter, at the rate of 250 lines a week. We are likewise doing coarse passages picked out of Ovid, and Horace which stank, so that altogether we have rather a browse. A crib of course overcomes the Iphigenia difficulty, (though we have 80 lines new for a lesson), an Author brought in to School by myself, and innumerable Smarts, etc., by Swindells and Sheringham, are a match for Franky and his Horace, and Ovid is sublimely devoid of *cruces*.

"Saturday. Second School or rather Third.

"We have been awfully swindled. To-day and last Saturday we have had school from 12 to 1 instead of 11 to 12. No one seems to know why, and all we can do is to grin and bear it. By way of showing my righteous indignation against the encroachment, I have set my face as a flint against learning the lesson, and consequently at present I am in a yellow funk.

I went last Thursday to Liddington Castle with Hovell. He is in the Archæological section. He knows a little about it, and thinks he knows a good deal. Anyhow he can walk, which was the principal use of him. There is an awfully good Roman road running from Mildenhall to Liddington through the further Ogbourn. We certainly ought to have explored it last half. The Swindon road runs in it for several miles, and on the top of the hills you can see it going on as straight as a line for an immense distance. Liddington is not such a fine camp as Barbury or Chisbury, but the situation beats them all. There is a steep hill on three sides, and a splendid view on each of those three sides. Martinhill, St. Ann's Hill, Oldbury, Barbury, etc., are all visible. The best part of the view is over Swindon and across to some very distant hills, which seem about 40 miles off. I hope, by the way, that you have not lost all interest in Archæology. I can assure you that the small mustard-seed, which you implanted in my youthful buzzum, has spread like Libanus. Adoo for the present.

"A. C. H."

At Cambridge, where he went into residence in 1869, he found himself among congenial companions, and amid surroundings of greater freedom than is possible at a Public School. The life suited him exactly, and his character developed apace. His whimsical humour and never-failing gaiety made him a favourite companion; and he entered with the ardour of emancipated boyhood into all the amusements and social life of the College and the University. It would seem that, like many another youth of mercurial temperament, Arthur Hilton had a fine contempt for the "nicely-calculated less or more" of an account-book, and was inclined to let alike the pence and the pounds take care of themselves. To

this light and airy method of dealing with money there never was and never will be but one ending; and, towards the close of his time at Cambridge, Hilton realized that he was in debt. His way of meeting the difficulty without troubling his father was characteristic and eminently successful. There was at Oxford in those days an extremely serious magazine, with a mystical tinge, called *The Dark Blue.* It found its way to Cambridge, and Hilton often amused himself by parodying it. When the financial worry made itself felt, a sudden and brilliant idea occurred to him. In May, 1872, he published, without name or imprint, a magazine called *The Light Green.* It was a book of parodies, in prose and verse, in which the absurdities of *The Dark Blue,* the special characteristics of popular writers such as Swinburne, Tennyson, and Bret Harte, and the lighter side of Cambridge life, were touched with an exquisite felicity. The success was instantaneous and complete, and a second number of *The Light Green* soon appeared. That was the last. No third was required, for "the little shapely pebble which Arthur Hilton flung into the sea of literature" had done the work for which it was intended. It received the exceptional honour of a eulogistic review in *The Spectator,* which pronounced that "No one could ever hope to beat" some of the happiest lines; and its best pieces are finally and firmly embedded in all collections of humorous verse.

That *The Light Green* should be humorous was, when the purpose for which it was intended and the audience to whom it appealed are taken into account, inevitable; but it would be a great mistake to suppose

that Hilton's powers lay solely in the line of humour. As in the case of an even more perfect parodist, "C. S. C.," a deep and genuine vein of poetical feeling pervades and ennobles his work. As a boy at Marlborough he had shown a delicate sense for nature and a keen appreciation of all those "last enchantments of the middle age" which are inseparable from Gothic churches and ruined abbeys and deserted keeps. He enjoyed the airiness of French lyrics, and could render into smooth-flowing English the pathetic cadences of Virgil. As he entered upon manhood, his powers in this direction markedly developed, and a note of pure and generous passion was added, when first he discovered in his own experience—

"The bloom of young desire and purple light of love."

For a nature so finely balanced between fun and sentiment, laughter and tears, it might have been a difficult matter to choose the most suitable profession. His friends urged upon Hilton to venture on a literary career; but he decided for himself, and otherwise. After taking his degree at Cambridge he resolved to seek Holy Orders, and went to Wells Theological College for some professional training. He found the society there "not quite so open-armed as at Cambridge," and sought his chief enjoyment in "the purer pleasures of a really beautiful country." He secured a curacy at Sandwich, and on March 1, 1874—his twenty-third birthday,—he was ordained Deacon, the present Archbishop of Canterbury being ordained at the same time. Next day he entered on his parochial duties at St. Clement's, Sandwich, and a new phase in his life, and also in his genius, opened. The joy of his ministerial career, with

its historic sanctions and its unequalled opportunities of usefulness, laid hold on his heart. "I do not think," he wrote, "that anything short of a sense of sacred obligation would ever have induced me to do any work in the world at all." But under the impulse of that sense he now began to work with a vigour which would have put many a stronger man to shame (for, though not sickly, he had never been robust), and his mental powers seemed to expand day by day. During this period he wrote several of his best poems—notably "The Pilgrimage of Grace,"—and in preaching he "found himself," as the phrase is, and discovered a power which no one had suspected, but which every one acknowledged. For three years he laboured with ever-increasing acceptance, and then, after six weeks' illness from overwork and chill, which had touched his lungs, he died just a month after his twenty-sixth birthday. He had nobly used a short span of earthly life and a talent which, though not of overwhelming weight, was exceptionally bright and pure. For more than thirty years his body has rested under the Norman tower of the church which he served so loyally, but his memory is still fresh in the hearts of the friends who shared his youth, and his mirth is imperishable. Such an one has his assured place in the Choir Invisible.

"For, if aught be sure, nought can be surer
Than that earth's good decays not with earth;
And, of all the heart's springs, none are purer
Than the springs of the fountain of Mirth;
He who knows them has touched the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are, and sleep;
For the foam-flakes that dance on life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep."

MRS. LOWTHER

JAMES PARKE, a great scholar, a great lawyer, and a great judge, was raised to the Peerage as Lord Wensleydale in 1856 and died in 1868. As he had no son, his title expired with him; and his two elder daughters, Lady Ridley and Mrs. Charles Howard, predeceased him. His only surviving child was his youngest daughter, Charlotte Alice, who was born on November 19, 1828, and was married on December 17, 1853, to William Lowther, then Chargé d'Affaires at Naples. Alice Parke spent the greater part of her youth at Ampthill in Bedfordshire, once a royal estate and the residence of Katherine of Arragon; in later years the property of the Earls of Upper Ossory, from whom it descended to Lord Holland. In 1841 Sir James and Lady Parke (to use the names which they then bore) took Ampthill on a long lease, and made it the scene of a constant and delightful hospitality. It is not a place of the largest scale, but in point of beauty and attractiveness it is very hard to beat. The rolling surface of the park, the historic oaks, majestic even in decay; the avenue of limes, and the brilliant garden, are features which artists love, and which even the most casual visitor would scarcely fail to admire. In this bright and beautiful home, Alice

Parke passed her early days, dividing her time, as Dr. Watts recommends, between "work and books and healthful play," but more especially occupied with books. She was taught in part by an extremely accomplished lady—Mademoiselle Corinne du Jougaud—and in part by her father. As Sir James Parke had been Fifth Wrangler and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, his teaching, whether of mathematics or of classics, was not likely to lack thoroughness; and he soon discovered that his youngest daughter possessed a notable capacity for acquiring and retaining solid knowledge. I have heard that he used to say, "If my daughter Alice had been a boy, she would have made the name of Parke illustrious in jurisprudence"; and, though the words may be garbled, they probably represent the truth. The name of Parke had already been made "illustrious in jurisprudence" by Sir James himself, but it might have received even further embellishment from the great and varied powers which he transmitted to his daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lowther spent the first fourteen years of their married life in the vicissitudes of a diplomatic career, Mr. Lowther being successively attached to the British Embassies at Naples, at St. Petersburg, and (for several years) at Berlin. In 1867 he was appointed British Minister at Buenos Aïres, but just at the same time his father died, and the death created a vacancy in the representation of Westmorland. This vacancy Mr. Lowther was chosen to fill, so he gave up diplomacy, entered Parliament, and sat in it for twenty-four years. In 1868 Lord Wensleydale died, full of years and honours, and thenceforward Mr. and Mrs.

Lowther and their numerous family made their home with the widowed Lady Wensleydale at Ampthill, and she with them in London. A few years later Mr. Lowther bought the villa at Kensington Gore which had been the residence of Miss Eden, the novelist; and, taking advantage of the large gardens which surrounded it, determined to build himself a country house in the heart of the town. Aided by the genius of Norman Shaw, he reared, on the site of Eden Lodge, the beautiful structure which for thirty-two years has been perhaps the most famous centre of social life in London.

Lowther Lodge—for so it was named—was the first instance, in modern times, of red brick used for domestic architecture; and, in spite of innumerable successors and imitators, it still easily holds its own for beauty, effectiveness, and convenience of social entertainment. It was opened to the world by a "house-warming" party on Saturday evening, April 1, 1876, being the twenty-first birthday of the present Speaker.* Six years later Mr. Lowther acquired the property of Campsea Ashe, in Suffolk, and henceforward Campsea shared with Lowther Lodge the reputation of the most hospitable house in England.

As I look back, over thirty years, on the society which Mrs. Lowther gathered round her, it seems to stand out in memory as quite unlike any other society which I have ever known. It was cosmopolitan, as was only natural in the case of a hostess who had lived so much in diplomatic circles; and it also was pre-eminently comprehensive. It included all sorts and conditions of

* The Right Hon. James William Lowther.

men and women: Princes and Princesses; statesmen, soldiers, artists, men of letters, besides the ordinary rank and file of the fashionable world. If any tinge of exclusiveness could be noted, it was perhaps to be found in the absence of the newly rich. The social tradition of the house was that of an earlier day, which took birth and breeding for granted, welcomed talent wherever it showed itself, and ignored the claims of ill-gotten wealth.

Another marked trait of Lowther Lodge was that its entertaining was incessant. We all know houses where each season's banquets, guests, and even *entrées*, are arranged in advance with all the systematic forethought of a military campaign; where each entertainment is a ceremony of state, and where the intervals between one set party and another are never broken by spontaneous hospitality. The system of Lowther Lodge was the antithesis of this. There was, of course, a due proportion of banquets, and balls, and routs, where the "Leaders of Society," as they are called, assembled in force, and Ambassadors compared notes with Secretaries of State, and tiaras flashed, and Orders blazed. This was all very well in its way—the inevitable routine of a great London house; but far more endearing is the recollection of the smaller parties—dinners *en petit comité*, luncheons, and teas, and tennis-parties, and little "tails" tacked on to larger dinners, and bridge in quiet corners, "far from the madding crowd" in the thronged saloons. I should imagine that few houses were ever so constantly used for social purposes, and that few hosts and hostesses ever gave their resources so freely for the service of friendship, as distinct from fashion. It

should specially be recorded that no one was too obscure or too homely to be admitted to this brilliant circle, if only he or she could show the irresistible passport of "auld lang syne."

The house and its ways have perhaps been sufficiently indicated, but it is impossible to conceive of them apart from the hostess. The present writer had the privilege of an hereditary friendship with Mrs. Lowther, and knew her from his very earliest days. She and he did not always think alike, for both held rather positive opinions, and sometimes expressed them trenchantly. From this it follows that the writer is entirely free from partisanship in this matter, and is not actuated by the very natural belief that the people who agree with one are the best and wisest in the world. But he has never wavered from the opinion that the loved and honoured lady who is here commemorated was the cleverest woman whom he ever knew. She possessed what men arrogantly call a "masculine understanding," trained into accuracy and thoroughness by the systematic studies of her girlhood. She could direct, organize, and control on the largest scale and in the smallest details. She was competent to deal with the toughest and most intricate problems of business, money, and, if need were, law. She could discuss, on equal terms and at a moment's notice, politics with Premiers, and Fiscal Reform with Chancellors of the Exchequer; Laws of Evidence with Judges, and Education Bills with Bishops. Yet she "bore this load of learning lightly as a flower," and could turn in an instant from the most strenuous themes to the graces and amenities, even the trivialities, of

social life. Her enjoyment of that life was keen, and, in whatever phase of it she found herself, her talents and accomplishments were ready for the occasion.

She was, as most people know, a genuine artist; being very quick to catch an effective point, bold and rapid in execution, accurate in draughtsmanship, and endowed with that rare gift in English art—a true sense for colour. No one but an artist could have arranged the interior decoration of Lowther Lodge, where colour and form are so harmoniously combined. As to music, one who is well qualified to judge, says, "She was very musical, and played the piano quite beautifully. She used to have lessons from Chopin, and up to the end remembered by heart pieces which she had learnt with him, and played them very often when we were alone." Her waltzing was renowned for lightness and grace; and her familiarity with all minor accomplishments, such as painting on china, wood-carving, and embroidery, was remarkable. Nothing came amiss to her, and no one, I should think, ever spent so few idle moments in a long life.

In literature her taste was rather for the old than for the new, and she had a hearty contempt for that smattering of ephemeral criticism and culture which is so often used to conceal fundamental ignorance of the books really worth knowing.

Her conversational gifts were altogether exceptional. She was always perfectly natural, always in touch with those to whom she was talking, taking their points and interested in their interests. She was keenly alive to anything in her guests' conversation which struck her as important or curious or amusing, and was always

ready with the apt reply which showed that she had been attending and not merely hearing. Her own copious and varied knowledge of life and society and art flowed in an easy and continuous stream, which never needed either pumping or damming. She could hit off a ludicrous situation—perhaps sometimes an absurd character—with a touch of genuine humour; and, if her moral sense was shocked or her convictions were outraged, she could express disapprobation with an emphasis all the more impressive because it was not violent.

Perhaps the only subject which did not interest Mrs. Lowther, among all those which are discussed in modern society, was Health. Doctors and diseases, diets and systems, bored her to extremity; and this was natural enough, inasmuch as she had never had occasion, in her own case or in that of her family, to make herself acquainted with the dismal lore of the sick-room. She was one of the strongest women in the world; astonishingly active, and ignorant of the meaning of fatigue. In the discharge of her various duties as wife, mother, hostess, member of society, mistress of a large establishment, Lady Bountiful of a rural parish, and public-spirited citizen, she laboured incessantly, and with no apparent loss of energy, till the last weeks of a protracted life. Energy was indeed her most striking characteristic; and by energy I mean that indefinable gift, rather spiritual than physical, which makes a man or woman live intensely in every nerve and fibre, and throw the whole being into the tasks and interests of the moment.

Deep under all this exuberant activity there lay a massive foundation of religious faith, and that faith manifested itself, both in her own home and elsewhere, in constant effort for the moral and material advancement of her fellow-creatures. But this is an aspect of her character which I must not further trace, for her dignified reticence and strong self-respect always drew a veil over that Holiest Place, where the human soul is alone with God.

Farewell, dear lady, high-minded and great-hearted! Your image will not fade from our memory until the whole tablet is blotted.

MRS. WILBERFORCE

"To the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife." In those words a great man dedicated a famous book * to "one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering." The book happens to be a great favourite of mine, and the words of the dedication come back upon my mind when I take up my pen for the task which I have set myself. Those who had the happiness of knowing Mrs. Basil Wilberforce intimately will need no "aids to memory." But to the many who, without entering the innermost circle of her friendships, still came, at different times and in various ways, within the sphere of her influence—and even perhaps to some who never saw her face—some slight record of her character and life may be not unacceptable.

Mrs. Wilberforce was born Charlotte Langford, eldest daughter of Captain Netherton Langford, R.N., by his marriage with Caroline St. Leger, granddaughter of the first Viscount Doneraile. Captain Langford, after retiring from the Navy, spent much of his life abroad, and to this fact may be attributed his daughter's love of French conversation and Italian literature. One of Mrs. Langford's sisters was the wife of Dr. Leighton, long revered and still remembered at Oxford as Warden of All Souls',

* *Sybil.*

and Charlotte Langford was a constant guest of her uncle and aunt in their academic home. It was at a "Commemoration" Ball that she became acquainted with Basil Wilberforce, then an Undergraduate of Exeter College, youngest son of the famous Bishop and grandson of the Emancipator. Acquaintance very soon ripened into affection, and they were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on November 28, 1865, the Bishop of Oxford officiating. Soon after his marriage Basil Wilberforce was ordained, and he was appointed Domestic Chaplain to his father and curate of Cuddesdon. Thus Cuddesdon Palace became Mrs. Basil Wilberforce's home, and the presence of the young and winning bride brought fresh sunshine into the heart and life of the Bishop, who had lost his wife when his youngest son was born. The life at Cuddesdon was ideally happy, and only last autumn * the present writer was allowed to accompany Archdeacon and Mrs. Wilberforce on a pilgrimage to this their first married home, and to hear them re-create, so to say, by mutual reminders, the idyllic life of 1866-7-8-9. At the end of 1869 Bishop Wilberforce was translated from Oxford to Winchester, and his son Basil, ceasing to be his Domestic Chaplain, took a curacy first at Seaton, and then at Southsea. In 1871 the Bishop of Winchester, by a courageous exercise of his power as patron, appointed his son to the important rectory of St. Mary's, Southampton. In August, 1871, the Bishop, visiting Southampton for the first time in his son's incumbency, wrote in his diary: "Walked with Bas. and C. (Mrs. Basil Wilberforce) to countless

* August 29, 1908.

schools for two hours," and, at the end of the year, when counting up his blessings, he wrote: "My own Basil well placed at Southampton, and doing, I trust, a real work for God there; his wife helping him."

Those last four words might have been applied with exact truth to every stage of Mrs. Wilberforce's married life, and to each successive phase of her husband's eventful ministry. She always disclaimed the functions and attributes which are associated with the term "Clergywoman." She devoted all her gifts and powers to the congenial task of promoting her husband's welfare, facilitating his work, and brightening his home. Never was a labour of love more successfully performed. She had an originating and creative mind, a rare faculty for organization, and a force of will which, without being the least noisy or obtrusive, was singularly persistent. It has been said, by one who had unique opportunities of judging, that—

"by her self-effacing initiative Mrs. Wilberforce infused new life into Preventive and Rescue work at Southampton, did much to ameliorate the condition of the Blind in that town, and was mainly instrumental in establishing a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

A yet more conspicuous service to moral reform was the aid which she rendered to her husband when he threw in his lot with the militant Teetotallers and embarked on the crusade for Total Abstinence. Recognizing the necessity for this decisive step, she publicly associated herself with her husband's action, and joined him in banishing all intoxicating liquors from "The Deanery," as their house at Southampton was called.

To people who abounded in hospitality, and were never so happy as when ministering to the minutest wishes, or even crotchets, of their guests, this decision meant a very real sacrifice.

Just before Mr. Gladstone's final retirement from office in 1894 he appointed Basil Wilberforce to a Canonry at the Abbey, together with the Rectory of St. John's, Westminster; and in the following year Canon Wilberforce was made Chaplain to the Speaker. The removal from Southampton to London opened a new phase of life and duty, and Mrs. Wilberforce faced the altered conditions with characteristic thoroughness. She was a brilliant and vivacious talker, with a born genius for entertaining; and she made her beautiful house in Dean's Yard the focus of a delightful and varied society which comprised young men and maidens, statesmen and clerics, authors and artists, soldiers, actors, philanthropists, and men of science. The luncheons at which Archdeacon and Mrs. Wilberforce year after year entertained members of the two Houses of the Southern Convocation will not soon be forgotten. But her energies were by no means restricted to her home. The skill with which she organized the proceedings connected with Mr. Gladstone's lying-in-state, and arranged the list of watchers, astonished those who had not before known what Tennyson would have called "the power of ministration in her." She was an enthusiastic Liberal, with a special devotion to the cause of Ireland. She associated herself prominently with such public enterprises as the promotion of women's suffrage, the appointment of women-guardians of the poor, the protection of

animals from scientific torture, and the alleviation of the wrongs and sufferings of the Match-girls. Her keen intellect and untiring pursuit of fresh knowledge delighted in all the opportunities of culture—literary, scientific, musical, artistic, dramatic—which London affords; and she moved through what Bishop Westcott called "the splendid shows of society" with a fresh and unspoiled enjoyment. Yet amid all this multifarious activity her heart was always at her husband's side. It is the barest truth to say that their married life was one long honeymoon.

Her's was a complex character, and a proud reticence prevented her from unravelling it to those whom it perplexed. She had her likes and dislikes, her prejudices and her predilections, but through all the complexity there ran the golden thread of Love. Ruskin taught us long ago that they who are not actively kind are cruel; and activity in kindness was perhaps the predominant characteristic of Charlotte Wilberforce. Let a typical instance close this most imperfect sketch.

A few years ago a wretched girl was condemned to death for a deliberate and cruel murder. Her unhappy father, imagining that the Speaker's Chaplain must have specially easy access to the Home Secretary, implored Archdeacon Wilberforce to obtain a commutation of the sentence. The attempt failed; but, in the early morning of the day appointed for the execution, Mrs. Wilberforce, accompanied by her husband, presented herself at the lodging in North London where the parents and brothers and sisters of the guilty girl were huddled together in helpless grief. During the last sad hour of the

condemned life they sustained the hearts of the mourners with words of Christian faith and prayer; and, as soon as the clock had struck and they knew that all was over, Mrs. Wilberforce encouraged them to leave their wretched dwelling and soothe their torn hearts by contact with the healing sights and sounds of Nature. She had brought with her the materials for a meal in the open air, and sent them out to spend the day in Epping Forest. This mixture of emotional sympathy with practical helpfulness was pre-eminently characteristic of her who is here commemorated. Thankfully we commend her to her rest in the cloister of the illustrious Abbey which had been her home for fifteen years—

"Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella."

PURITAN AND CAVALIER

MATTHEW ARNOLD told us, long ago, that the Bible and Shakespeare are imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration, but that, as soon as he begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. I have sometimes been disposed to think that, if Arnold had substituted Milton for Shakespeare, his sentence would have been nearer the truth. Of Milton it can, I think, be said more truly than of Shakespeare that he is "imposed" upon an Englishman as the object of his admiration; or, to put the point rather differently, more Englishmen read Shakespeare for pleasure than read Milton. Of course I am speaking not of men whose taste for literature is genuine and keen, but of him whom Arnold called "the common Englishman desiring culture." Such an one, I think, if asked to enumerate the chief glories of the English tongue, would certainly name Milton; but I doubt if he would really read *Paradise Lost* with sincere enjoyment. On the other hand, though he might feel a little awe of *Hamlet* and *Lear* and be not quite at home with

"The gentle lady married to the Moor,"

I can believe that he would thoroughly enjoy the Historical Plays, and would find in the Comedies his

entry into a new world of fancy and feeling. I have actually known a Public-School boy, not by any means a dunce or a Philistine, who read *King Henry VIII.* for its pomp and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* for its fun, long before his tutor could persuade him that there was wisdom in the Soliloquy or beauty in the Sonnets.

"Others abide our question. Thou art free."

Shakespeare, I think, might be safely left to take care of himself, and would find his way, by his unaided spell, into the heart and library of "the common Englishman desiring culture." It is Milton who is "imposed upon" us by a weight of authority too powerful to be resisted; and, now that we have just commemorated the Tercentenary of his birth, it may not be out of place to enquire whether Authority is in this instance right.

Milton, says Mr. Stopford Brooke, is the Last of the Elizabethans. That proud title challenges comparison with the noblest names of all, and Milton's disciples will declare with one voice that he has no need to shrink from it. Mr. Stopford Brooke himself, Matthew Arnold, Edmond Schérer, Mark Pattison, in our own day; and Macaulay and Jeffrey and Campbell in the pre-Victorian age, and Johnson and Dryden yet further back, swell the diapason of praise.

"Milton," says Arnold, "has always the sure, strong touch of the master. . . . Shakespeare, divine as are his gifts, has not, of the marks of the master, this one—perfect sureness of hand in his style. Alone of the English poets, alone in English art, Milton has it; he is our great artist in style, our

one first-rate master in the Grand Style. He is as truly a master in this style as the great Greeks are, or Virgil, or Dante. The number of such masters is so limited that a man acquires a world-rank in poetry and art, instead of a mere local rank, by being counted among them. But Milton's importance to us Englishmen, by virtue of this distinction of his, is incalculable. The charm of a master's unfailing touch in diction and rhythm no one, after all, can feel so intimately, so profoundly as his own countrymen."

Mr. Stopford Brooke, not content with rendering due homage to this "Grand Style," soars higher still, and calls Milton "our greatest poet." No whole-hearted Shakespearean will admit the claim (though I believe that John Bright endorsed it), and even those who most willingly submit to have Milton "imposed" upon them will prefer him in his lighter hours. Majestic, glorious, awe-ful (as Dr. Pusey wrote the word) is the great epic of "Man's first disobedience" and its remedy; but Mr. Brooke says truly that, as we read it, we feel that the lightness and grace of Milton's youthful time are gone. If *Paradise Lost* had never been written and *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* had perished unwept, the author of *Comus* and *Lycidas* and *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* would still be a principal luminary of the poetical heaven, and would shine with a splendour only second to Shakespeare's own.

Enough has been said in praise of Milton's style; but man cannot live by style alone, and, when we come to the matter of which that style was the vehicle, we must walk warily and not be too blindly submissive to authority. Myself a lover of healing and persuasive

speech, I cannot say of Milton, as Father Faber said, "accursed be his blasphemous memory"; but, when I see him quoted as an oracle of Nonconformity, and hear "the faith and morals which Milton taught" propounded as the basis for a system of national education, I feel that a closer acquaintance with his writings would induce a more discriminating judgment. The faith which he taught, alike in *Paradise Lost* and in his *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, was not Christianity but Arianism. His code of morals included the recognition of Polygamy, and the power of a husband to divorce his wife without legal proof and to marry another.* The youthful Macaulay affirmed, in a burst of rhetorical rapture, that Milton's conception of love combined "all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem" and "all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament" with "all the pure and quiet affection of our English fireside." Over against this exuberance it is useful to set Mr. Gladstone's grave reminder that Milton's "advocacy of the detestable and degrading institution of polygamy is not casual or half-hearted," and that his "conception of the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, descends below historic heathenism, and approximates even to brutality."

When we approach the region of Polemics, with which Milton's prose is so largely concerned, "the soaring sweep and grandeur of his style" cannot conceal the harsh and bitter temper and the shrewish tongue. "Such is his malignity," said Johnson, "that Hell grows

* A Dissenting Minister, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, has delightfully called this "Permitted Disjunction."

darker at his frown." Macaulay, who with all his other accomplishments combined a singular knack of hitting the wrong nail on the head, bade us admire Milton's freedom from "asperity" and his "sedate and majestic patience." Matthew Arnold pierced this bombast, and disclosed the real character of the controversialist, who greeted his opponent as "a serving-man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding, and a solicitor by presumption." To that amiable passage might be suitably annexed Milton's description of King Charles's Cavaliers—"the ragged infantry of stews and brothels, the spawn and shipwreck of taverns and dicing-houses"; and his unflattering portraits of the clerical order—"The obscene and surfeited priests," and the "Many-benefice-gaping-mouth of a canary-sucking and swan-eating prelate."

No; in spite of Macaulay, whose "Essay on Milton" is, as Mr. Gladstone said, "at once the most gorgeous and the most high-flown panegyric to be found anywhere in print," and in spite of Sir George Trevelyan, whose fascinating Biography did so much to confirm and popularize his uncle's exaggerations, it must be admitted that Milton was not amiable.

"If there is a defect which, above all others, is signal to Milton, which injures him even intellectually, which limits him as a poet, it is the defect common to him and to the whole Puritan party to whom he belonged—the fatal defect of *temper*. He and they may have a thousand merits, but they are *unamiable*. Excuse them how one will, Milton's asperity and acerbity, his want of sweetness of temper, of the Shakespearean largeness and indulgence, are undeniable."

I was reading not long ago an essay suggested by the then approaching Tercentenary of Milton's birth.* The essayist had evidently made a searching study of the Commonwealth and the Restoration; and, while admitting to the full the commanding genius which animates all that Milton wrote, he rejoiced that the course of political events had recalled Cromwell's Latin Secretary, from the dust and din and dirt of controversy, to the meadows of asphodel and the gardens which are watered by the River of Life.

"If the Restoration had no other merit, it at least gave back to noble literature the advocate of Free Marriage, the party-scribe who, says Mark Pattison, 'prostituted his genius' to the crooked ends of Cromwell and his Major-Generals, the truculent and scurrilous pamphleteer who 'never spared any asperity of reproach or brutality of insolence,' the envoy of God, who, crying to the Holy Spirit to touch his lips with a coal from the altar of Heaven, cast away in controversy all sense of dignity, decency, and self-reverence. The disservice which this illustrious writer has done to Christian posterity is that he has enabled unworthy causes and disastrous principles to shelter themselves under his great name. On the other hand, no English poet that ever lived has done more to impress on our best literature a note of lofty severity, of august spirituality, and elevated idealism. In his poems shines out that high seriousness which characterizes all noble art. Let us during 1908 forget the other Milton, and remember only the immortal author of 'Comus,' of 'Il Penseroso,' and of the high theme of man's first disobedience and restoration through the love of God.

* 1908.

"I have ventured to depict the Cavalier as not invariably a drunken brute, and spiritual life and growth as not exclusively the possession of Puritans and Ascetics."

This is the account which the late Mr. Shorthouse gave of his own handiwork in *John Inglesant*, and there is good reason to suppose that many of its most characteristic touches were drawn from the *Diary of John Evelyn*. There is no need to restate the chronology of Evelyn's life, or the history of his family, or the circumstances under which his Diary was written. All this can be found in Bray's Dedication and Preface, and in Evelyn's own *Kalendarium*. My endeavour is only to bring into prominence some personal traits, as they appear in a narrative singularly free from artifice and self-consciousness, and to trace in them the better elements which went to compose the character of the ideal Cavalier. One might strike anywhere into the Diary and choose the traits at random; but we may as well follow the line of thought suggested by my citation from Mr. Shorthouse.

The Cavalier was "not invariably a drunken brute." Most true; and yet the contrary belief is deeply engraven on the popular mind. That this is so was probably due, in the first instance, to the shrewish abusiveness of Milton, who, as we have just seen, described the attendants of King Charles I. as "the ragged infantry of stews and brothels, the spawn and shipwreck of taverns and dancing-houses." Milton's cardinal defect was, as Matthew Arnold pointed out thirty years ago, that he was "unamiable"—an epithet which certainly does not overcolour the fact; and

whatever Milton's unamiability prompted him to write, that his prophet Macaulay accepted and proclaimed to the world as unquestionable truth. "If the debauched Cavalier haunted brothels and gambling-houses, he at least avoided conventicles. If he never spoke without uttering ribaldry and blasphemy, he made some amends by his eagerness to send Baxter and Howe to gaol for preaching and praying." In this glib and easy way the Whig disseminates and, so to say, popularizes the Puritan's conception of a Cavalier. Let us look into Evelyn's Diary, and compare the presentment with the reality.

Nothing is more conspicuous in Evelyn than his dislike of debauchery. In this he is consistent from first to last. In 1641, when he was not quite twenty-one, we find him dining with a Cavalry Mess, and recording next day that "there was very good cheere, but hot service for a young drinker as I then was." In his "Greate Climacterical," he "stole away and left the companie" when he suspected that a dinner given by the Swedish Minister was to end in a debauch. The bibulous housekeeping of a "humourous old knight" he pronounces "barbarous," and "much unbecoming a knight, still lesse a Christian"; and in another place he reprehends "the barbarous custom of making the masters welcome by intoxicating the servants." He commends "Mr. Garmus, the Resident from Hamburgh," because, though "his feast continued neere 9 whole hours," there was "no greate excess of drinking, no man being obliged to take more than he liked."

But drunkenness was by no means the only offence

that disgusted him. He trounces with equal severity all the fashionable vices, and "rude and dirty pastimes." Cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and bull-baiting, he pronounced "butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties"; and, when "a very gallant horse was baited to death with doggs," he urged that "this wicked and barbarous sport deserv'd to have been punished in the cruel contrivers." It "afflicted him to see how the Stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times." He found "the Revells at the Middle Temple an old and but riotous custome, which had relation neither to virtue nor policy." The banter of the "*Terræ Filius*, or Universitie Buffoon," at Oxford struck him as "licentious lyeing, railing, and ribauldry." "In my life I was never witnesse of so shameful entertainment." The vicious habits of the Court he condemned as unsparingly as those of social and academic life. "Deepe and prodigious gaming, vast heapes of gold squander'd away in a vaine and profuse manner," seemed to him "a horrid vice, and unsuitable in a Christian Court," and the characteristics of the royal circle were "luxurious dallying and prophaneness." These sentiments contrast oddly with that conception of a Cavalier for which Milton and Macaulay were responsible; and even more characteristic of Evelyn is the passage about the last days of Charles II., which the Whig historian stole, and spoiled in the stealing—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfullnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day sen'-night I was witnesse of, the King sitting and toying with his

concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, etc. A French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"

Enough has now been cited to establish Mr. Shorthouse's contention that the Cavalier was "not invariably a drunken brute," although he lived in an age distinguished by coarseness and violence, and, after the Restoration, in a strong reaction against the gloominess of Puritanism. Evelyn was, in all the best senses of the word, a Cavalier—a *preux chevalier*, a loyal subject of the King, a dutiful and devoted son of the English Church, an accomplished and high-minded gentleman, as conspicuous for purity as for all other manly virtues. Yet, though virtuous, he was no Puritan. The peculiar charm of the better sort of Cavalier was that, at a period when one-half of England was debauched and the other fanatical, he accepted culture and beauty and refinement and enjoyment as divine gifts, and, in St. Paul's phrase, used the world as not abusing it. Such pre-eminently was Evelyn's mode of life, as set before us in his minute but unstudied Diary. Debauchery in all its forms he abhorred, but he appreciated the boons of a regulated and rational indulgence. His was that true Temperance which is σωφροσύνη and saves the soul from "the falsehood of extremes."

A strain of innocent gaiety and refined enjoyment marks Evelyn's life from first to last. He was born

of good family in a comfortable home, and brought up by a "too indulgent Grandmother." He persuaded his father to spare him "the severe discipline of Eaton," and his school-days were spent at Lewes and Southover—"which perverseness he a thousand times deplored." He seems to have been a thoroughly idle boy; but he must have had the substantial virtues of the schoolboy's character, for, thirty years later, he felt that he could trust his life to a schoolfellow's loyalty. He plotted with Colonel Morley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, for the restoration of Charles II., relying on the fact that "The Coll. had ben my schoolfellow, and I knew would not betray me." At seventeen he went up as a "fellow communer" to Balliol, having been entered in the Middle Temple in the previous year. He spent three years at Oxford, and did not overwork himself. He "was admitted into the dauncing and vaulting schole," and began to indulge that love of "musiq" and "musitians" which contributed so much to the enjoyment of his life. But from music, as from severer studies, he was "frequently diverted by inclinations to newer trifles." At twenty he came to live in London, in order that he might read law at the Middle Temple; but he had no taste for "that impolish'd study," and spent his time in "studying a little, but dancing and fooling more." As years went on, he became a man of affairs, an important member of what we should now call the Permanent Civil Service, an industrious and well-paid servant of the Crown and the nation; but neither the cares of public business, nor the stupendous events of the time, nor sorrows in his family, nor vicissitudes in

his fortune, ever inclined him to a dismal view of life, or crushed his faculty of innocent enjoyment. He was, for his time, a prodigious traveller, both in England and on the Continent; and wherever he journeyed, even though his path was often beset with political and physical perils, he carried with him the same lively appreciation of all that was gay and good and beautiful. He is travelling with a friend in France, and at Rohan "they indulge themselves with the best that all France affords," so that "their supper might have satisfied a Prince." "We lay that night in damask beds, and were treated like Emperoors." Next day they resume their journey. "Sometimes we footed it thro' pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes we shot at fowls and other birds, nothing came amiss; sometimes we play'd at cards, while others sung or were composing verses." In Italy those jocund wayfarers "bought for winter provision 3000 lbs. weight of excellent grapes, and pressed their owne wine, which proved incomparable liquor." But, on the ensuing Twelfth Night, they "invited all the English and Scotch in Padua to a feast, which sank our excellent wine considerably." The host was in turn a guest, and at Venice "was invited to excellent English potted venison." Returning to England, he amused himself at "Bristoll" with a "collation of fried eggs, and excellent Spanish wine." At a dinner at Blackwall he drank some "canarie incomparably good." When he dined with the Governor of the Isle of Wight, he noted the "excellent venison, fowle, fish, and fruit." When one of his friends was raised to the Episcopate, he enjoyed with equal zest

the Service of Consecration in the Abbey, and, after it, "one of the most plentifull and magnificent dinners that in my life I ever saw—it cost neare £600 as I was inform'd." But no partiality of friendship could blind him to the demerits of home-made wine. "I drank of the wine of Col. Blount's vineyard, which was good for little."

Still, after all, life has other enjoyments besides the pleasures of the palate, and, as long as they were innocent, our Cavalier appreciated them all. He loved "a Consort of Musiq," both vocal and instrumental; he loved portraiture and "Mezzo Tinto" and "landskip"; he loved architecture, both classical and "gotiq." He loved the "Theater," and lamented that it was "abused to an atheistical liberty." He had a keen eye for the beauties of scenery, and, as his delightful *Sylva* shows, was an enthusiast for gardening and forestry. He had an insatiable interest in all scientific experiments. He even enjoyed a dexterous dissection. He was a good horseman, and an admirer of horsemanship in others. He played "Mall." He could row, on occasion, for "twenty leagues." He liked shooting, hawking, and "hunting a fat buck," a "sorel deer," or even "an hare from my Lord's hare-warren." He did not disdain a bowling-match, a wrestling-match, a boat-race, or a horse-race; and he was a critical observer of a "Ball or Masque." After dinner at a friend's house, where "one Carew play'd incomparably on the Welsh Harp," he "treated divers Ladies of my relations, in Spring-Garden."

But here we must turn to the second part of the

text which I took from Mr. Shorthouse—"Spiritual life and growth (were) not exclusively the possession of Puritans and Ascetics." We have seen that John Evelyn was no ascetic, as regards the legitimate pleasures of human life. He was as far removed from the temper of Puritanism as from that licentiousness which is sometimes supposed to be its only alternative. Yet not Baxter or Calamy, or the best Puritan of them all, was more consistently and conspicuously a Christian in faith, speech, and act.

From first to last Evelyn was a loyal and zealous son of the English Church, "as it stands distinguished from all Papall and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross." The phrase is that of Bishop Ken, whose preaching Evelyn greatly admired, but it expresses his own feeling with singular exactness. He had no sympathy with "Sectaries," whether they were "Pontificians" (as he called the Romanists), Presbyterians, or Anabaptists. The Quakers he describes as "a new phanatic sect, a melancholy proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant." The Papists he condemned for talking—

"as if nothing were catholiq but the Church of Rome, no salvation out of that, no reformation sufferable; bottoming all their errors on St. Peter's successor's unerrable dictatorship, but proving nothing with any reason, or taking notice of any objection which could be made against it."

As against all these contrariant errors, Evelyn maintained, with his apostolic friend Dr. Basire, "that the Church of England was for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under Heaven,

and that England was the very land of Goshen." "The Church of England," he said in another place, "is certainly, of all the Christian professions on the earth, the most primitive, apostolical, and excellent"; and, even at a moment when he thought it likely that James II. would re-establish "Poperie," he recorded his conviction that "the doctrine of the Church of England will never be extinguish'd, but remaine visible, if not eminent, to the consummation of the World."

His belief in the Church was no mere matter of theory; it was in the highest degree practical, intimate, and methodical. Nothing in his Diary is more noticeable than his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—his strictness in preparing for it, his thankfulness for being allowed to receive it, his grief when it is withheld. He auspicates every work of special importance or peril by receiving it. When he recovers from sickness, or experiences any other signal mercy, he makes it, in the strictest sense, his "Eucharist." In order to regulate his spiritual life more exactly, he made Jeremy Taylor his "ghostly father." He ended each year and began the next with special offices of devotion. He commemorated with religious observances his birthday and the anniversary of his baptism. He was scrupulous in keeping the Church's feasts and "the Holy Weeke," and, when such observances were forbidden, under civil penalties, by triumphant Puritanism, he procured "orthodox sequestred Divines" to preach and celebrate privately in his library.

All the outward "pomp and circumstance" of worship was dear to him. Whether at home or abroad, he never

failed to notice the decoration and equipment of the churches. He observed and described altars, vestments, pictures, sacramental plate, the "chrystal vessels" in a foreign sacristy, and the incense burnt before the Communion Service in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall. After all the alluring splendours of French and Roman Worship, he returns with devout complacency to St. James's Church, in "Piqudillo." "There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad, more handsomely adorn'd."

But the best of friends must part, and it is time to take our leave of this devout and high-souled Cavalier. Through a long, prosperous, and enjoyable life he dwelt habitually in the thought of the final parting, and a fragment from his self-communings on that transcendent theme may not unfitly close this sketch—

"I now (1682) began to looke over and methodize all my writings, accompts, letters, papers; inventoried the goods, and other articles of the house, and put things into the best order I could, and made my will; that, now growing in yeares, I might have none of those secular things and concerns to distract me when it should please God to call me from this transitory life. With this I prepar'd some special meditations and devotions for the time of sickness. The Lord Jesus grant them to be salutary for my poore soul in that day, that I may obtain mercy and acceptance."

OUR DEBT TO GREECE

At the request of my friend, Mr. Fotheringham, I am writing a word of preface to his noble collection of Hellenic Songs.* I regard the request as a high honour, and I believe that I owe it to the fact that in 1896–97 I was closely associated with a forward movement among English Liberals, on behalf first of Armenia and then of Greece, in which Mr. Fotheringham played a part worthy of Ugo Bassi.†

During the progress, and in the failure, of that movement, we were painfully reminded of a truth which we had learnt in our schooldays.

Πολλοὶ μὲν ναρθηκοφόροι, βάκχοι δέ τε παῦροι.

There were professed and ostensible Greeks, sometimes in important station, who had neither Hellenic blood in their veins nor Hellenic sympathies in their hearts. This fact co-operated with the poltroonery which at that time governed English politics, and with that "mutual distrust and hatred of the European Powers" which was Mr. Gladstone's synonym for "the Concert of Europe."

* *War Songs of the Greeks, and other Poems*, by the Rev. D. R. Fotheringham, M.A., 1907.

† See p. 123.

Together, they brought the Graeco-Turkish war to the issue which we all remember—some of us, I hope, with shame.

But those who, during those sad months, followed the fortunes of Greece with eager love and loyalty, have nothing to recall. We know what Greece has done for mankind, and we cherish the loftiest ideal of what may yet be reserved for her to do. It is now eighty-four years since Sir James Mackintosh, addressing a public meeting in London, made his famous declaration on the claims of Greece; and the lapse of time has detracted nothing from the justice or the force of his appeal.

"If we were to be governed by what those say who are opposed to this as well as every other generous effort, the field of observation would be indeed extremely narrow. If we rest the claims of the Greeks on the interests of Liberty, they call it revolutionary rant. If we speak of the interests of Religion, they call it the cant of fanaticism. If we give utterance to the sentiments which we are bound to cherish for the great teachers, instructors, and ornaments of mankind, they deride us for using the commonplaces of schoolboys. If, indulging that warmth of feeling and enthusiasm of manner which are naturally created by the gallant bearing of the Greeks and by the recollection of the noble deeds of their ancestors, we venture to hail the prospect of a second civilization of Greece, and to look forward with delight to another Athens, rising with new arts and eloquence, to rival, if possible, the glory of her predecessor, they reproach and laugh at us as the dupes of a visionary philosophy, as misguided enthusiasts in the cause of impracticable civilization and unattainable improvement. I believe them to be sincere in their hostility to improvement —and it is the only proof they give of their sincerity."

What was true in 1823 is true to-day. Greece gave

the modern world its intellect, and helped, by an age-long sacrifice, to keep its soul alive. Art and Poetry and Philosophy found their first and last word in Greece. Our modern psychology dates itself back to its origin in Aristotelian classification. Still we work under the inspiration of the Platonic discipline. Greek Republics brought out into vivid consciousness what is meant by free and honourable citizenship.

Deep, then, is our debt to Greece on the intellectual side; and on the religious side it is deeper still. From the day when the black hoof of the Turkish invader first ravaged the fairest provinces of Christendom, to a date within the recollection of people still alive, the Greeks were martyrs and confessors for the cause of Christ; and, through centuries of bodily and moral torture, bore this unanswerable testimony to the Religion of the Cross.

"Many a tender maid, at the threshold of her young life, has gladly met her doom, when the words that accepted Islam, the act that invested her with the *Yashmak*, would have made her in a moment a free and honoured member of a privileged, a dominant, community."

For that testimony, if for nothing else, our nominally Christian Europe owes Greece an imperishable debt.

Such memories as these come clustering round the pen when one presumes to introduce some Greek songs of Faith and Freedom to the notice of one's fellow-citizens. In all ages and in all countries the twin-spirits of Liberty and Patriotism have found their natural vent in lyrical poetry; and Greece, rich in lyrics of her own, has had a singular power of eliciting the "lyrical cry"

from others. A striking instance of what I mean, borrowed from my brother-Harrovian, Mr. Pakenham Beatty, may fitly bring this note to a conclusion.

"What tale of wrong is this
The Sea tells Salamis,
And the shamed wind wails to Thermopylæ?
Is this her voice, whose word
Once Navarino heard
Exultant—England bidding Greece be free?

"Let one soul see the light,
One heart be strong to fight,
And this foul Tyranny is overthrown!
Hate dare not lift her hand
Against Man's Mother-Land,
Whom not her children only call their own!

"Man will not long be free,
If he submit to see
His brother bound, nor leap to break the chain;
If Man endure Man's wrong
Unmoved, he will not long
Keep the base peace he buys with shame in vain!

"They live who dare to die,
Who see no star too high
In skies Hope's patient vigils never knew—
Yea, no dreams anywhere
So sweet, and pure, and fair,
But that the Faith of Man can make them true!" *

* *Songs for Hellas.*

HARROW SCHOOL

THE glorification of the Public School has been ridiculously overdone. But it argues no blind faith in that strange system of unnatural restraints and scarcely more reasonable indulgences for a man to be fond of the place where he himself was educated. The merits of the particular school have little to do with the matter:

"Dear is the shed to which the soul conforms."

Of Dotheboys Hall, it is written that "there were a few timid young children who, miserable as they had been, and many as were the tears they had shed in the wretched school, had formed for it a sort of attachment." Tommy Traddles, musing on his schooldays at Salem House, and recalling how he had been thrashed by Mr. Creakle, said, "Old Creakle! I should like to see him again. Perhaps he *was* a brute, rather; but it's all over, a long while. Old Creakle!" And, life being notoriously stranger than fiction, we have known instances where a man looked back with something like affection to Charterhouse, when it still was Smithfield, and to the sordid Westminster which groaned under Carey and Page.

Now I write these paragraphs with fear and trembling. As Cardinal Newman says of himself, in the *Apologia*, I

should have "saved myself many a scrape if I had been wise enough to hold my tongue," and one of the worst scrapes I ever got into was the publication of an article on Harrow, which in my hot youth I wrote at the request of the late Mr. Kegan Paul. *Ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse.* That article annoyed my friends at Harrow because it told the truth, and protested against undiscriminating gush. We all know that criticism has its uses. The general law which bids us try to see things as they are cannot usefully be abrogated even in favour of Public Schools. But one should never annoy one's friends, whether at Harrow or elsewhere, and one must be doubly careful when writing of one's school. The severest self-restraint should be practised even when seductive editors ask one to tell the truth. It would have been indecent for Mr. Riley to criticize the Great Mudport Free School, and an Old Harrovian must speak respectfully of Harrow. It by no means follows that he need send his son there. Indeed, nothing is more curious than the disappearance from Harrow lists of traditionally Harrovian names. A father must think more of his son's advantage than of his own sentiment, and "Links with the Past" must be sacrificed to the practical considerations of the present. My own loyalty to Harrow is not likely to be exposed to this searching test, and I am glad to escape it, for I am passionately fond of the place. It is steeped in memories which are among my dearest possessions. One may think ill or well of the principle of Boarding-Schools. One may think it just or unjust that the Grammar-Schools should have been filched from the poor for whom they were founded, and been made the play-places of the

rich. One may augur favourably or unfavourably as to the moral results produced by taking boys from home and from the influence of mothers and sisters, and herding them together in barracks. Even granting that one admires the system on the whole, one may dislike certain features of one's own school. One may trace a resemblance to Mr. Creakle in some of the guides of one's youth. One may think that in certain points of domestic economy the example of Dotheboys Hall was too closely followed. One may remember—and it is the most rankling of memories—that one was sometimes unjustly treated; but, after all, the school—be it Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow, or Giggleswick—was one's own school. It was there that, for good or for ill, one's mind and character were formed. It was there that one first realized one's own capacities, great or small; first felt the promptings of honourable ambition; first dreamed of unselfish efforts for the service of others; first learned to take pride in membership of a body. Above all, it was there that, as our Harrow poet says, "friendships were formed, too romantic to last"—but not too romantic or too short-lived to affect, for weal or woe, one's whole subsequent life.

It is a fact of which Harrovians are justly proud that their school rose to its present eminence from the humblest possible beginnings. Other and older schools were elaborately organized, largely endowed, fostered by the generous care of kings and prelates, reared under the august shadow of the mediæval Church. None of these advantages fell to the lot of Harrow. It is true that some modern historians, who have

"specialized" in the history of English education, have persuaded themselves that the Harrow School which now exists is a revival or a continuation of a day-school connected with the Parish Church of Harrow. Students of local antiquities are satisfied that they have discovered the site of this vanished seminary in Harrow Churchyard. Shakespearean scholars, educated at Harrow, love to think that Dr. Wood had a remote predecessor in the "Arts-Man" who "educated youth at the Charge-House on the top of the mountain—or Mons, the hill."* Lovers of Ben Jonson feel sure that Bartholomew Cokes, the "tall young squire of Harrow o' the Hill," who played such boisterous antics at Bartholomew Fair, had acquired his taste for "larking" in John Lyon's Grammar School.

But, passing from romantic fancy to homely fact, we find that in the reign of Elizabeth, there was living at the hamlet of Preston, in the parish of Harrow-on-the-Hill, a substantial landowner, called John Lyon. He was born in 1514, and inherited estates in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Essex. He headed the rental-list of the parish. He served the parochial offices of *Prepositus et Bedellus;* and in 1567 he acted as collector of the local subsidies for national defence. For several years he spent annually "twenty marks of lawful mony of England" on "the teaching of thirty poore children of the Parish of Harrow"; and it would seem that, as years went on, and he found himself the last of his line, he determined to extend and perpetuate this educational bounty. In 1571 he obtained from Queen Elizabeth a royal charter for the establishment of a Free Grammar

* *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Scene 1.

School "within the village of Harrowe-on-the-Hill." Acting on the power thus conferred, he framed a careful constitution and set of rules for the school which, "by instinct of charity (the Divine Providence foregoing), he purposed in his mind to erect." He appointed a body of trustees or "Governors of the Possessions, Revenues, and Goods of the said Schoole," and to them he left, subject to his widow's life-interest, all his estates. He died childless in 1592. His widow survived till 1608. Immediately after her death, the work was put in hand. The original "schoole-house, with a chimney in it," with living-rooms for the master and usher over it, and a cellar under it "to lay in wood and coals," was erected; and still stands, substantially unaltered, as the west wing of Harrow School. By 1611 the building was complete, and John Lyon's doors were thrown open to the village boys of Harrow.

The time-table was a little stiff. The boys were to be in school by "six of the clock throughout the year," and were to stay there till "eleven in the forenoon," and in the afternoon from "one of the clock till six." They were only to play "on Thursdays sometimes, when the weather is fair, and on Saturdays or half-holidays after evening prayer." Except in the lowest Form, they were never to speak English in school, or "when they go to play together." For athletic exercise they were to practise archery; and each parent was to "allow his child a bow, three shafts, bowstrings, and a bracer, to exercise shooting."

Thus in its design and inception Harrow was simply a village day-school, and as such it fulfilled its useful

but unostentatious mission for something like a century. But it happened that in John Lyon's constitution there had slipped in, among by-laws of stipend and fuel, a clause which, though designed in the first instance only to eke out the schoolmaster's modest income of "forty marks," in the long run influenced the destiny of the school more powerfully than all the rest of Lyon's statutes put together. "The schoolmaster may receive, over and above the youth of the inhabitants within this parish, so many foreigners as the whole may be well taught and applied, and the place can conveniently contain; and of these foreigners he may take such stipend and wages as he can get." There are no means of ascertaining whether the earlier schoolmasters availed themselves of this concession. They were an undistinguished series; and for a long time the school remained essentially local and limited in scope. But as years went on, it passed very distinctly under the influence of Eton, destined in later days to be its only rival among English schools. From 1660 to 1785, every Head Master of Harrow was an Eton man, and a member of King's College, Cambridge. This long succession of Etonian chiefs tended to impress a definite character on the teaching and discipline of Harrow, but did not encourage the school to establish a type and reputation of its own. Meanwhile, the numbers of the school were increasing, and it was gradually losing its local and provincial character. The "Foreigners" who came to board with the Head Master outgrew the meagre accommodation of the old "Schoole House," and in 1671, the Head Master established a boarding-house.

Similar houses were in the course of time opened by assistant-masters, and for the last two centuries, the "Foreigners" have swamped the "youth of the inhabitants," and have, in effect, been the School.

In 1721 the school contained one hundred and forty-four boys, of whom forty were day-boys and the rest foreigners. By 1740 the day-boys had sunk to fourteen. By 1816, when the school first neared three hundred, it contained only three day-boys. To-day * there are five hundred and sixty-nine boys, of whom twenty-five are day-boys.

The second half of the eighteenth century was a period of marked development for Harrow. Throughout those fifty years, John Lyon's village-school was gradually extending its province, gathering scholars in increasing numbers from various parts of England, and exchanging the position of a local for that of a national institution. In 1771 an event occurred which showed that the school, while enlarging its borders, had developed an independent life, with traditions, feelings, and ambitions of its own. In that year the Head Master, Dr. Sumner, died, and the famous Samuel Parr, who was a Harrow master and had been a Harrow boy, became a candidate for the vacant chair.

The appointment rested with the Governors, and to them a petition was addressed, signed by the boys of the school but evidently drawn by a more experienced hand, praying them to take into consideration "the unanimous wishes of the whole school, which are universally declared in favour of Mr. Parr"; protesting

* July 30, 1909.

against the election of "Mr. Heath, or some other person from Eton"; and declaring that "a school of such reputation, as our late master has rendered this, ought not to be considered as an appendix to Eton." The petition was disregarded. Heath was elected. A rebellion of the school ensued. Parr resigned his mastership and went off with forty of his pupils to Stanmore, where he set up a school on his own account. The rebellion was duly quelled, and left no evil effects behind it. Year by year the school advanced in numbers and reputation, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century it had risen to a foremost place among the Public Schools of England. The "Bill," or list of the school, for 1803 bristles with titles. Byron's fag was a duke, and Miss Edgeworth, in her *Tales of Fashionable Life,* makes Vivian—who is her typically smart young gentleman—an Old Harrovian. By this time the process of formation was complete, and Harrow School was, in all its characteristic features, what it is to-day.

The nineteenth century brought many and momentous changes. There were good masters and bad; prosperous times and times of depression; numbers varying from seventy-eight to six hundred; but through all these vicissitudes the school has maintained its traditional character as a great Boarding-School for the upper classes, ruled in larger matters by a Head Master, but in the details of daily life mainly governed by the Sixth Form and by that *ἀθλητῶν γένος* of which Euripides thought so badly. Even in these degenerate days, the monitorial system is strong and fagging is a reality.

The Sixth Form of Harrow has always cultivated scholarship—Charles Merivale and C. S. Calverley, Henry Montagu Butler and George Trevelyan, and Walter Leaf and W. G. Headlam, not to mention more recent scholars, learned their Greek and Latin on the Hill. Here and there, swimming rare in the vast whirlpool of the Harrow Register, we can trace the name of a high Wrangler. Up and down the school, generation after generation, there has been scattered a great mass of general culture and a genuine interest in literature. Harrow has always been a nursery of politicians. Thrice Queen Victoria turned to the Hill for a Prime Minister.

And yet, after all said and done, it must be admitted, with regret or with satisfaction according to one's standpoint, that Harrow is pre-eminently an athletic school. The Harrow boy lives and moves and has his being in games; and, even though he may have no skill in playing them, he must understand them, and be interested in them, and watch them, and criticize them, if he is not to be an alien from the life of the commonwealth to which he belongs.

The physical characteristics of Harrow are pretty well known to any one who travels by the Great Northern or the Great Central or the Midland Railway.

> "Not to River nor Royal Keep,
> Low Meads or level Close,
> Up to the sturdy wind-worn steep,
> *Levavi oculos;*
> To four red walls on a skyward climb,
> Towering over the fields and Time."

There is the Churchyard Hill, with its far-seen spire and embosoming trees, and below it twenty miles of

unbroken grass stretching away to Windsor and the Thames. Nestling close at its feet, the picturesque cluster of buildings—Chapel and Library, Drawing-school and Music-room, Laboratory and Museum and Speech-room—which have supplemented, but never can supersede, the primitive chamber where John Lyon's boys first repeated their "Musa" and their τύπτω. That chamber—now the Fourth Form Room—is the ark and citadel of Harrow, the heart of its life, the nucleus of its possessions. Harrow, with no stately abbey to overshadow it, no royal castle to dominate it, no cloistered gardens to hallow it with "the last enchantments of the Middle Age," lives, perhaps more than any other school, on and by its traditions. A sanctity clings to the carved and battered walls which bear the names of Peel and Palmerston; to the trees under which Byron and Sheridan dreamed of glory; to the church which Anselm consecrated, where Becket said Mass, where John Lyon lies buried, and where Manning and Faber and Shaftesbury said their boyish prayers.

And, if this is the material aspect of Harrow, its moral aspect is at least as clearly marked. All Public Schools have something in common, but each has its special characteristic; and the characteristic of Harrow is the combination of strenuousness with sentiment. Of that combination the Harrow School Songs are the incomparable expression. To hear for the first time the best of these songs, "Forty Years On," or "Five Hundred Faces," or the Harrow variant of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," is one of the pleasurable and memorable events of life. "The singing is the thing," wrote a stranger

who lately heard it for the first time. "When you hear the great volume of fresh voices leap up like a lark from the ground, and rise and swell, and swell and rise, till the rafters seem to crack and shiver, then you seem to have discovered all the sources of emotion."

And all the emotions which the concert stirs are intensified and consecrated by the Chapel. There every stone is a memorial. The handwriting of the names of saints and heroes speaks from porch and altar, from wall and pillar and pavement, to the oncoming generation of John Lyon's sons. And the speech is no idle word, no dreamy lamentation over the unreturning past. Nay rather, it is a stirring and passionate command to rise and do as their fathers and brethren and companions did, and so to live the golden days of their Harrow life that England and humanity may have cause to bless the name of Harrow.

Five years ago an Old Harrovian hazarded the brave venture of writing a school-story about Harrow. In my judgment, he succeeded admirably. "The Hill" is the story of three boys, of equal age and capacity, who spend five years together at Harrow; A. fighting B. for the soul and future of C. It may here be said, in reply to critics and gainsayers, that not only the main plot of the book, but every important trait and incident, is drawn from life. The story ends with the outbreak of the South African War. Two of the three principal characters obtain commissions, and one falls in action at Spion Kop. The letter which, on the eve of the engagement, he writes to the friend who is still at school, is so

representative of all that is best in Harrow life, that it should be produced and pondered—

"I have been intending to write to you, dear old chap, ever since we parted, but, somehow, I could not bring myself to tackle it in earnest till to-night. To-morrow we have a thundering big job ahead of us—the last job, perhaps, for me. You have been the best friend a man ever had; the only one I love as much as my own brother—and *even more*. It was from knowing you that I came to see what good-for-nothing fools some fellows are. You were always so unselfish and straight; and you made me feel that I was the contrary, and that you knew it, and that I should lose your friendship if I didn't improve a bit. So, if we don't meet again in this jolly old world, it may be a little comfort to you to remember that what you have done for a very worthless pal was not thrown away.

"Good-night. I'm going to turn in; we shall be astir before daybreak. Over the veldt the stars are shining. It's so light that I can just make out the hill upon which, I hope, our flag will be waving within a few hours. The sight of this hill brings back our Hill. If I shut my eyes, I can see it plainly, as we used to see it from the tower, with the Spire rising out of the heart of the old school. I have the absurd conviction strong in me that, to-morrow, I shall get up the hill here faster and easier than the other fellows because you and I have so often run up our Hill together. God bless it—and you! Good-night."

Postscript.

Not every Old Harrovian who read in the papers of January 22, 1900, the gallant death of Major Childe, of the South African Light Horse, recognized under that name "Charlie Childe-Pemberton," who played for Harrow at Lords in 1872. He was the eldest son

of Mr. C. O. Childe-Pemberton, of Kinlet and Millichope, in the county of Salop. His ancestors had been, from time immemorial, the "Childes of Kinlet," near Bewdley, and they had been Harrovians for several generations. Mr. C. O. Childe assumed the additional name of Pemberton in compliance with a testamentary requirement. His eldest son, Charles Baldwyn Childe-Pemberton, was born September 27, 1853, and went to Harrow in September, 1866.

One day a new boy, very raw and disconsolate amid "five hundred faces and all so strange," caught sight, in the School-Yard, of one whom he instantly desired to make his friend. This was a singularly attractive-looking lad, graceful in shape and movement, with pensive eyes, and really golden hair. He was C. B. Childe-Pemberton, and the new boy was the present writer. The two boys were of the same age, but the one had been a year longer in the school than the other; and there yawned between them the gap which separates the Fifth Form from the Shell. But the whirligig of time soon brought its revenges, and the two met on equal terms in the 4th Fifth. From then till the end of their school-career, there subsisted between them a friendship as close as brotherhood; and for the survivor the brightest memory connected with Harrow has always been the recollection of that comradeship. They had little enough in common. The one was an athlete; the other a loafer. The one an eager and pugnacious Tory; the other, a rather flamboyant Radical. Yet each found the other's society far more enjoyable than anything else which Harrow had to offer.

"We trifled, toiled, and feasted, far apart
From churls, who wondered what our friendship meant;
And in that coy retirement heart to heart
Drew closer, and our natures were content."

An instance of that contentment is supplied by the following letter: the recipient was enjoying an "Exeat," in London, while the writer was undergoing the penance of "Extra School."

"Harrow-on-the-Hill, Saturday.

"MY DEAR GEORGE—

"I am writing this in 'Extra,' as there is nothing better to do, and as 'Stinks' * takes it. It is *grand*—on one side a fellow is reading the *Sporting Life*, on another one is amusing himself with a pair of spectacles, while almost all are eating, of course.

"There is not much to tell you of since we last met at Fourth School yesterday. Shall I copy the example of *The Harrovian*, and by way of news give you a list of those in 'Extra'? How are you passing your day? I trust you will not lose yourself, or otherwise come to grief, or fall into any of those snares for youth with which the Modern Babylon abounds. But I am afraid you are hardly fit to be trusted by yourself. The clock has just struck eleven, and one hour of the useless torture is over. I have serious thoughts of writing to *The Harrovian*, and saying what a useless institution 'Extra School' is in its present condition. It is simply three hours and a half *wasted*. You see on this point at any rate I desire Reform.

"I hope your day is being more happily spent than mine. I wish 'Skipper' would take the plague.†

"Ever your unalterably wretched,

"CHARLIE."

* Of course, the Science-Master.

† "Skipper" was the Master who had imprisoned him. The "Plague" was a sort of spurious Measles then prevalent in the School.

But the wretchedness was not "unalterable." Childe-Pemberton was in the School Football Eleven of 1870 and 1871, and the Cricket Eleven of 1872. At Lord's he made 10 in the first innings and 44 in the second, which *The Harrovian* thus described:—

"Childe-Pemberton, who had a narrow escape of carrying his bat, saw the fall of eight wickets; he gave no chances during his innings of 44, his fault being a want of freedom in hitting the looser balls. Two leg hits, however, for four from two consecutive balls caused great excitement, and, at the close of the innings, both Harrovians and Etonians combined in giving him their hearty and well-deserved applause."

He left Harrow at the end of the Summer Quarter of 1872, and in the following October matriculated at Christ Church. In 1876 he joined the Blues. He served in the Egyptian War of 1882, was present at Tel-el-Kebir, and received the medal, clasp, and Khedive's star. He became Captain in 1884, and soon afterwards discarded the name of Pemberton, which his father had assumed, becoming—like his forefathers—Childe of Kinlet. In the regiment he was always called "The Child," or else "Monsieur L'Enfant"—his racing name. Perhaps it was a school-boy pleasantry, but it gives meaning and pathos to the epitaph which he chose for himself—

"Is it well with the Child?
It is well."

Charles Baldwyn Childe married in 1884, and not long afterwards left the Blues and settled down to the quiet life of a country gentleman on his hereditary acres. He was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant

of Shropshire, and captain in the Shropshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He did exactly what a squire ought to do; developing his property, improving his cottages, restoring his churches, working for his political party. But all the time, those who knew him best knew that under the sportsman, the steeple-chase rider, the athlete, the shrewd manager of wide acres and great woods, there lay the soldier; and that the soldier was the real man. Whenever there was fighting in the air it was difficult to keep him quiet. Wars and rumours of wars stirred the soldier's heart. He had been near volunteering for the Græco-Turkish War; and the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa brought matters to a crisis. The composite regiment of Household Cavalry was formed under the command of another Old Harrovian, Audley Neeld; and Charlie Childe could restrain himself no longer. "All my friends are going," he said, "I must go too." He applied at the War Office for employment, and the War Office, true to itself, said it had no use for his services. Nothing daunted, he put himself and his Yeomanry chargers on board ship, and made straight for Cape Town, where he volunteered for any duty which might turn up. "If I can do nothing else," he said, "I can drive mules." His services were promptly accepted. He was commissioned to raise a troop of Light Horse; and, that task accomplished, his friends knew no more of his movements till they learned from the newspaper that he had fallen gloriously at Potgieter's Drift.

Lux perpetua luceat ei.—It is a man's prayer, and it commemorates a schoolboy's love.

F. W. FARRAR

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR was born in the Fort of Bombay on August 7, 1831. His father was a chaplain of the Church Missionary Society, and he loved to believe that he was descended from the Marian martyr, Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. Davids.

Farrar was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man (which he afterwards depicted partly in *Eric* and partly in *St. Winifred's*), at King's College, London, and at what he always loved to call "The Royal and Religious Foundation of Trinity College," Cambridge. In 1854 he graduated as Fourth Classic. He won the Le Bas Prize for an English Essay, the Chancellor's Medal for English Verse, and the Norrisian Prize for a theological dissertation, and was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity. He was appointed to an Assistant Mastership at Marlborough even before he had taken his degree, and was ordained deacon on Christmas Day, 1854, being chosen to read the Gospel. A year later, he was invited by Dr. Vaughan to undertake an Assistant Mastership at Harrow, where he remained till the end of 1870, when he was elected Master of Marlborough College. In 1876 he left Marlborough to become Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's. In 1895 he was made Dean of Canterbury, and he died after a lingering illness, heroically borne, on March 22, 1903.

This is the barest outline of a vivid and variegated life. That life has been described in detail by the filial piety of Dr. Reginald Farrar,* and my only reason for including this in my Gallery of Sketches is my strong wish to leave on record some characteristic traits of a man to whose influence, at the most impressible moment of life, I owed, both in the intellectual and in the moral sphere, a debt which will never be forgotten. When I went to Harrow, Farrar had charge of "The Remove"—the top form of the Lower School—the average age of the boys who composed it being, I suppose, about fourteen. Every one who knows Public Schools knows that boys of that age are thorough Philistines, despising intellect and glorying in their brutal ignorance. For such creatures it was a most beneficial experience to pass into Farrar's hands. He employed all his varied resources —kindness, sympathy, sternness, rhetoric, sarcasm—in the effort to make us feel ashamed of being ignorant, and anxious to know. He was ruthless in his determination to disturb what he called the "duck-weed"—the mass of sheer indolence and fatuity which clogged his Form—and to bring out and encourage the faintest signs of perception and intelligence.

His contagious enthusiasm stimulated anything which we possessed in the way of intellectual taste or power. He taught us to love what was beautiful in literature, art, and nature. He lived and moved and had his being in poetry, and was never so happy as when helping us to illustrate our Virgil or Euripides from Wordsworth

* *The Life of Frederic William Farrar, sometime Dean of Canterbury*, by his son, Reginald Farrar. Nisbet & Co., 1904.

and Milton. His Dissertation on Coleridge in the examination for the Fellowship at Trinity had won the rare and stately praise of Dr. Whewell; and he loved to indoctrinate his Harrow pupils with the wisdom of "the great poet-philosopher." Again, he had early passed under the influence of Ruskin, and that influence reproduced itself in the constant endeavour to make us see the loveliness of common things,—sunsets and wild flowers and fresh grass and autumn leaves. He tried to make us understand Nature as well as love her, by elementary lessons in botany and mineralogy. He decorated his schoolroom with antique casts, as models of form, and Fra Angelico's blue Madonnas and rose-coloured angels on golden backgrounds, as models of colour. He brought illustrations for his teaching from Alps and rivers and rainbows, and pursued his love of beauty down to the microcosm of gems and bindings, illuminations and stained glass. He laid great stress on delicate and graceful penmanship—not a common accomplishment among schoolboys,—and he paid heed to the minutest details of his pupils' appearance and manners. "B——, how many centuries have elapsed since your boots were last cleaned?" is a sonorous interrogation which comes rolling on the ear of memory, blent with such voices as these: "A——, don't sit there 'gorgonizing me with your stony British stare,'" and "C——, your ignorance is so profound that it ossifies the very powers of scorn."

As some critics here depreciated Farrar's preaching, it is only fair to say that at Harrow it was a powerful influence for good. His sermons in the School Chapel were events long looked forward to and deeply enjoyed.

His exuberance of rhetoric, though in latter years it offended adult audiences, awed and fascinated boys, and his solemn yet glowing appeals for righteousness and purity and moral courage left permanent dints on our hearts, and—what is less usual—on our lives. I have never forgotten the first sermon which I heard from him. It was preached after the First Communion of the boys confirmed at Harrow on March 19, 1868, and is printed under the title "Hope in Christ," in the volume called *The Fall of Man, and other Sermons.* I had never before heard eloquence employed in the service of religion, and the effect was indelible.

But, though Farrar was powerful in the pulpit, I suspect that his strongest influence was exercised in private intercourse with the boys whom he strove to help. As an illustration of this influence, I insert the following letter, written forty years ago, to a boy who has ever since preserved it among his most sacred *arcana*, and who regards it as having changed the whole complexion of his life.

"My dear ——,

"My esteem and regard for you, ever since I knew you, have been so sincere, and I have so firm a belief in the manliness and Christian principle which mark your character, that I feel sure you will allow me the privilege of a friend and master, if I speak to you about one very sacred and solemn duty—your bearing at home. I should never think of intruding into so delicate a matter, if one who loves you had not asked me affectionately to let you know that sometimes by a little impatience about advice you are led to use expressions which wound and cause pain to those whom I know that you would wish in your inmost heart to shelter from the least

breath of sorrow at any cost of your own personal suffering. The *chief* duty of a Christian lies, my dear boy, in the quiet, unseen life of his own home, and if he does not learn *there* to practise that noble virtue of unselfishness—that highest type of charity—which consists in daily and hourly considerateness for the feelings of others, he will have lost one of the strongest resources and one of the most healing memories for all his future life.

"As life goes on you will realize with more and more intensity the fact that true, pure, devoted friendship—and still more that genuine love—is a thing which we *very, very* seldom obtain in life. As we grow older we more and more walk alone, and our path is marked by the graves of those who were more to us than others can ever be. It is then, I think, that we yearn most strongly for the sacred affection of mother or sister or kinsman whom we have lost. It is now eight years since my own mother died. She was, if ever there was, a saint of God. Her love to me was more than almost any love can ever be, and I loved her with all my heart. And yet one morning, as I sat in school, a letter brought me the intelligence that the previous night she had gone to bed in perfect health and happiness, and yet before morning God had called her to Himself. When this news was brought to me, my first thought was how much kinder, how much more loving I might have been; how in a thousand ways, by word and deed, which would have cost me nothing and which would have caused a thrill of happiness, I might have brightened and beautified her earthly life. It was a bitter thought that, much as I loved her, *I had not always been as kind to her as I might have been*, and I looked back with joy only to those occasions when I had not treated her love for me as a matter of course, but had shown by acts of kindness and gentleness how infinitely I valued her blessing and her prayers. Little faults of impatience, little haughtinesses in the expression of opinion and the rejection of advice, then seemed to me almost like crimes, and I longed, too late, for the opportunity which could never

more return. That you, my dear ——, may be spared from all such painful retrospects, that you may live worthily of your high Christian calling, and that these few words of a sincere friend may not offend you but rather help to save you from vain regrets, is the earnest hope of yours affectionately,

"FREDERIC W. FARRAR."

P.S.—Before I part with Harrow, I must call attention to an excellent story of Harrow life in its more ordinary aspects, called *Follow up!* by Mr. Archibald D. Fox.—G. W. E. R.

"HANNAH" AND THE CHURCH

A TITLE should be short, but not so short as to be obscure. Let me therefore recall to a forgetful generation the personality of "Hannah," and then discuss the important contribution which, all unwittingly, she has made and is making to the Disestablishment of the English Church.

Hannah * was the unmarried sister of Sarah Bottles, and Sarah was the wife of an opulent manufacturer who lived at Laburnum House, Reigate. In the summer of 1869 Mrs. Bottles was thought by her friends to be "not long for this world"; and, as she was deservedly popular, there were frequent enquiries at Laburnum House. Among the callers was a well-known leader-writer of the *Daily Telegraph*, whom Mr. and Mrs. Bottles had befriended in his less prosperous days; and he, combining sympathy with business, converted what he saw and heard at Laburnum House into excellent "copy."

"I found a good many people assembled, of whom several had come on the same errand as I. . . . There was a Baptist minister who had been the shepherd of the Bottles family in the old days when they were dissenters, and who has never quite lost his hold upon Mrs. Bottles. There was her sister

* See *Friendship's Garland*. Letter VIII.

Hannah, just about the same age as poor Sarah who married Bottles, and the very image of her. There was Job Bottles, Bottles's brother, who is on the Stock Exchange, a man with black hair at the sides of his head, a bald crown, dark eyes and a fleshy nose, and a camellia in his buttonhole. Finally, there was that handsome niece of Mr. Bottles—Mary Jane."

Presently the members of the family were summoned to poor Mrs. Bottles's sick-room, and the other visitors began to discuss the next stage in the domestic system of Laburnum House.

"'They say,' began the leader-writer, 'that if Mr. T. Chambers's excellent Bill, which the Liberal party are carrying with such decisive majorities, becomes law, the place of poor Mrs. Bottles will be taken by her sister Hannah, whom you have just seen. Nothing could be more proper. Mrs. Bottles wishes it, Miss Hannah wishes it, the reverend friend of the family (who has himself made a marriage of the same kind) wishes it; everybody wishes it.' 'Everybody but old Bottles himself, I should think,' replied another visitor; 'don't envy him at all! Shouldn't so much mind if it were the younger one, though.'"

Those light words touched an unsuspected spring in the leader-writer, and he replied with animation—

"'And why not the younger one? Why not? Either as a successor to Miss Hannah or in lieu of Miss Hannah. Why not? Let us apply John Bright's crucial tests. Is she his first cousin? Could there be a more natural companion for the Bottles girls? Or, if legislation on this subject were impeded by the party of bigotry, supposing they chose not to wait for it, but got married without it, would you dare call Bottles a profligate man?'"

The train of thought, thus lightly started, necessarily pointed to further developments.

"'We have established, I hope, that no man may presume to call Bottles profligate for marrying either his sister-in-law Hannah or his niece Mary Jane. But this is not enough. You noticed Mr. Job Bottles. You must have seen his gaze resting on Mary Jane. But, what with his cigars, his claret, his camellias, and the state of the money-market, Mr. Job Bottles is not a marrying man just at this moment. His brother is; but his brother cannot last for ever. Job, on the other hand, is full of vigour and vitality. How natural, if his brother marries Mary Jane now, that Job may wish, when she is a widow some five years hence, to marry her himself! And we have arrangements which make this illegal! At such arrangements I hurl, with scorn and disgust, the burning words of our great leader—ecclesiastical rubbish! Why, I ask, is Mr. Job Bottles's liberty—his Christian liberty, as my reverend friend yonder would say—to be abridged in this manner?'".

The leader-writer was a man of a temper at once enthusiastic and practical; and, after revelling a little longer in this "nest of spicery," he recorded an heroic resolve.

"This great question shall henceforth be seriously taken up in Fleet Street. As a sop to those toothless old Cerberuses, the bishops, who impotently exhibit still the passions of another age, we will accord the continuance of the prohibition which forbids a man to marry his grandmother; but in other directions there shall be freedom. Mr. Chambers's admirable Bill for enabling a woman to marry her sister's husband will doubtless pass triumphantly through Committee to-night, amidst the cheers of the Ladies' Gallery. The Liberal party must supplement that Bill by two others—one enabling people to marry their brothers' and sisters' children, the other enabling a man

to marry his brother's wife. But this glorious prospect fills me with an afflatus which can find its fit employment only in Fleet Street."

Thirty-eight years have rolled their course since that memorable visit to Laburnum House; and, so slow is the victory of right reason over prejudice and obscurantism, that only one step in the direction of emancipation has yet been gained, and that with difficulty, in the last hours of the Session just concluded.* Hannah has waited long; and those blooming charms which in 1869 attracted the regards of her dying sister's husband must now be on the wane. But she has not waited in vain. At length Sir Brampton Gurdon's retrospective tenderness has, to use a handy colloquialism, made an honest woman of her. She has been for several years a widow (though not till now a wife), and, if her honoured life is spared a little longer, and the leader-writer's scheme of reform is carried to its logical conclusion, she may yet console herself with her husband's brother Job, or may assist at his belated nuptials with his niece Mary Jane. So far, so good; the road to complete emancipation lies open before her. It is only blocked by "those toothless old Cerberuses, the bishops"; and the agitation into which she has thrown them may be attended by consequences which she and the highly respectable circle at Laburnum House neither desired nor foresaw. Hence the significance of my title—"'Hannah' and the Church."

Nothing can be more curious to the dispassionate

* 1907.

onlooker than the anger and perplexity which seized on such as frequent Laburnum House when they discovered that the bishops honestly regarded marriage with a deceased wife's sister as wrong, and would do what they could to discourage it. The tribe of Bottles seems to have believed that, if only my friends Sir Brampton Gurdon and Lord Tweedmouth blew their trumpets long enough and loud enough, the walls of the ecclesiastical Jericho would fall down. But the trumpets have sounded and the walls still stand; and it looks as if Hannah and her husband, if they wish to have a place inside the city, will have to creep in by some neglected postern. One often sees inscribed on the notice-board outside a Roman Catholic Church, *Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana.* It would be a convenience to intending couples of the tribe of Bottles if such clergy as are willing to marry men to their sisters-in-law would placard the fact outside the church—"Deceased Wives' Sisters married here." This plan would obviate some awkward refusals, and would promote the smooth working of the Act.

It has never been a foible of the Anglican episcopate to bear itself with too high a front in the face of secular opinion; and the first article in the prelatic creed is, "I believe in an Established Church." It must therefore have required the force of an unusually strong and deep conviction to draw from the bishops that remarkable series of protests which have caused so much commotion in the neighbourhood of Laburnum House. Each protesting prelate has protested in his own special style. The Archbishop has been wary; the Bishop of London has been "breezy"; the Bishop of Salisbury learned; the

Bishop of Birmingham practical; the Bishop of Liverpool charitable; the Bishop of Southwark oracular. But, in spite of all diversities of mind and method, all the bishops who have spoken so far have made it clear that, in their belief, there is such a thing as the law of the Church, quite apart from the law of the State; that it binds the consciences of Churchmen; and that no Act of Parliament can repeal its prohibitions. All alike have urged the clergy to abstain from marrying men to their sisters-in-law; and all have done what lies in their power to discourage lay-Churchmen from using this new liberty. This is beyond measure irritating to the tribe of Bottles, who pour letters of frenzied wrath into the *Daily News* and the *Tribune;* but worse remains behind. The Laburnum House which we know is not in the diocese of Worcester; but there is a Laburnum House, and more than one, in every diocese; and the *Worcester Diocesan Magazine* contains painful reading for those who believe that the House of Commons can dominate the Church.

"Should the Bill pass, serious questions will arise as to how the Church must receive those who have violated what is still the Church's law, a law which the Church must maintain on behalf of the Divine ordinance of marriage. But upon this point I will, if necessary, issue some directions to the clergy."

Thus the Bishop of Worcester, a man pre-eminent for caution and self-restraint; and his words touch the vital point of the matter.

The State has decided that Bottles may marry Hannah; and I observe that the typical Bottles is

already availing himself of the permission.* Society can look after its own interests; and we shall all have to decide whether we will or will not admit such as Mr. and Mrs. Bottles into our families, just as in the past we have had to make a similar decision about divorced men who have two wives, and divorced women who have two husbands. This is a matter of taste and fancy, and Reigate can easily decide for itself whether it will or will not leave cards of congratulation at Laburnum House. But the Vicar of Reigate (of course I use the name only typically) will be placed in a much more difficult position. "How is the Church to receive those who have violated the Church's law?" It were much to be desired that they should not ask the Church to "receive" them on any terms; but should comfort themselves, like the contumacious gingerbeer-seller in *Sketches by Boz*, who, when the Court of Arches excommunicated him for a fortnight and ordered him to pay costs, begged the Judge to "take off the costs, and excommunicate him for the term of his natural life instead, for he never went to church at all." Unluckily, however, people who crave for forbidden fruit generally ask the Church to say grace over the repast. It is therefore extremely likely that people who have married under the provisions of Sir Brampton Gurdon's Act will claim a right to participate in the Christian mysteries. Will the clergy admit them to Communion, or exclude them? Already I see that

* A certain Mr. and Mrs. Bottles, resident in Manchester, who had married one another while their union was still illegal, gave a ball to celebrate the passing of Sir Brampton Gurdon's Act. This beats anything in *Friendship's Garland*.

certain clergymen have announced their intention to exclude; and, if this threat be carried out, what will be the next step? Will the State require the clergy to admit to the most sacred rite of the Church people who are living in defiance of the Church's law? And, if the clergy refuse compliance, will the State punish them for obeying their consciences?

There never was a less sentimental or sacerdotal divine than Archbishop Magee, and I commend his words on this crucial point alike to those who dread Disestablishment, and to those who, like myself, most ardently desire it.

[*January 10th*, 1882.]—"Whenever the State treats, and requires the Church to treat, as married, those whom the Church declares to be not married or marriageable, *then* will come a strain which will snap, or go near to snapping, the links that bind Church and State."

[*June 13th*, 1882.]—"The question will practically arise, not as regards marrying the widower and sister-in-law (this is not to be required of the clergy), but as regards admitting them, when married, to the Holy Communion. With my views I could do this, but, for those who regard such marriages as 'other than God's Word doth allow,' I hardly see how they could do so, or advise others to do so; and, if they cannot, there arises a most formidable dispute between Church and State."

When Magee wrote these words, the Deceased Wife's Sister was only expected. Now she has arrived; and the case which Magee contemplated hypothetically may arise in practice at any moment. Such clergy as are willing to celebrate a marriage which the Church forbids will probably make no difficulties about admitting to

Communion the people whom they have married. But what is to happen in the case of a couple who, having been married by the Registrar or by some compliant clergyman elsewhere, present themselves at the altar of their Parish Church, and demand Communion from the hands of an incumbent who thinks their marriage a breach of the Church's law? It seems to me that in such a case the incumbent has no choice but to excommunicate them. They surely belong, in the Church's eye, to the category of those "open and notorious evil livers" whom, according to the rubric at the beginning of the Communion Service, the incumbent is to "call and advertise, that in any wise they presume not to come to the Lord's Table." Not very long ago the rubric was enforced in a well-known church against a man who, while he was co-respondent in a peculiarly loathsome divorce-case, made a point of communicating at the principal service of Sunday morning; Archbishop Temple, then Bishop of London, upheld the incumbent, and the scandal ceased. There lies before me as I write a printed statement by a husband and a wife, setting forth that for the space of five years they lived together in a state of concubinage, which they esteemed "a distinct and lower form of marriage"; and that the bishop of the diocese, being apprised of this fact, "charged them with wilful sin, and forbade them from Holy Communion, thereby depriving them of their rights of Christian fellowship." Many more cases of the same kind might, I dare say, be quoted; but I cite these because it happens that they have both fallen within my personal knowledge. Surely the bishops will be

bound to exercise (whether privately or publicly) the same discipline in the case of that "distinct and lower form of marriage" which consists in espousing one's wife's sister. Whether they will screw up their courage to the sticking-point I cannot tell; but I can scarcely believe that they will shrink from supporting such of their clergy as feel themselves conscientiously restrained from giving the Holy Things to persons whom the Church regards as leading an unholy life.

On the rights and wrongs of Sir Brampton Gurdon's Act, and of the change which it effects, I have been careful to pronounce no opinion. I have only been concerned to point out that the Church's rule in the matter is unaltered, and that no one is entitled to be angry or surprised if the clergy, being bound by the rule of the Church which they serve, decline to marry men to their sisters-in-law, or to admit them, when so married by others, to the most sacred privilege of Churchmanship. Perhaps we are only at the beginning of such a conflict between Church and State as Archbishop Magee foresaw; and, if so, "Hannah" will, by her long-delayed victory, have accelerated beyond all calculation the day of Disestablishment. The Church is too strong to be bullied, and the State had better harden its heart to pronounce the fateful valediction, "Wayward sister, part in peace."

P.S.—Since the foregoing words were written, the Bishops of Hereford and Carlisle have pronounced public benedictions on Bottles and Hannah, thereby illustrating once again the admirable elasticity of an Established Church.

THE WHITE KING

I AM no partisan of the House of Stuart. Their family and mine fell out somewhere about the year 1680. The quarrel reached an acute stage on July 21, 1683; it was only patched up by an arrangement, to which a daughter of the House of Stuart was party, in 1694; and, since 1714, the two families have had no contact with one another. But, in spite of this hereditary grudge, I am sufficiently magnanimous to spare, if not a tear, at least a sigh, for the 30th of January and its gloomy memories.

"Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary (said the King), by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not Death. Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared."

So said King Charles to the devoted Herbert on the fateful morning of January 30, 1649, and then set out on that dismal walk through "Milk Fair" and the purlieus of the present Admiralty, to the Banqueting House of Whitehall, where (though on which side it is a point of literary honour not to enquire) he "bowed his stately head" to the fatal axe; and in so doing began that

reaction which undid the life-work of Cromwell and Milton, and gave England the doubtful boon of the Restoration.

After an interval of public exposure unseemly long, "that all men might know that he was not alive," the embalmed body was borne to Windsor Castle, and deposited in the vaults under St. George's Chapel.

"It was then observed that at such time as the King's Body was brought out from St. George's Hall the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast that by the time the corpse came to the West End of the Royal Chapel the black velvet pall was all white (the colour of innocency), being thickly covered over with snow."

And so "The White King" passes to his place in history, with perhaps a fairer fame than he would have enjoyed if he had been able to carry his designs into effect. By common consent, he was seen at his best in the season of adversity, failure, and approaching death; at his worst, in the conflicts and chicanery of militant King-craft.

"The composure," says Lord Morley, "the piety, seclusion, and silence in which he passed his last days of life made a deep impression on the time, and have moved men's common human-heartedness ever since. In Charles himself, whether for foe or friend, an Eliot or a Strafford, pity was a grace unknown. . . . The regicides treated Charles precisely as Charles, if he had won the game, undoubtedly promised himself, with law or without law, that he would treat them. From the first it had been *My head or thy head*, and Charles had lost."

When Dr. Johnson was staying with Bozzy's father, Lord Auchinleck, that stout old Whig was extolling Cromwell and his services to the State. "After all," demanded Johnson, "what did your great Cromwell do?" "Do?" replied Auchinleck. "He garr'd Kings ken they had a lith in their neck." And that was, in the seventeenth century, a not unneeded lesson. A hundred years later than the date of Auchinleck's reply, a Whig statesman—his name can easily be guessed from the peculiar suavity of the remark—said to the French ambassadress in London: "Do you know why we in England have enjoyed unbroken tranquillity, while France has been shaken by revolution after revolution? It is because we cut off our King's head in the nick of time, whereas you did it a hundred and fifty years too late."

The faults and follies of Charles's political career do not greatly concern my present meditations. On a more suitable occasion I might be prepared to criticize with due severity his assault on *Habeas Corpus*, his greediness for ship-money, his tendency to get rid of the House of Commons, and, when he could not get rid of it, to break faith with it. All these errors belong to his public character; his private character is stained with a much darker blot. That he should have been, as Lord Morley says, merciless to Eliot was, according to the savage ethics of political warfare, no matter for surprise. It was rather an act of legitimate hostility. But the abandonment of Strafford to the mob which howled for his blood deprives Charles of all claim to a place in the rank of Heroes. Indeed, no baser

betrayal of a friend has ever been recorded in the annals of selfishness and cowardice.

"History can furnish few events so startling and so remarkable as the trial and death of Lord Strafford—events which, the more they are studied, the more wonderful they appear. It is not easy to find words to express the miserable weakness and want of statesmanship which led to and made possible such an event. A great Minister and servant of the Crown, in whose policy and support the whole of the Royal power, the whole strength of the national establishment, was involved and pledged—that such a man, by the simple clamour of popular opinion, should have been arrested, tried, and executed in a few days, with no effort but the most degrading and puny one made on his behalf by his Royal master and friend, certainly must have produced a terror and excitement, one would think, unparalleled in history. That the King never recovered from it is not surprising; one would have thought he would never have held up his head again. That the Royal Party was amazed and confounded is not wonderful; one would have thought it would have been impossible ever to have formed a Royal Party afterwards. That there was no power in the country able to protect either the Lords or the Monarch in the discharge of their conscience seems too strange to be believed."

Thus writes so determined a Royalist and anti-Puritan as Joseph Henry Shorthouse, and he embodies his view of Charles's treachery and Strafford's martyrdom in one of the best attempts to depict the Supernatural which exists in fiction. The apparition of Strafford's ghost to Charles, as set forth in the 6th chapter of vol. i. of *John Inglesant*, cannot be overpraised.

When what I ventured to call the doubtful boon of the Restoration was vouchsafed to this much-tried country, Charles II. made a great parade of his desire to disinter the "White King's" remains from the vault into which they had been ignominiously hurried, and to reinter them with filial devotion and kingly pomp. The project was abandoned on the astonishing plea that no one could tell where they were laid; although it was common knowledge that, as recorded by Herbert, they had been placed in the vault which contains the coffins of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. It is impossible to resist the surmise that Charles II., who, though less virtuous than his father, was a good deal more intelligent, thought that a public act of homage to those august remains might revive some awkward controversies and evoke a hostile demonstration. Anyhow, the project was dropped and the search was abandoned, and the "White King's" body was permitted to rest in peace for a century and a half. When at length that peace was disturbed, the disturbance came not by design but by accident. In March, 1813, some workmen employed in forming a subterranean passage into the vaults under St. George's Chapel accidentally broke a hole in the wall of the vault of Henry VIII. Looking through the aperture, they saw the coffins of Henry and of Jane Seymour, and also a third, covered with a pall of black velvet. When this discovery was reported to the Prince Regent, he determined to investigate the facts; and, accordingly, he descended into the vault, accompanied by his brother the Duke of Cumberland, Count Münster, the Dean of Windsor, an officer from the Board

of Works, and the great physician Sir Henry Halford. They removed the pall and found on the coffin-plate exactly the inscription which Herbert had recorded: "King Charles. 1649." A square hole was cut in the upper part of the coffin, and then were disclosed to view the "long oval face" and pointed beard which every portrait of Charles has depicted. Determined to prove that this was really Charles's body, and not another substituted for his, they lifted the body out of its cere-cloths, and found that the head was loose, and that the vertebræ of the neck had been severed by some sharp instrument wielded with great force. Proof was now complete, the ghastly investigation was closed, and Sir Henry Halford was commanded to write a tractate recording all that he had seen. That tractate I have just been reading, and side by side with it I set this curious paragraph from the memoir of Sir Henry Halford. After setting forth Sir Henry's professional eminence, enviable income, courtly manners, and splendid hospitality, the biographer adds a trait which must have proceeded from the jaundiced imagination of an unsuccessful rival: "It was said that he obtained possession of a portion of the fourth cerebral vertebra of Charles I., which had been cut through by the axe, and used to show it at his dinner-table as a curiosity." If this is true, I can only be thankful that Sir Henry died some years before I began dining out in London.

POSTSCRIPT

"Yesterday afternoon 'The Execution and Burial of King Charles the First' was the subject of an address delivered at the Royal United Service Institution by the Rev. Canon Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.

"He described the execution of King Charles, and stated that the sanction of Parliament was obtained for the burial of the body in the Royal Chapel of St. George at Windsor Castle. In December, 1888, the present King, then Prince of Wales, sent for the then Dean of Windsor (Dr. Randall Davidson), and, showing him a small ebony casket, informed him that it contained relics believed to be part of the body of Charles I. It would appear that Sir Henry Halford, the physician to King George, had removed from the coffin, when it was exhumed in 1813, a portion of the vertebræ, cut transversely, a portion of auburn-coloured hair, and a tooth. The Prince of Wales expressed his wish that they should be returned to the tomb, and, Queen Victoria's consent having been obtained, this was effected on December 13, 1888. A square aperture was cut in the centre of the coffin, and at 7 p.m., the Prince of Wales, in the presence of the dean, two canons, and the surveyor, carefully placed in it the casket containing the historic relics."—*Daily News*, February 18, 1909.

"FAIR WEATHER OUT OF THE NORTH"

*Fair Weather cometh out of the North.** These cheerful words are taken from a remarkably cheerless book, and they were chosen by a well-remembered Canon of Windsor as the text of his sermon in St. George's Chapel when the arrival of Princess Alexandra from her northern home pierced the gloom in which Prince Albert's death had enveloped England.

The spring of 1909 has seen yet one more fulfilment of the preacher's prophecy (for such in substance, though not in form, it was). No one can doubt that the presence of Queen Alexandra at Berlin has brought "fair weather" in its train, and has reinforced, with the irresistible influences of grace and beauty, the efforts of a King who, in the Psalmist's phrase, "labours for peace."

Never was a country so happy in its representatives as England has been lately, for never yet has a country been represented in a foreign capital by the most popular of Kings and the most beautiful of Queens. It is an ideal partnership for the cause in hand. In days when there were no "Dreadnoughts" to disturb the peace of the world, and when even the timbers of the "Victory" had scarcely emerged from the stage of sapling-hood,

* Job xxxvii. 22.

England had a battleship which, in loyalty to a popular Sovereign, she called the "Harry Grace à Dieu." It has sometimes occurred to me, when I observed the splendid efforts to promote international good-will which have marked the present reign, that "Edward Grace à Dieu" would be the most suitable name for a lifeboat or a liner or a merchantman. It could never be associated with thoughts of carnage and destruction and calamity, but would be an absolutely suitable cognizance for whatever serves the salvation of human life and the friendly intercourse of the peoples of the world.

It has been wisely observed that, "when God forms a human life to do some appointed task, His preparatory action may be traced in the circumstances of birth and environment not less clearly than in other provisions of Nature or of Grace." A boy's nature is—

"Wax to receive and marble to retain"—

and those "circumstances" were, in the case of King Edward VII., exactly such as best to prepare it for its predestined life-work. Our first glimpse of the King is when, born Duke of Cornwall but not yet created Prince of Wales, he received (in his bassinet) the ardent homage of Bishop Wilberforce, and the gratifying tribute that he was "a remarkably fine boy." Of his childhood a touching account was left by his governess, Sarah Lady Lyttleton, who said that when (at seven) he had been taken from her charge and placed under tutors and governors, he used to sigh, as he passed her schoolroom-door, and murmur, "Ah! those happy days."

When the Prince was thirteen, the ever-watchful and

sagacious Stockmar (who was a doctor as well as a courtier) pronounced that the Prince was the strongest of all the Royal family, and capable of bearing great fatigue. Four years later, Charles Greville writes in his diary—

"I hear the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales announcing to him his emancipation from parental authority and control, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object; and that, well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never obtrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it whenever he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince and to have touched his feelings to the quick, for he brought it to Gerald Wellesley (the Dean of Windsor) in floods of tears."

That parental admonition was of course enforced—as not all admonitions, whether parental or other, are—by the force of conspicuous and consistent example. From the course pursued alike by Queen Victoria and by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales must have learnt the conception of Sovereignty as an absorbing and exacting work, and the imperious obligation of public duty.

It was on March 10, 1863, that the Prince received into his own life that "Fair Weather" which "cometh out of the North"; and Bishop Wilberforce, noting the scene from his place by the altar of St. George's,

wrote: "The Princess of Wales was calm, feeling, self-possessed; the Prince with more depth of manner than ever before, and the Queen above, looking down, added such a wonderful chord of deep feeling to all the lighter notes of joyfulness and show."

And then began that long and brilliant career of social service by which the Heir Apparent and his beauteous wife so swiftly and so easily won the affections of a not easily deceived people, and aroused from its transient sleep—

"Our loyal passion for our temperate Kings."

As regards the Prince, it cannot be doubted that the considerable period which elapsed before his accession to the Throne was an untold advantage. It enabled him to test by personal experience the pleasures and the responsibilities of a land-owner's life; to judge by observation the farmer's trials and the labourer's privations; to cultivate every form of popular sport; and to learn experimentally the habits and ways and sympathies of every class in the social hierarchy. "He had," writes one who knew him in early days, "an extraordinary power of putting every one at their ease, whether they might be driving a donkey-cart or cleaning a grate; without a suggestion of patronage or difference of rank." Wherever he has gone, he has added to his list of friends; and a friendship once formed he has never forgotten or forsaken. He acquired, through the experiences of public ceremonial, an absolutely perfect manner, at once stately and benign, and a faculty of public speech which made Lord Houghton characteristically say (in a letter to his son),

"After your parent, he is the best after-dinner speaker in England." Again—and this perhaps is, for our present purpose, the most important fact of all,—the Heir Apparent was able to move, as no Crowned Head could have done, on terms of easy and familiar friendship, through the capitals and provinces of Europe; mingling with appropriate dignity in the high ceremonies of Imperial Courts, and greeting the cry of "Vive la République!" with the genial assent: "Mais c'est pour la France." In 1878 Matthew Arnold wrote to his friend M. Fontanés: "Le Prince de Galles est bon enfant et bon ami." We who live in the reign of Edward VII. may say, without incurring the reproach of sycophancy, that, if England has ever had a better King, his name has not been recorded.

A visitor at Sandringham in 1864 wrote thus of his experiences: "A very pleasant visit it has been . . . they are so thoroughly kind and friendly, and leave you so very much to do as you like. She is quite charming —simplicity, goodness, dignity." It was a prelate and a courtier who wrote these words, and I am glad to avail myself of his personal pronoun. For, if I write either of "The Princess of Wales" or of "The Queen," I seem to make a dichotomy in what has been and is a beautiful and consistent whole. The life of the loved and honoured lady, who brought "fair weather out of the North" into the country which welcomed her so passionately, has been from that day to this an unbroken course of kindness and gentleness, good-will and good example, and scrupulous attention to the duties both of home and of state. She has borne great sorrow with noble fortitude, and, in

brighter hours, has "added sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier." That touching story which we read the other day, of the consumptive girl secretly befriended and transferred to environment where recovery was possible, was a typical instance of a tender-hearted benevolence which, unknown to all except the recipients of it, has reached, if it has not passed, the extreme bounds of prudence. Of what other Queen could the same be said?

It was remarked with delight by those who study the minuter observances of pageantry that on his accession King Edward immediately accorded to "our gracious Queen Alexandra" two outward marks of honour which no Queen Consort had ever before received. He seated her on the throne by his side in the House of Lords, and he made her a member of the proudest Order of Chivalry which exists—always the "Most Noble" Order of the Garter, and now more than ever noble, because its badge is worn by an incomparable Queen.

Before I close, I must turn from these high themes to the homelier witness of a neighbour at Sandringham—not, by the way, a man—

"One remarkable thing about the Princess" (this was written twenty-five years ago) "is that, while most women look better in one dress than another, she looks well in anything. You see her in full dress, with rows of priceless pearls, and those magnificent diamonds which, of all adornments, are the most difficult to wear in profusion without exceeding the limits of good taste, and you think decidedly that full dress sets her off to the best advantage. You see her in the morning, and find you have made a mistake, and like her better in the quiet serge dress with her favourite Danish cross. Yes, most

decidedly she ought to be seen in the morning. And so on through all the changes—the grey Siberian costume and cap which she wears for skating; her sailor's hat, or riding-habit, or rough ulster and cap, when driving the miniature four-in-hand of ponies, with the silvery bells, and dogs barking round—until you finally give up all comparisons, and discover what England found out long ago, that the 'fairest of daughters' is Alexandra of Denmark, Princess of Wales."

Such have been our Representatives at the Court of Berlin, and that they are what they are is the brightest omen for the cause of Peace.

PALACE AND SLUM

THERE is a hackneyed story that Queen Victoria, in the early days of her reign, going to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House, said to the Duke, as he received her at the front door, "I have come from my house to your Palace." This Royal compliment might have been even more appositely bestowed on another mansion in the sacred precinct of St. James's—Bridgewater House,—which perpetuates the name, and to some extent embodies the wealth, of the "Father of Inland Navigation." This really palatial house was built sixty years ago by Sir Charles Barry, on a plan which, though desperately wasteful of space, is at once the most striking for picturesque effect and the most convenient for entertaining on a large scale. The centre of the house is occupied by a vast hall surrounded on the upper floor by an arcaded gallery. Gallery and hall and living-rooms alike are crowded by a superb collection of pictures, in which Raphael and Rembrandt and Titian and Tintoret are represented by some of their best examples, and where nothing less worthy than a Cuyp or a Claude is permitted to find a place. The hall has been, in its day, the scene of some of the most brilliant entertaining in London, and the Picture-Gallery is not without its more serious interest. It was there that, on May 19, 1880,

Lord Beaconsfield, just driven from power, addressed a gathering of his shattered legions and, at the very height of the Gladstonian triumph, predicted the Conservative reaction which he did not live to see.

On March 22, 1909, this historic gallery was the scene of a less conspicuous, but in some respects a not less important, gathering. We are living at a moment of storm and stress. A panic-mongering press is trying to create national delirium by frantic prophecies of German aggression; and it cannot be denied that some aspects of our industrial and economic condition suggest the far more serious possibility of a social war. It is my profound conviction that the union of heart with heart and class with class is an infinitely stronger safeguard against either foreign or domestic peril than all the "Dreadnoughts" which ever were constructed, or all the Territorial Armies which ever were enrolled. It is in this view and for this reason that I attach what might seem an overweening importance to a meeting held in Bridgewater House for the furtherance of social work among the girls of Bermondsey. In something which I wrote last year I spoke of Bermondsey as a place where the eye, nose, and ear were simultaneously and sorely offended; where life was hard and money scarce; and where girls were growing up from childhood to womanhood amid conditions which, but for some moral miracle, must tend to brutalize and debase. From injured Bermondsey the reply was instantly forthcoming, that the miracle was already wrought, or at least in process of working; and that the institution attractively, though vaguely, named "Time and Talents" was rapidly

converting a specially hideous area of industrial London into an Earthly Paradise.

At Bridgewater House on the 22nd of March a goodly company—"goodly" in two senses, because it was both numerous and sympathetic—was assembled to hear the history of "Time and Talents" and to promote the work which it is doing for the social reclamation of Bermondsey. The history is curiously simple. In April, 1898, it was estimated that there were five thousand girls in the parish of St. Mary's, Bermondsey, working under the hardest conditions in the factories which make the life of the place, and utterly untended and uncared-for. A young lady, conscious of her responsibility for the right use of her "Time" and her "Talents," came over from the "West End" to Bermondsey, and heroically applied herself to what seemed the forlorn hope of civilizing and Christianizing the hordes of girls who worked in the factories at jam and glue and tin-ware. At first she toiled alone; but before long a band of young ladies, who felt a similar responsibility for the good gifts of life, came across the Thames and threw in their lot with hers. Let one of them tell the tale:—

"Miss B—— came, with her old nurse, to live in rooms amongst very rough neighbours. The Rector lent her a room for her proposed Girls' Club. By means of playing a piano near the window and singing hymns on a Sunday afternoon, she attracted the girls to the room, and soon about forty very rough and ignorant girls joined the club. A year later two small shops were converted into a clubroom, with bedrooms over the shops for the girls who had no home. The work was done under difficulties. Dinners were cooked in the basement,

and everything was done in the most primitive way. But the work grew, and the girls learnt to love their club and their 'Lady' or 'Sister,' as they always called her. In 1900 Miss B—— left to be married, but still the club grew and grew, and finally got crowded out. Two fairy godmothers came to its help, who resolved to collect £1000 to build a new club-room, to be called the Victoria Hall. They began to collect in 1901, and in February, 1902, the room was opened free of debt by the Lord Bishop of Southwark. It is a most charming room, holding some 150 girls, and has been a haven of rest to many a girl since. By this time the club had some 200 members, and all sorts of classes were carried on—drilling, cooking, needlework, educational, and a Bible Class of from 80 to 100 girls. Dinners at cost price were held from one to two o'clock in the hall, and about 80 girls were helped in this way. Factory-visiting in the dinner hour was another branch of the work.

"Country holidays—sending girls away for a week or a fortnight—are another popular side of the work. In the early days of the club nothing would induce the girls to go away, and at first they had to be bribed to go to the country. On one memorable occasion a great deal of trouble was taken to send two girls away. A bad thunderstorm came on, and they fled to the station and took the first train home, and arrived breathless at the club to tell 'Sister' that the Day of Judgment was imminent. There are no such difficulties now, but all clamouring for country holidays.

"In 1903 some twenty of the girls, who had been confirmed, formed themselves into a Band of Helpers for the club, visited absent members, and canvassed for recruits. In order to find them something more definite to do, they were encouraged to form a fresh club, on similar lines, in the adjoining parish of Christ Church, Dockhead, close to the waterside of Jacob's Island, which lovers of Dickens know full well. That club has grown with rapid growth, and is now in a most flourishing condition."

Such was the tale which, illustrated by vivid pictures of life in a slum, was unfolded at Bridgewater House, before an audience which included a Princess of the Royal blood, and under the presidency of the Bishop in whose diocese, and under whose eye, the moral miracle has been wrought. One of the speakers confessed that he had only lately become acquainted with this organized work of ladies who still belonged, in a sense, to the world; who had renounced no ties of relationship, but still discharged their natural duties as daughters and sisters, and not seldom, when they became wives and mothers, found that they owed much to their experience, longer or shorter, at the Home of "Time and Talents" in sordid Bermondsey. The speaker went on to say that he had been closely associated with the work of some great English Sisterhoods, and that each of those communities was marked by some special characteristic. This was illustrated by a story, which, if not true, is at least well invented. A Sister from East Grinstead, a Sister from Clewer, a Sister from Wantage, and a Sister from Kilburn found themselves together in a house in which a fire broke out. The Sister from Grinstead said, "We must pray." The Sister from Clewer said, "I must ask the Mother Superior what to do." The Sister from Wantage said, "We had better get some water and try to put the fire out." The Sister from Kilburn said, "We must start a fund to repair the building." The audience, which had come to hear the praises of "Time and Talents," seemed a little to resent this intrusion of the Cloister, until the speaker explained that, in his view, "Time and Talents" combined the characteristic virtues of all four

communities. The work done at the Settlement in Bermondsey is like the work of East Grinstead, because it is begun, continued, and ended in prayer. It is like the work of Clewer, because it is organized, disciplined, and methodical. It is like the work of Wantage, because it is pre-eminently practical. It is like the work of Kilburn, because it possesses the power of extracting money from tightly closed purses and buttoned pockets. "'Time and Talents,'" said the speaker in conclusion, "has collected strenuously and expended wisely. It now requires £500 for the completion of its buildings. There are in this gallery at this moment people who could give the whole sum, and scarcely feel the loss of it. Bermondsey begs it, and surely St. James's will not be deaf to the demand."

P.S.—Unfortunately, St. James's proved rather hard of hearing.

DISCORDS

"I HOPE you will not think there is too much of the Gospel in it for a Foreign Secretary." One can scarcely picture Sir Edward Grey making this comment on one of his own despatches, as he forwards the draft to Mr. Asquith for approval. But this was the language used by Lord John Russell to Lord Aberdeen with reference to a despatch which, when the shadow of the Crimean War was impending over Europe, he addressed to our Ambassador at Paris. Certainly the document in question is couched in a style in which neither the English Foreign Office nor the European Chancelleries habitually convey their sentiments, and one can conceive that the reproach of "too much Gospel" might have been levelled against it by a Prime Minister of a more worldly type than Lord Aberdeen.

"We should deeply regret"—wrote Lord John—"any dispute that might lead to conflict between two of the Great Powers of Europe; but, when we reflect that the quarrel is for exclusive privileges in a spot near which the Heavenly Host proclaimed peace on earth and good-will towards men—when we see rival Churches contending for mastery in the very place where Christ died for mankind—the thought of such a spectacle is melancholy indeed."

The contrast which occurred to Lord John in

connexion with space strikes me not less forcibly in connexion with time. The discord between the thoughts appropriate to the Holy Week, and the topics most eagerly discussed in the Press and in Society, has been too painful to be ignored. "Does it ever strike you," wrote Lord Houghton, "that nothing shocks pious people so much as any immediate and practical application of the character and life of Christ?" It was not an "ecclesiastically minded layman"—not a starched devotee of arid dogma—that asked this question, but a Man of the World in the fullest and broadest sense; and yet his words might well have been made the subject of a sermon in this strange Holy Week of warlike frenzy.

When the hideous cry for undiscriminating vengeance rose over the hot cinders of the Indian Mutiny, the great Lord Elgin said: "I have seldom, from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world." One need not go so far as India to discover this painful discord between the theory and the practice of Religion—between what as Christians we profess to believe, and what as citizens we feel constrained to do.

"As for resisting no evil and forgiving our enemies, why, good Heavens! what would become of our splendid armaments? The suggestion, put so downrightly, is quite too wild. In short, as a distinguished Bishop put it, Society could not exist for forty-eight hours on the lines laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. (I forget the Bishop's exact words, but they amounted to a complete and thoroughly common-sense repudiation of Gospel Christianity.)"

My friend Mr. Quiller-Couch wrote that passage during the frenzy of the South African War; but it is not less appropriate to our Paschal Feast of Dreadnoughts and Territorials. Not long ago I read among the advertisements of a Tory paper this appetizing announcement: "Society of the Good Shepherd.—Mr. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., opens a Rifle Range, the Bishop of Southwark presiding, at the Boys' Hostel, 34, Camberwell Green." Such is the Christian training of the young. The Good Shepherd and the Rifle Range, with a Bishop to bless the combination! Surely the force of Discord could no further go.

"Contending for mastery in the very place where Christ died for mankind." I dwell with pleasure on those grave words of the old Whig Statesman, because they have in them the flavour of an age when men realized that, if, in the face of widespread and arrogant negation, they still clung to the Christian creed, their faith must rule their action. "We have," said Ruskin, "been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now finally betray, or learn to defend by fulfilling." And yet, when we were satiating our thirst for revenge and trampling out liberty in South Africa, and now again when we are preparing to destroy one another at unprecedented distances and to blow our fellow-Christians into space, there have been Christian preachers who have done their best to encourage the blood-lust and to stimulate the panic.

> "They said their duty, both to man and God,
> Required such conduct—which seemed very odd."

"The very place where Christ died for mankind."

Towards that place the thoughts of all serious Christians throughout the world are just now turned. This is not the language of exaggerated Anglicanism, for even in the Eastern Churches, with their different rule for computing Easter, Lent is now deepening into Passion-tide; and the vast bodies of Christian believers who are separated from the outer framework of the Church share increasingly the spirit with which Church-people regard Good Friday and Easter-Day. The week which ends to-day * has been a week of preaching and prayer and penitence, of crowded churches and solemnly-ordered services—from the Procession of Palms and the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified and the wail of the Tenebræ and the Devotion of the Three Hours, to the prayer-meeting in the village chapel and the open-air preaching in slums and at dock-gates. The whole week has been given by those who take their religion seriously, and by many who do not, to thoughts of Bethany and Gethsemane and Calvary; and yet all the while the air has been full of discords. The public language of the hour is, as Lord Elgin said, not even reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity has ever come into the world. Where St. Paul praised Love, we deify Selfishness. In our new Gospel, War is substituted for Peace on Earth; and, for good-will towards men, a blind and furious animosity. The Christian ideal contemplates a condition of human intercourse in which Yea means Yea and Nay Nay; where men move and work in transparency and daylight. For this we have substituted a mental habit of chronic suspiciousness, and a fixed refusal to believe that any

* April 10, 1909.

race of human beings, in Europe or in the East, can have any other object than rapine enforced by bloodshed.

There have been preachers, and philosophers too, who, perhaps misled by a too insistent and exclusive contemplation of a glorious vision, have dreamed of a millennium here on earth, where the only rivalry between nation and nation should be the generous effort of each to outstrip the other in enterprises for the common good of all; and, although this may be nothing more substantial than a vision, it is a pleasanter object of contemplation than the fair face of Europe covered by an iron network of hostile camps, and the seas running red with human blood; even the air itself reeking with a "ghastly dew," raised by "airy navies, grappling in the central blue." Preacher and philosopher alike must feel a profound and salutary shame when they see that, after nearly two thousand years of Christian civilization, we have improved so little on the instincts and habits of those primæval beings which "tare each other in their slime." Ever and anon we lapse into a condition of complacency and self-content from which we soon are roused by some unusually horrible outbreak of that warlike spirit which is in truth an emanation from Hell.

"For our Chiefs said 'Done,' and I did not deem it;
Our Seers said 'Peace,' and it was not peace;
Earth will grow worse, till men redeem it,
And wars more evil, till all wars cease." *

Fifty years ago—on Good Friday, 1859—on the eve of the campaign of Solferino, the greatest of modern preachers enforced the lesson in words which perhaps

* G. K. Chesterton.

contained "too much Gospel" to be reproduced in their entirety here, but from which I would make a concluding citation—

"Threatening clouds are now gathering over the sky of Europe, and men say that we may daily expect to hear that a war has commenced of which none may venture to limit the range or the duration. On such a day, beneath the Cross of Him Who died to reconcile earth and Heaven, we might indeed desire to forget even those grave anxieties. Yet we do well to remember them, if they should remind us that no material improvements in the outward aspects of human life, no mental culture, no social refinement, no political advancement, no lapse of years, can eradicate the deep-seated evil of that nature of ours which was represented on the Cross. . . . It would be a work of Christian charity, in strict harmony with the purpose of this day's observance, if each one of us should here resolve, on this very day, secretly and earnestly to beseech Him Who alone can govern the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, that He would look once more on the Face of His Anointed and vouchsafe to give peace in our time to the angry and distracted nations." *

* Dr. Liddon, University Sermons, Series I.

CITIES OF REFUGE

AFTER discords, Harmony—one of those perfect harmonies between the material and the moral world which visit us all too rarely, but on that account are trebly precious—

> "Such delights
> As float to earth, permitted visitants,
> When in some hour of solemn jubilee
> The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
> Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
> Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
> And odours snatched from beds of amaranth."

It is true that Coleridge wrote those lines on Christmas Eve, but surely they would find a more appropriate setting in the sounds and scents of Easter. To-day is really Spring.* The soft south-west breeze salutes us lovingly as we race across the common or saunter through the meadows. A veil of delicate greenness, almost as impalpable as air, swathes the hedgerows and seems to float like a cloud over the distant woodlands. The bulbs are piercing the turf with pointed shafts of amethyst and topaz; and, as we kneel to gather them, we drink the delicious smell of the moist and teeming soil. In fine, it is an English Spring day, in all its delicate and virginal beauty, and, as a matter of merely physical enjoyment, who can desire more? But physical

* April 13, 1909.

enjoyment, when blended with moral distress, yields only discord; and the charm of this evanescent hour is that both the material and the moral world are for once attuned to that "sevenfold chorus of Alleluias and harping symphonies" which was a poet's idea of Heaven. Just for the moment the fomenters of strife have rested from their disastrous labours, and we are permitted to enjoy at least a dream of Peace and Good-will, at the season of the year which was chosen by God for festival, who knows how many thousand years ago! For this interval, brief though it may be, of unbroken harmony between the human heart and the natural world we cannot be too thankful. The effect of contact with Nature in her softest and yet most animating mood, when we have so lately been vexed with all the storms of jealousy and fury and suspicion, is a soothing and healing charm, like that which the genius of Wordsworth exercised. His generation was even more perilously storm-tossed than our own. He, too, had "fallen on an iron time, Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears." He sought his own solace from Nature, and what he received from her he imparted to the minds which submitted themselves to the sway of his profound and awful wisdom.

"He laid us, as we lay at birth,
On the cool, flowery lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again.
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
Our youth returned, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead—
Spirits dried up and closely furled—
The freshness of the early world."

The freshness of the early world—no combination of words could so perfectly express the delight of sense and spirit, the absolute harmony between man and Nature, which is the peculiar boon of a bright April day, when the strife of tongues has for the moment ceased, and "the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations" have been lulled to rest.

I have been, like Wordsworth, stepping westward. London, huge, amorphous, and ever-extending, was left far behind under its pall of smoke. My way has led me along the Valley of the Thames, which Matthew Arnold called "the only *riant* part of England." Tossing breezes and volleying rain have swept down upon us from the uplands of Berkshire. We have spread our wrappers on the spongy ground, and eaten our picnic-luncheon under the friendly cover of the beeches which give its name to Beaconsfield. We have felt it almost a profanity to be drinking ginger-beer in what John Evelyn called "the nemorous temple," though now only the bare ruin of what it was last autumn and next month will be again. We have seen the stately Keep of Windsor, "with its double belt of kindred and coeval towers, guarding and overlooking the subjected plain." No country in Europe is so rich in parks and pleasure-grounds as England, and we have passed an endless succession of them full of life and youth—merry-looking girls cantering on hog-maned ponies, and their schoolboy-brothers trying to get the cricket-ground into order for a fortnight's practice before they return to the Playing Fields of Eton or the Hill of Harrow. At length we reach our journey's end, and there the harmony which

has marked the day—the perfect accord of Nature and the human heart—is realized in its completeness. There is the grey tower of the village-church, surrounded by its immemorial yews and the quiet graves of the forgotten dead; and within, the village-altar, in its Easter garniture of primroses and daffodils and white hyacinths, and the tablets which tell of lives hidden indeed, but nobly lived, in the pastoral service of the poor. And, close by, the Village Green with all its sturdy traditions of free speech and common rights, and in the centre of it a cavernous and antlered oak, too old for shipbuilding when the Protector commandeered it.

Not far from the Village Green there stands a group of buildings, each of which contributes its share to the perfect harmony of the scene. They present something of a monastic aspect, and yet their surroundings seem intensely human. Here, in a green-growing meadow, a bevy of scarlet-shirted boys are enjoying to the full the last delights of expiring football. Under a clump of horse-chestnuts just swelling into bud, a team of uniformed maidens are arranging sides for a hockey-match. The pink blossoms of the almond fringe a pretty garden, where a little family of orphans, gathered from the poorest slums of London, are watching with delighted curiosity the growth, almost perceptible to the eye, of crocus and anemone. Not far off, the heaven-pointing spire of a graceful chapel, rising amid cloisters and quadrangles and crowned by the triumphant Cross, speaks of reclamation and restitution to those who most need the message. And here I seem to see in its perfection the harmony of the material and the moral

world—the sacred beauties of spring-tide blended with ministries of healing and benediction.

It is now some fifty years since a little band of delicately-nurtured ladies, "forgetting their own people and their father's house," banded themselves together for the service of the poor, the young, the ignorant, and the outcast, and chose this secluded village, scarcely marked on the map of the County, for the scene of their Christ-like labours. Rank and riches and social ambition, luxury and ease and self-indulgence, were silently but resolutely laid aside. "Members of a Sisterhood," wrote Dr. Pusey, "even if they had rank, forget it. Ladies are only known by their more delicately shaped hands and refinedness of manners." Some of the greatest names in English and Scottish history may be found inscribed in the register of the Sisterhood, but are superseded by the gentle appellations of "Sister Alice" or "Mother Kate." An aloofness from the world, which has in it neither Pharisaism nor bitterness, a perfect refinement of speech and bearing, a tranquil fortitude which no commotion can disturb, form an atmosphere around these dedicated lives. And to those qualities are added, as so often in the history of great saints, a power of organization, a gift of method and discipline, which prevent holy impulses from running to waste for want of common sense. It has been a case of the grain of mustard-seed. Fifty years ago half a dozen Sisters of Mercy were living with and working for a little band of rough and dissolute girls, in a village chosen expressly for its remoteness from the world. To-day two hundred ladies, associated under the protection of the Threefold

Vow, and directed from this obscure centre, are performing the elaborate and world-wide work of which we have already caught some passing glimpses. Orphans are received into Homes brighter and kinder than those which they have lost. Boys and girls of all social grades are trained, alike by work and by play, for healthy and serviceable lives. The victims of the world's fathomless misery and degradation are restored by love and patience to self-reverence and self-control. We most of us agree that the Social Service of Humanity is the noblest of occupations, and to see it performed amid conditions of natural beauty, and under the joyous influences of the world's yearly resurrection, is to taste the sweetness of an unmarred Harmony.

So far I have been thinking of, though perhaps not exactly describing, Clewer. I now turn my thoughts towards another true "City of Refuge" for fugitives whom the Furies and Fates are hunting to destruction.

Some twenty miles from London, where the main road to Brighton cuts its way across the breezy uplands of Surrey, lies the "Industrial Farm-Colony" of Duxhurst. The traveller turns abruptly from the high-road, and finds himself in a wide-spreading meadow, beyond which lie cornfields ripe for harvest, and turnips which surely must mean partridge-shooting when September comes. The centre of the scene is a Farm House of rich red brick; and, beyond it, a sunny garden slopes away to the meadows, and lawns as smooth and soft as velvet divide the flower-borders. Roses and hollyhocks

bloom against the clipped yew-hedge, and across the fields the distance stretches to the chalky hills, and the Pilgrims' Way along which Chaucer's jocund company journeyed towards Canterbury. Following the path across the meadow, we soon come to a quadrangle of small thatched cottages. The walls are covered with white roses, and under the porches, beneath the clematis and the creepers, there are groups of neatly-dressed women. Some are sitting with their needlework in their laps. Some are knitting. Most are talking. Others are leaning against the white gate, cheered by the sound of children's voices as it comes across the distant fields. Close by, stands a little church bright with the Beauty of Holiness and the skill of artistry, and round it is another group of cottages, while yet another nestles on the border of a pretty wood. Presently a band of children clad in scarlet comes dancing across the fields, where their voices have preceded them, shouting as they come, with wreaths of wild roses and honeysuckle and branches in their hands; and, as the women look, they laugh, and the lines of care are smoothed from weary brows, and wrinkles are lost in smiles.

This is Duxhurst, and now for its history.

Some fifteen years ago a lady, who had learnt the divine lesson of compassion in the school of sorrow, determined to devote all that she had—rank and money and influence, and the richer treasure of sympathy—to the task, generally considered hopeless, of reclaiming inebriate women. She utterly distrusted all the methods which savour of the Prison and the Penitentiary, and resolved to try what could be done by regulated activity

in bright and comfortable homes. With this end in view, she established herself in the Farm House at Duxhurst, near Reigate, and the whole colony as it exists to-day has grown up under her fostering care. The leading features of the system are interesting because distinctive. Of course the treatment is both material and moral. None of the much-advertised "Cures" or Patent Medicines for inebriates are employed, but every patient, as soon as she arrives, is placed in the Infirmary. It is found by experiment that this plan saves self-respect. "It puts the emphasis on the physical, and not the moral, side of the question." The moral treatment comes later. Again, a vast number of cases of inebriety in women arise from the wearing torment of some unsuspected or untreated disorder; and here, obviously, the time spent in the Infirmary, under skilled doctoring and nursing, may check the temptation at its source. And yet again the simple, yet excellent, food provided in the Infirmary—beautifully cooked and served with the most exquisite propriety—is an invaluable help towards recovery. "The failure of Reformatories often lies in the fact that many do not realize that inebriate women cannot at first eat the food which they will eat with avidity after a few months' abstinence from alcohol."

As soon as the patient is pronounced by the doctor to be fit for work, she is invited to undertake some congenial occupation; and, as a rule, it is found best that the occupation should be a novel one—partly because novelty is interesting, and partly because it does not recall the miserable associations of past sin

and shame. Some choose embroidery and artistic needle-work; weave beautiful linen in white or colours, and make ingenious varieties of decorative drapery. Some, less deft-fingered, work in the dairy, which, with its shady coolness, and pretty fixtures, and busy operators, is a very model for a Dutch painter. Then, of course, there is the whole of the domestic work of the several cottages to be done; but the most excellent of all employments is supplied by the various gardens.

"The best antidote for alcoholic poisoning is to be found in pure air and bright sunshine. The wholesome work on the lawns, in the flower-beds, in the vegetable-garden, and in the forcing-houses, has built up women who have come utter wrecks, in a manner which could not be believed if it had not been seen."

In the early morning groups of women, in serge aprons and straw hats, can be seen leaving the cottages for their work in the gardens. They go to their daily task cheerful and happy—some to grow tomatoes in the glass-houses, or cucumbers for the early market. Some are busy picking fruit for sale in London, and in the winter they sort seeds and plait baskets. All this work, which of course requires some technical skill, is done under the instruction of a lady taught at Swanley College.

With regard to the moral training of Duxhurst, two special features stand out conspicuous. One of them is the multiplicity of cottages, so infinitely more attractive than one central "Institution." It is the object of these cottages to recreate in the patient's mind the ideal and attractiveness of the Home. "Most of these women have

shattered every ideal, broken their homes, and alienated their families." Therefore, as a prime step towards restoration, they are placed in these little, home-like cottages, where the plain but pretty furniture, the brightly-tinted walls, the simple pictures, the well-polished pewter, and the trim array of willow-pattern china on the orderly shelves, remind one at every turn of what a poor but well-managed home can be at its best. "Each Cottage is presided over by a Nurse-Sister, who knows the women individually, and watches over them with personal care."

The second of the two features which are so specially characteristic of Duxhurst is the presence of the children. In the exquisitely-appointed little "Birds' Nest," which is the Nursery of the Colony, some thirty mites are tenderly nurtured, and systematically won back to happiness and health. They have been placed there by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and have suffered, generally at the hands of drunken parents, the most horrible tortures. They have been starved to the verge of death, kicked and beaten black and blue, dragged about by the hair, scorched with hot irons. Saved from this hell on earth, they find at Duxhurst that Heaven of innocent joy which to more happily placed children comes as a matter of course. But they are not at Duxhurst for their own good only. They are there to help the women. It is found by experience that there is no more effective aid towards the restoration of pure and womanly ideals in the heart of the repentant Inebriate than daily contact with innocent and beautiful childhood, with all its pathos

and interest and hopefulness. Of the distinctly theological training supplied at Duxhurst, through a devoted chaplain and ladies consecrated by religion to the work, this is not the place to speak.

Space is running out, and I must say a final word about results. The great and fundamental Lie which has so long checked good endeavours for the reclamation of Female Inebriates is familiar to any one who has ever heard the subject discussed. "You may perhaps cure a male drunkard," says the Man in the Street, "but a female drunkard never." Here is the answer, supplied by the Medical Officer of Duxhurst—

"In two years 120 patients were admitted, of whom 109 have been discharged, while 11 still remain under treatment. Of these cases, the cures were 66 per cent. The results continue to be satisfactory, and this is no doubt partly due to the after-care of the patients when set free, so that some of them come to look on Duxhurst as a second home, where they can come for a rest or a holiday, and the officials as their friends."

The Foundress and Superintendent of the Duxhurst Farm Colony—Lady Henry Somerset, to whom I am indebted for the opportunity of observing this great work of reclamation—writes as follows:—

"About 1100 women have now gone through the Homes. We try to correspond with as many as possible. They write more as schoolgirls would, about a school where they have been happy, and to which they are always glad to return, than as inmates of an Institution. I have found out the folly of the axiom that 'women can't be cured,' and I have

seen the wonderful amount of good in so many victims of their own weakness."

Rightly indeed has Duxhurst chosen for its motto those most pathetic words of the English Litany:— "To comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall."

AN ENLISTMENT

WHEN the present Dean of Manchester published a volume of sermons which he had preached in the Chapel of Harrow School, he wrote in the preface—

"Some of those to whom these sermons were preached will perhaps value them, if not for their own sake, yet for the memories which they awaken. To me, at least, they will ever have a value, as recalling the sea of faces upon which I have looked so often and with so deep an interest."

That happy phrase "the sea of faces" recurred to me, with all its expressive force, one day when I was sitting in the chancel of Harrow Chapel and gazing down upon the central aisle, in which a hundred Harrow boys were gathered for their Confirmation. The Chapel is a graceful work of Sir Gilbert Scott in the early days when he was most directly under Gothic influence, and the pious munificence of half a century has filled and beautified it with mementoes of the unforgotten dead. The sunshine of a May morning as it falls through the storied glass makes the delicate columns flare with the hues of ruby and sapphire and amethyst and topaz. The tablets of alabaster and marble bear the effigies and the names of men who have made the School famous, and loved it dearly and served it faithfully, and—more impressive than any memorials of manhood or old age—the

brief records of young lives cut short by accident or illness in the bright spring of glorious boyhood. Eastward, decked with gold and colour like some dream of Fra Angelico, stands the altar before which many a boy has "first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood;" * and westward stretches the "sea" of young and upturned faces, pale and tense with mastered emotion, on which the Bishop of London, himself still in some ways a boy, looks down with the fond and anxious interest of an elder brother.

> "Who, less insensible than sodden clay
> In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,"

could look unmoved on such a scene and such a congregation? This is certainly not the place for a discourse on the theology of Confirmation. I content myself with remarking that the Church of England, unique, as I believe, in this respect, requires a Renewal of Baptismal Vows from those whom she is going to confirm. The Renewal comes first, and is the preliminary and condition of what follows. The catechumen, who now has consciously and by an act of the will, renewed the vow made for him in his helpless infancy, is a fit recipient of the blessing of Confirmation. This distinction between the earlier and the later part of the service was clearly marked by the Bishop. With the later part I do not propose to meddle. One of the boys who was confirmed that day has since written to me, "I simply loved the Bishop's address, and was so glad that it was he who confirmed

* *Tom Brown's School Days*, chap. ix.

me," and, as I heard the address, I thought that it contained some lessons for people who are no longer boys. The leading idea of it was that everybody who, by renewing the Baptismal Vow, enlists himself in the Christian army, thereby pledges himself to a life of active service on behalf of the cause which he has made his own. But of that service there are infinite varieties.

In the first place, as perhaps was only natural when he knew that so large a proportion of his hearers were going on to the University, the Bishop bade every boy consider within himself whether the Christian ministry was not his rightful post of duty. As he urged this point he seemed to re-echo the words—he certainly reproduced the spirit—in which a great preacher addressed the Harrow boys of forty years ago:—

"I tell you that you are fitted for the life of clerical service above all others. Yours is that habit of living by rule, of living as members of a body, of merging self in a society, of giving rather than receiving, which is the first requisite of a Churchman and a Christian. Yours is that experience of the beauty, of the happiness, of the necessity, of courtesy—of regarding others' feelings and respecting others' infirmities—for lack of which many clergymen irritate and offend and disgust, and at last alienate. Yours, above all, is that spirit of disciplined freedom—of thinking, feeling, acting for yourselves, yet this not capriciously, not arbitrarily, not loosely and at random, but under instructions which you honour and influences which you love—for lack of which, far more than from mere independence of thought or violence of passion, our Church is at this moment rent asunder—the mockery of men, the sorrow of angels."

But not every Christian is called to be a priest. No

one recognizes that elementary truth more clearly than the present Bishop of London. He knew that he was addressing a congregation—for parents were present in great numbers—of rich people. Harrow has long since shaken herself free of the shameful boast that she was the most expensive school in England; but the Bishop, as he scanned those crowded benches, must have seen there the potentialities of wealth, which, if directed into the right channels, would alter the face of the country. Boldly he drove home his lesson. "There is no class—I say it advisedly, no class—which does so little for the evangelization of London and the spiritual service of the poor as the class to which you belong." Some of the boys were the bearers of great names and heirs to wide estates. For them there was the high and honourable ambition of being what Lord Shaftesbury, at their age and standing on the selfsame Hill, had pledged himself to be. Others would find their wealth in commerce; and in commerce, more perhaps than in any other calling, there is the temptation to forget all that really makes life worth living in the sordid pursuit of wealth for wealth's sake. For such as these, the names of Peabody and Morley and Hubbard and Gibbs are written in letters of gold for encouragement and stimulus.

Then, again, the upper ranks of the army are mainly recruited from the Public Schools; and for the boy who looks forward to a military career there is a long and golden line of heroic example, beginning with the Devout Centurion and the Christian legions of Constantine, and ranging down, through the iron soldiery of the Commonwealth and the stout Covenanters of

Cameron, to the more modern but not less glorious names of Havelock and Lawrence and Nicholson and Hedley Vicars.

Addressing a congregation of Harrow boys, it is pretty safe to assert that before many years are over some of them will be members of one or other of the two Houses of Parliament, and probably of the Cabinet. Here is a noble and definite field of Christian service, becoming every year less easy to occupy in the "teeth of clenched antagonisms," but on that very account increasingly attractive to young and ardent natures which believe in, and long to prove, their own high capacities.

I believe that I have caught, if not the words, at least the substance of the Bishop's exhortation; and, when we had heard the deep but unshaken "I do" which responded to the Church's preliminary question, and when we had sung the awful invocation of the *Veni Creator* over the expectant band, and had seen these young soldiers of the Cross kneeling side by side to receive the touch of the hands that blessed, I felt that we had witnessed an Enlistment for "a war in which there is no discharge."

Just now we are passing through an outbreak of national hysteria, in which all that is cowardly is mixed with all that is sordid. Our traditional virtues of calm courage and dignified self-control are flung to the winds. A mendacious telegram sends us into paroxysms of terror, and a catch-penny article in a Sunday paper makes us quake and gibber. We are deafened by the outcries of that gallant band which is brave with other people's lives

and generous with other people's money. Our thoughts are filled with schemes of competitive slaughter, and even our nightmares take the forms of panic and invasion. Of the creed so vehemently proclaimed by the professed instructors of public opinion, the first article is that England is incapable of righteous self-defence, and the second that all the peoples of the world are thirsting for our blood. Now, as in the days of the Indian Mutiny (though the national temper has infinitely less excuse), "it is difficult to hear from man or woman a sentence which is reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity has ever come into the world."

At this season of confusion and panic and resultant bloodthirstiness (for cowardice is always cruel), there is comfort in the remembrance of such an Enlistment as I have described; in the consciousness that there is an army which is sworn to the standards of righteousness and mercy, and which wins its victories not over, but for, its brothers and sisters in the human family. "Happy," said Matthew Arnold when recalling the voices which had spoken to Oxford in his undergraduate days—"happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him for ever." And what Arnold said about the Oxford of the 'forties we, who followed him there, might with no less justice say about the Oxford of the 'seventies. Let us turn from the brutal clamours of the hour to the ideal of England as sketched for us by Ruskin at a moment when, as now, the dogs of war were straining at the leash—

"For all the world a source of light, a centre of peace;

mistress of Learning and of the Arts; faithful guardian of great memories in the midst of irreverent and ephemeral visions; faithful servant of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiments and licentious desires; and, amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations, worshipped in her strange valour of good-will towards men."

ST. GEORGE AND SHAKESPEARE

YEAR by year, that good citizen Lord Meath tries to kindle our enthusiasm for "Empire Day." I forget when exactly it falls, but I know that the school-children wave banners, and I think that they are rewarded with buns. Cart-horses are decked with rosettes of Red, White, and Blue. Turgid harangues are delivered by patriotic orators, and frequent reference is made to an Empire on which the sun never sets. Jingoism in a surplice, and not seldom in Lawn Sleeves, gives its benison to the observance; and there is a great effusion of that peculiar type of ecclesiastical pomposity which on a former occasion we have not scrupled to describe as "Gas and Gaiters."

Now all this fuss, though exceedingly well meant, is quite unnecessary. Our real "Empire Day" was fixed for us a good many centuries ago. St. George of Cappadocia was acknowledged as the Patron Saint of England at the Synod of Oxford, A.D. 1220, and from that day to this the 23rd of April has been his festival. Who knows not the Red Cross Knight?—

> "And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
> The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
> For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
> And dead, as living, ever Him adored."

Wherever the banner of England floats, there floats St. George's crimson cross on its white field; and his name, though borne, it must be confessed, by some very degenerate kings, is still the symbol of loyalty, even unto death, to a loved and sacred cause. From Shakespeare and Spenser, down to Scott and Heber, all patriotic singers have recognized its significance. Mr. Laurence Housman, greatly daring, has woven it into rhyme:—

> "O help us, Helper of St. George,
> To fear no bonds that man can forge."

Thackeray invoked its aid in the stress of a contested Election:—

> "For the crown without the battle, it was never worth a pin;
> So St. George for Merry England, and may the best man win."

Spirited attempts have been made in these latter years to restore St. George's Day to the honourable prominence which it enjoyed in mediæval England, and enjoys at the present time in the Orthodox Churches of the East. But it must be remembered that a good many people pay but little heed to "Black-letter Saints' Days," and are even brutally ignorant of the *Acta Sanctorum*. For the benefit of such as these it may be well to recall the fact that, even if St. George had been not the pure and gallant soldier of Christian tradition, but the rapacious impostor whom the odious Gibbon painted, the 23rd of April would still be our "Empire Day." On that day Shakespeare was born, and Shakespeare's Empire is acknowledged with ever-increasing enthusiasm by civilized mankind. To "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake" is a stronger title to the world's

regard than the possession of all the bloated armaments that delirium ever conceived, or the reddest of red lines ever traced across a subjected Continent.

We live, said an orator of the last century, in an Age of Tercentenaries, because we live in an age which is itself the Tercentenary of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Certainly those two great awakenings of the human spirit (if, indeed, they are not more properly regarded as one) produced a series of events worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance. The two-hundredth anniversaries of those events passed, as far as we know, without special recognition. It is significant of a profound change in our way of regarding the past and our relation to it that, whereas the Eighteenth Century ignored its anniversaries, the Nineteenth Century celebrated them with an almost exaggerated ardour. There is essentially nothing more sacred in a three-hundredth than in a two-hundredth anniversary. Yet the sentiment contained in the line—

"Hic jam ter centum totos dominabitur annos"

laid a strong hold on the public imagination, newly educated into a sense of historic continuity; and every institution, every society, almost every building, which could trace its descent from the Sixteenth Century burst into a Tercentenary passion, and celebrated its three-hundredth birthday with an even religious ardour. No doubt some of the events commemorated were insignificant enough. Perspective and proportion were lost sight of. Rodwell Regis glorified the foundation of its Grammar School, and the citizens of Little Pedlington

presented the Mayor with a new cocked-hat on the three-hundredth anniversary of the day on which the Town Hall was opened. But two or three of these Tercentenary festivals remain in my memory, marked by a special interest. As a rule they were local, but one was National.

On April 23, 1864, all England celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. St. George, in spite of Shakespeare's devotion to him, fell back into a neglected shade; while a blaze of festal light illumined Stratford-on-Avon, which was, of course, the centre and focus of the day's rejoicings. Those rejoicings were of a highly variegated character. Memorial Trees were planted; relics of the Bard were exhibited; expeditions were made to Charlcote and Arden. Shakespearean songs were sung at crowded concerts, and Shakespearean comedies played before enraptured audiences. A deputation from the "Free German Institute of Arts and Sciences" was appropriately led by Professor Max Müller. In the glorious church of Stratford sermons were preached by Archbishop Trench of Dublin (who took for his text "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above") and by Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, whose treatise on Shakespeare's knowledge of the Bible is a monument of perverted ingenuity. At the Banquet—for what celebration, Tercentenary or other, would be valid without a banquet?—the chair was taken by George William Frederick, seventh Earl of Carlisle, one of the most accomplished men of his day, as well as one of the soundest Liberals. His speech in proposing

the toast of the evening is, I should think, the only Tercentenary oration which has survived the lapse of forty years:—

"Presumptuous as the endeavour may appear to classify, there would seem to be a few great tragedies which occupy summits of their own. 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,' 'Lear,' 'Othello'—I feel we may take our stand within that unassailable quadrilateral, and give our challenge to all the world. I feel, indeed, tempted to upbraid myself when I think of all the outlying realms of strength and comeliness which I thus seem to leave outside—the stately forms of Roman heroes, the chivalry marshalled round our Plantagenet Kings, the wit of Mercutio, Beatrice, and Falstaff—the maiden grace of Imogen and Miranda; Ariel the dainty sprite, Oberon and his elfin Court, the memories which people the glades of Ardennes, the Rialto of Venice, the Garden of Verona; giving to each glorious scene and sunny shore a stronger lien upon our associations than is possessed by even our own native land. And now it is time that I should call upon you, in the right of all the recollections which must throng your own breasts far more copiously and vividly than I could hope to present them to you—by the thrill you have felt in the crowded theatres amid all the splendours of dramatic pageantry, by the calmer enjoyment of your leisured study, by the rising of your souls when the lines which breathe and warm have led you to recognize and adore the Giver of such gifts to men,—to join me in drinking, not with the solemn silence which a more recent death might have enjoined, but with the reverential love and the admiring fervour due to the day and the man—the memory of Shakespeare!"

These are admirable sentiments, though perhaps a little flamboyantly expressed; and they testify to that genuine love of Letters which was characteristic of the Whigs in

their best days. But there always are some people so unhappily constituted that they must needs take a perverse and disparaging view of every cause which stirs the enthusiasm of their fellows, and from this odious spirit of detraction it would appear that even generous boyhood is not altogether free. In *The Tyro*, which was the school-magazine then current at Harrow, there appeared on May 1, 1864, this ill-conditioned ditty:—

"TERCENTENARY ODE TO SHAKESPEARE.

I.

"William Shakespeare! could not fame
Dim the lustre of thy name?—
Spelt, re-spelt, misnamed, corrected,
Etymologized, dissected;
Painted, sculptured, carved, and printed,
Photographed, and drawn, and tinted,
Scribbled, pencilled, chalked, and etched,
Biographically sketched,—
Born again, and schooled, and married,
Re-located, killed, and buried,
Hymned, and sonneted, and toadied,
Deified, adored, exploded,
Essay'd, epigramm'd, discuss'd,
Talked and written, cried and fussed;—
Is not thus thy fame abated?
Then thou must be Celebrated!

II.

"Bard immortal! Avon's Swan!
Is not all thy freshness gone?
Copied, folio'd, quarto'd, dated,
Altered, edited, collated,
Prefaced, published, dedicated,
Versically commendated,
'Read,' misprinted, vitiated,
Supplemented, innovated,
Blotted, glossed, and punctuated,
Added to, interpolated,
Supervised and expurgated,

Purified and emendated,
Criticized and annotated,
Accurately regulated,
Controverted, commentated,
Substituted, fabricated,
Now restored and vindicated,
Beautifully illustrated,
Bound, embellished, decorated,
Learnt by heart and imitated,
Garbled, wretchedly translated,
Quoted and misquoted, prated,
Acted, and impersonated,
Derogated, agitated;—
Still are not thy plaguers sated—
Thou must be Commemorated!"

I must apologize to the shade of good Lord Carlisle for resuscitating this counterblast to his commemorative eloquence. It is some satisfaction to the principles of literary justice to know that *The Tyro* perished early and unwept.

SOME GEORGES

THE *Tablet* of May 1, 1909, published a posthumous article by the Rev. George Angus, an exemplary priest of the Roman Church. The article began as follows:—"Some one the other day kindly sent to me a *Manchester Guardian*, in which I read with interest and amusement a paper on 'Dispensations,' written by the . . . author (the 'My dear George' of Mr. Gladstone) of *Collections and Recollections*."

After perusing Mr. Angus's words, the present writer felt like Mr. Casaubon, after he had met the learned Dr. Spanning—"I had the gratification of being praised by one who is himself a worthy recipient of praise. He spoke very handsomely of my late tractate on the Egyptian Mysteries; using, in fact, terms which it would not become me to repeat." A similar delicacy induces me to substitute dots for the laudatory epithet which Mr. Angus applied to the author of *Collections and Recollections*; and, sacrificing an honest pride to the imperious claims of Truth, I must disclaim the honour of being the "Dear George" of Mr. Gladstone's famous letter. If Mr. Angus were still among the living, I should probably have "gone about with him," as our forefathers said, for garbling Blackstone on Dispensations. But Death quits all scores, and I turn from arid

controversy to pleasanter and more personal themes. A young man of the world once said to me, "It is so much more interesting to talk about people than things," and I am not at all sure that he was wrong—especially when the "people" are one's contemporaries, and the "things" the origin and use of Dispensations.

The "My dear George" who haunted Mr. Angus's memory is my friend Mr. George Leveson-Gower, now a Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and M.P. for North-west Staffordshire from November, 1885, to June, 1886. He is one of the many young and ardent Liberals whose career was destroyed by Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule, and it was on the occasion of "My dear George's" defeat that his venerable chief offered him the extremely thin consolation that he had "suffered in a good cause," for the sudden adoption of which neither he nor his constituents had been in the slightest degree prepared. I pass from "My dear George" of Mr. Gladstone to other Georges not less dear to their many friends.

A lady who made her appearance in society about the year 1867 told me that one of her first dinner-parties was at the house of the late Mr. Robert Philips, M.P. for Bury, and that her genial host addressed her in some such words as these: "You had better take particular notice of the man who will take you in to dinner, and the man who will sit on your other side, for one or other of them is certain to be Liberal Prime Minister." They were Mr. George Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. George Trevelyan. The event did not fulfil the prediction; but the prediction, at the moment when it was uttered, seemed highly

probable. Mr. George Shaw-Lefevre, educated at Eton and Trinity, entered Parliament for Reading in his thirty-first year, became a member of Lord John Russell's Government in 1866, and of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in 1882. His abounding knowledge of politics and Political Economy, his powers of accurate statement, and his inexhaustible industry soon made him—what, as Lord Eversley, he still is—one of the foremost of English publicists. Mr. George Trevelyan was the pride of Harrow and of Trinity, the most graceful of scholars, the most humorous of satirical versifiers, and author of one of the six great biographies in the English language. He entered Parliament for Tynemouth when he was twenty-seven, three years later became a member of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, and soon established a twofold name in politics and letters. Well might Mr. Philips have thought that one or other of these two young statesmen would some day succeed Mr. Gladstone in supreme command; and if, in Lord Salisbury's phrase, he "put his money" on either, perhaps it was on the one who became his son-in-law.

To this distinguished pair two humbler names may be added, solely because the four were habitually bracketed in the stormy days of 1886–92. An acrid Liberal Unionist, who could not forgive the party which he had deserted, was reported to have said that his gorge rose whenever in society he encountered those four most offensive Georges—George Trevelyan, George Lefevre, George Leveson, and George Russell. The last and least of those four names had attained a transient fame in the session of 1884. The *Fortnightly Review* published

a remarkable article on Foreign Policy, purporting to be written by some one who possessed official knowledge, and affecting to disclose all manner of diplomatic and dynastic perils in which this country had unwittingly become involved. Lord Granville was Foreign Secretary; and, as a flimsy device for exciting public interest, the article was signed "G." The notion that Lord Granville would give away the secrets of his Department in a monthly review was so ludicrous that it was laughed out of court. But the late Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle, conceived the ingenious notion that the article might have been written by a junior member of the Government, and suggested that the writer was Mr. George Russell. Shakespeare, who always is kind to bearers of the name of George, came to the rescue of the innocent Under-Secretary, and suggested the following reply:—

> "He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
> And from the crossrow plucks the letter G,
> And says a wizard told him that by G
> His issue disinherited should be;
> And, for my name of George begins with G,
> It follows in his thought that I am he."

Mr. Cowen's guess about the identity of "G." had as little foundation as that which proved fatal to King Edward's son.

Shakespeare, as we know full well, is for all time, and never can be inopportunely quoted; but Dryasdust is another matter, and to-day for once I am not going to trouble him for biographical incidents concerning departed Georges. George Duke of Clarence may be left to struggle ineffectually in his Butt of Malmsey.

George Duke of Buckingham may rest undisturbed on that bed of "dirty red" and "tawdry yellow" which moved a poet's compassion. Let George Selwyn's quips perish unrecorded, and the gaiety of nations will not be eclipsed. The "light and music" of George Canning's eloquence are preserved for our delight in six substantial volumes which there is no need to disturb to-day. I am concerned with the living bearers of the saintly and kingly name, and among these the first place belongs of right to George Prince of Wales. The *Court Circular*, which described the ceremony of his christening, recorded that the royal infant was baptized in the name of George Frederick Ernest Albert; whereupon the *Church Times*, in those distant days enlivened by the caustic humour of Dr. Littledale, remarked that children were generally baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, but that obviously a royal baby was an exception to liturgical rule. But however the prince acquired his name, he has borne it worthily ever since the distant day when Bishop Wilberforce, on a visit to Sandringham, noted in his diary—"George full of fun, spirit, and life;" and, on the occasion of his marriage, it occurred to the fertile imagination of Lord George Hamilton that it would be a pleasing attention if all the Georges whose names were known, in any way or any degree, to the public were to combine in presenting a "George"—or badge of the Order of the Garter—to the premier George of England. The list of givers lies before me as I write, and it presents an interesting variety. George Duke of Argyll, George Armitstead, Sir George Bowen, the Hon. George Brodrick, Sir George Baden-Powell, Sir George

Birdwood, George Buckle, George Bradley, Dean of Westminster, George Earl of Carlisle, the Hon. George Curzon, Sir George Chubb, Mr. Justice George Denman, Sir George Dasent, George Dixon, M.P., Archdeacon George Denison, Sir George Errington, Sir George Elvey, the Right Hon. George Goschen, Sir George Grove, Sir George Osborne Morgan, George M'Corquodale, George Duke of Northumberland, Sir George Newnes, Sir George Stokes, George Sala, George Smith of Coalville, George Wyndham, M.P., and George Lord Young—these are only a casual handful of the names which jostle one another through six colums of close print. I append the Prince's answer addressed to Lord George Hamilton.

"July 25, 1893.

"My dear Lord George,

"You cannot think the pleasure the beautiful badge of St. George has given me, or how greatly I appreciate this token of goodwill on your own part and that of so many of those who bear the same name as I do.

"Please accept yourself, and convey to the other kind 'Georges,' my warmest thanks for a gift I shall ever most deeply value.

"And believe me, most sincerely yours,

"George."

Bilious people, humdrum people, and people who grudged their guinea, condemned the whole proceeding as fanciful and childish; but it was made dignified by one peculiarly pleasing incident. It happened, curiously enough, that the jeweller's workman who was employed to construct the badge was himself called George. Having spent a good deal of time and labour on the

production of an extremely pretty jewel, he naturally and rightly desired to have his name associated with it. He said: "I can't afford to give a gentleman's subscription, but I should like to contribute a trifle." So he did, and his name duly appears on the List of Donors. It was a gentlemanlike thought and a gentlemanlike act, and the response was worthy of it. When the subscribers to the fund waited on the Prince at York House to make the presentation, Lord George Hamilton made a special point of presenting George the workman to George the Prince, and the Prince's reception of his namesake was marked by a peculiar warmth and courtesy. Royalty did honour to itself in thus honouring the dignity of manual labour.

THE SIXTH OF MAY

THE experience of life has taught me that most people entirely lack the chronological sense. Like Lady Beaconsfield, as described by her distinguished husband, they "never can tell which came first, the Greeks or the Romans." They recognize, indeed, a few capital dates, scattered at wide intervals along the line of history. They know perhaps that the Conqueror came in 1066, and that the Duke of Wellington saved England from destruction in 1815. If they have been trained in Whiggish traditions, they revere the years 1688 and 1832. If they are Radicals, they talk feelingly of 1848 and 1867. If they are interested in foreign politics, they know what happened in 1870. If they are Gladstonians, they harp on 1880; if Tractarians, they date their existence from 1833. If they loathe the crimes and follies of the South African War, they remember 1899 with shame and indignation. But that is about all. So few are even the years which convey any special significance to "the common heart of man"; and, as to days, unless they are associated with festivals of the Church or with quarterly payments, they mean for most people absolutely nothing.

"For most people," I say, but not for all. There are some memories on which alike public and private

events are branded, as it were, with a hot iron—ineffaceably stamped and never to be forgotten. Such, for some of us, is the Sixth of May.

On the afternoon of May 6, 1882, Queen Victoria performed a public ceremony of great interest and beauty. After a ten years' struggle with the greed and selfishness of local landowners, Epping Forest had been saved for the service and enjoyment of the people, and the Queen in person dedicated it to its beneficent uses. It was an early summer and a lovely day. The vast expanse of woodland wore its freshest green, and the sky above shone like a dome of turquoise. In the hollow side of a rising ground a vast amphitheatre had been arranged, and its towering tiers of seats were crowded by a brilliant and enthusiastic throng. Presently the Royal cavalcade approached. The Queen was seated in an open carriage, which drew up at the foot of the amphitheatre. The Lord Mayor, alighting from a caparisoned charger, presented an address reciting the measures by which the Forest had been saved; and the Queen in audible tones declared it sacred "for all time" to the use and enjoyment of her subjects. The whole vast assemblage glowed with loyalty and rejoicing, and a thunderous cheer followed the Queen as she drove away. The present writer was standing by the late Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P. for Co. Limerick, a man indeed of extreme opinions, but honest and kindly. "This is a fine sight," he said, "and please God we shall yet see something like it in Ireland." Only three days before, the "Suspects" imprisoned under Mr. Forster's Coercion Act had been released, and O'Sullivan was radiant with joy and hope.

"At length," he said, "you have entered on the right path. You will hear no more of the Irish difficulty." Within an hour of the time at which he spoke, amid scenery as beautiful, in sunshine as bright, under circumstances as full of hope and promise, the newly appointed Chief Secretary—Lord Frederick Cavendish—and his colleague Mr. Burke fell dead and mangled in the Phœnix Park, and the Irish difficulty entered on the acutest phase which it has ever known. In happy ignorance of what was passing in Dublin, we journeyed back to London; and that evening, at a party given at the official residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, a strange rumour began to circulate. "Something has happened. Who says so? What is it?" and so the awe-struck whisper passed from mouth to mouth, spreading a vague sense of mysterious terror. Presently a waiter leaned across the buffet at which he was serving, and said to the present writer, "Lord Frederick Cavendish has been murdered in Dublin. I am a messenger in the Home Office, and the news came by telegram this evening." In a moment the ghastly truth seemed to pervade and master the whole assemblage. We streamed out of the house in silent horror, and watched, through the agitated night, for the dismal dawn. With morning light we learned that Lord Frederick had not died alone, and that the perpetrators of the twofold murder had escaped as swiftly and completely as if the earth had swallowed them. It seemed as if Hell had opened her mouth, and all the powers of Evil had been let loose. Never, since President Lincoln was struck down in the theatre at Washington, had the world

shuddered at so wanton and so dramatic a crime. I cannot conceive that any one who spent Sunday, May 7, 1882, in London will forget it until he forgets everything.

Next day, Mr. Gladstone, as soon as the House of Commons met, rose amid a death-like silence. "I believe," he said, "that the occasion made known on Saturday night and yesterday morning is unparalleled in our history—unparalleled for the blackness of the crime which has been committed—unparalleled, as I fully believe, for the horror which it has caused in the entire people of the United Kingdom. In the death of Mr. Burke we are robbed of one of the ablest, most upright, most experienced, most eminent, members of that Civil Service to which we owe so much for the government of the country. But, sir, the hand of the assassin has come nearer home, and, though I find it difficult to say the words, say I must that one of the very noblest hearts has ceased to beat, and has ceased at the very moment when it was just devoted to the service of Ireland, full of love for that country, full of hope for her future, and full of capacity to render her service."

Sir Henry Taylor told us long ago, in a line which though scarcely poetry is literal truth, that

> "The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

And, if this is true while they are living, it is tenfold true when they are dead. The recurrence of the Sixth of May prompts me to recall the characters and careers of the two men who on that day died martyrs to public duty.

Mr. Thomas Henry Burke (1829-1882) was an

Irishman by birth and descent, and a Roman Catholic by religion; thus in all respects allied with the people among whom he lived. He was, by all accounts, a man of singularly humane and sympathetic disposition; always inclined to side with the oppressed and needy tenant; invested by his office with no originating authority, but merely the executive instrument of his superiors, carrying out with constant, laborious, and conscientious care the duties of a difficult, disagreeable, and most onerous post.

Of his companion in death I can speak from closer knowledge. "Born," as the phrase is, "in the purple of politics," of a long descent identified through all its history with the cause of popular freedom—born to the enjoyment of whatever rank and wealth can give,—yet consecrating all with absolute self-forgetfulness to the heavy but unrecognized labours of a Private Secretaryship and a Financial office; because he loved work, because he was fired with an honourable ambition to use his powers for the good of the State, however little the State might notice him in return; and yet prepared at a moment's notice to abandon all this congenial occupation and go to other and more perilous duties because the crisis of the time seemed to demand such sacrifice, and because he was called to those new duties by the Chief whom he loved and honoured as a second father. A man who never did a violent deed or said an angry word; a man who never hurt or harmed a living creature; a man distinguished above all others by gentleness, by simplicity, and by a humility so profound that it often concealed his unquestionable powers. Such, as I knew him, was

Frederick Cavendish; and, with a reverence which the lapse of years has only increased, I lay this tribute on his honoured grave.

Whenever the Sixth of May is called to mind, it should be remembered that from the heart of a noble woman whom that day left desolate there arose no cry for vengeance, but only a pathetic prayer for the salvation of the country which had cost her so dear. Now, as of old, *Sanguis est semen.* It takes long to fructify, but a happier generation than our own may reap the fruits—

> "Others, I doubt not, if not we,
> The issue of our toils shall see;
> And children gather as their own
> The harvest that the dead have sown."

ASCOT

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON, whom I have already commemorated, wrote thus to a friend on May 18, 1873:—"I *have* seen the Shah; at least, I saw him at the Opera Comique, where he is a great deal more natural than in real life."

The italicized *have* may awaken in the memory of my middle-aged readers the refrain of a forgotten song, "Have you seen the Shah?" which obsessed London during the first visit of that lamented potentate; it was warbled in drawing-rooms, and thundered in music-halls, and shrilly re-echoed from every pavement in the childish treble of errand-boys and Post-office messengers. During three crowded weeks in the bright summer of 1873 the autocrat of Persia had, as some would say, a *succès fou*, or, in the more stately language of the newspapers, "created a veritable *furore*."

Returning to his distant realm, this truly paternal monarch published for the benefit of his untravelled subjects a journal of his experiences and observations in Europe; and this journal, translated into English, soon attained a deserved popularity. His sentence on the great events of Ascot Week is monumental—"That one horse can run faster than another is certainly true, but why make a journey to see it?" It was, in truth, no

great journey, for twenty miles would take you from Buckingham Palace to Ascot Heath. Indeed, I have heard of unscrupulous people who, wishing to let a house in Belgravia at an exorbitant rent, advertised it as "specially suitable for Ascot Races, being within an easy drive of the course," which in these days of motors and taxi-cabs it really is.

But, bating the point of distance, and facing the substance of the Shah's meditative question, it is not very difficult to say why people go to Ascot. No doubt some (though outside the ranks of professionally racing people few) go to Ascot to see "one horse run faster than another"; in other words, from genuine love of sport, if sport that can be properly called which involves no risk to one's life or limbs. Some go for business, intent on repairing the ravages of Epsom or Newmarket; and in this speculative section not a few (to use a Spanish proverb) who go for wool come away shorn.

Some thirty years ago I knew a "cheery boy" who during a course of five years in the Life Guards Green had accumulated a certain amount of liability to tailors, bootmakers, tobacconists, and horse-dealers. Just at the beginning of the season he received, quite unexpectedly, a windfall of £10,000. I called on him in his room in barracks, and found him unusually "cheery." With an air of businesslike gravity, worthy of Mr. Micawber himself, of Pip, or of Harold Skimpole, he was making a schedule of his debts and a scheme of disbursements. Snaffle and Screw would want a hundred, and must have it. Mr. Pond, the eminent vestiarian, would want a similar amount, and might wait. Tops, the bootmaker,

was a good chap, and would be quite satisfied with fifty on account; and as to Profumo, the tobacconist, it was quite palpable that his "account rendered" for £150 was a swindle, and must be enquired into and exposed. When all these payments, or substitutes for payment, were effected, there would be nine thousand to invest, and a bit over. That "bit over" would just do for Ascot, where he was going to join a particularly lively party in a Vicarage which, by its rent for Ascot week, eked out the income of an ill-endowed benefice.

There never was a prettier plan of financial reconstruction. It was as comprehensive as Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget, and infinitely simpler. Only, as bad luck would have it, the party at the Vicarage proved a little too "cheery." The fun waxed fast and furious. My friend lost £6000 on the Tuesday and £4000 on the Thursday, and Snaffle and Screw, and Pond, and Tops, and Profumo came swooping down with vulture-like rapacity on the stricken warrior. But 'twas ever thus. *Ubicumque corpus, illic aquilæ.* Ascot Heath is strewn with the corpses of "cheery boys" whose glorious schemes have miscarried.

Let us turn to happier thoughts. Ascot is pre-eminently a Ladies' Meeting. I should be the last man in the world to "profane the mysteries of Bona Dea." No one knows better than I that to describe women's dress is to court destruction. But, avoiding all unnecessary detail, I believe I may say without fear of contradiction that ladies go to Ascot in order to display their clothes. Lightness of texture, and a blend of colours at once soft and bright, seem to characterize the garments of Ascot. Open air and blue skies and gentle sunshine

and a background of unequalled beauty display alike gowns and wearers to the best advantage. 'Tis, as Lord Beaconsfield said of the Croquet-party at Brentham, "a brisk and modish scene," and, except in the painful case of one or two gambling grandmothers, it displays wonderfully little of what are commonly regarded as the inseparable evils of the racecourse.

Then again there are those whose deep but unspoken joy at Ascot is the joy of exclusiveness and gratified emulation. For Mrs. Goldbug, in blue roses and black pearls, to stare over the rail of the Royal Enclosure at her friend and rival, Mrs. Clymer, struggling in the undistinguished crowd, is a pleasure snatched from Paradise. How Mrs. Goldbug got there, and why Lord Churchill admitted her, and where she came from, and how the money was made, are questions which the envious and excluded may ask to their hearts' content. She is inside and they are outside; and that is enough for Sarah Goldbug. Perhaps the peculiar form of arrogance which aims at showing that it is in the Enclosure for social and not for sporting purposes was best exemplified a few years back by my friends the Neuchatels, who sate in the Enclosure with their backs to the course, and talked soulfully about "A Death in the Desert" while the conquering hoofs of Santoi and Stealaway thundered by.

There is yet another class of pilgrims to Ascot with which I can fully sympathize. This class consists of hard-worked men—especially M.P.'s—who thankfully steal a week from the overwhelming pressure of work in a sultry June, and go to Ascot simply for air, exercise,

scenery, and fun. For such as these the Tuesday and Thursday amply suffice in the way of racing, and the intermediate days are spent in delicious rides through Windsor Forest and Bagshot Heath and Virginia Water; in picnic-luncheons as agreeable as that at which Lady St. Jerome plied Lothair with lobster-sandwiches and chablis; and evenings in which "a little music"—not too much—is combined with what Sydney Smith commended—"a little noise and nature, and a large party, very merry and happy." The M.P. who takes his Ascot thus reasonably and modestly will return to the House on the 21st of June so refreshed and invigorated that he will be able to contemplate without dismay the prospect of a Prorogation on the 1st of October.

Yes, in spite of the Shah's unworthy doubts and questionings, Ascot has a thousand merits; and among these I must include the fact that it has before now been visited by a Saint. Somehow, one does not connect the great Lord Shaftesbury with Racecourses, but this is what he wrote in his diary for June 5, 1828:—

"To Ascot Races, by command of His Majesty. As I travelled along, I remembered the line,

'*Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris;*'

but is our Empire bounded by the ocean, is our renown no higher than the stars? On earth we are lords of the sea, and, should we as men, as Christians, regenerate India, behold the Heaven of Heavens will be the archive of our fame. *O Patria! O divum domus!*"

Seldom, I should think, has such a train of thought occurred to one of the Sovereign's guests on the

beautiful road from Windsor Castle to Ascot Heath, and thirteen years later the good man's diary struck a sterner note:—

"June 8, 1841.—Windsor Castle.

"Arrived here last night. I find we are invited for the races at Ascot. I am sorry for it, but I cannot refuse to go there. I am the Queen's guest, and I cannot think it right to put upon my Sovereign such a rebuke as would be conveyed by my declining to accompany her. I wish to avoid and discountenance races, and I do not like to add the value of my example (such as it is) to aid the maintenance of the practice—but the thing is not wrong in itself, simply in its consequences. I shall acquiesce, therefore, in this instance, and pray God it may not be productive of any mischief to the slight influence I may have in the world for carrying forward measures and designs of good to mankind.

"June 9.

"It was a dull affair, and I hope harmless."

And so ended Lord Shaftesbury's racing career.

GLADSTONIANISM

THE word and the thing alike are out of fashion. Yet there was a time when they counted for much in politics, and for even more in journalism; and were reckoned, even by those who did not admire them, as representing a permanent force in the public life of the country. On the sixty-ninth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's wedding,* the newspapers announced that some memorial windows had been presented to Hawarden Church; and the meagre paragraph which recorded the event illustrated, by force of contrast, the difference—perhaps inevitable—between Now and Then. In the heyday of the Gladstonian cult we should have had, not a paragraph, but a column. The ceremony would have been attended, not by a handful of kinsfolk and neighbours, but by admiring crowds from Manchester and Liverpool, and Special Trains would have brought gigantic picnic-parties from Yorkshire and the Midlands. Mr. Gladstone would have said some moving words about the persons whom the windows were to commemorate, and those words, being reported in the first person, would have formed an oration in next morning's papers. A hundred graphic pens would have described the beauties of Hawarden; every detail of the scene and every incident of the ceremony would have been recorded; and the needed

* July 25, 1839.

touch of realism would have been added by intimate descriptions of his fair-haired grandchildren and his black Pomeranian dog. Such was Gladstonianism in the heroic days of old; and, in its excess, it offered irresistible temptation to the political and social satirist. Mr. Gladstone might have said with Mr. Crummles—only more truthfully—"I can't think who puts these things in the papers. I don't." But some one did, and they gave Lord Randolph Churchill material for one of his most effective diatribes at the moment when he was making himself famous by his unsparing assaults on Gladstonianism and all that it implied. Speaking at Blackpool in 1884, he thus commented on the vigorous use of Personal Advertisement which then played so great a part in Gladstonian journalism:—

"Every act of the Prime Minister's, whether it be for the purposes of health, or recreation, or religious devotion, is spread before the eyes of every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom on large and glaring placards. . . . Every afternoon the whole world is invited to assist at the crashing fall of some beech or elm or oak. The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire; and full accounts of these proceedings are forwarded by "Special Correspondents" to every daily paper every recurring morning."

I have rather spoilt my quotation by omitting its most pointed passages; for, though extremely funny, those passages might be justly deemed offensive. So let me further illustrate the vicious excess of Gladstonian journalism by citations from a paper which was never funny and never offensive, and to which Mr. Gladstone's lightest word was (as a Bishop's was to Newman) "heavy."

The Irish Land Bill of 1881 was struggling through the House of Commons, and "Our Parliamentary Correspondent" wrote as follows:—

"There was a speech made by the Prime Minister last night, in the course of the Lords' Amendments, which will not appear in the Parliamentary reports. The right hon. gentleman went out to dinner at ten minutes to nine, and returned at twenty-five minutes past ten. At this moment Mr. Healy was addressing the House on the question of the resumption of leases, which had been started nearly three hours earlier. As the Premier entered and sate down with a weary air between Mr. Forster and the Irish Attorney-General, he exclaimed in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard over the House, "Here we are still, are we?"

This minute particularity about the Prime Minister's cursory ejaculations, and times of coming and going, might perhaps be regarded as an extreme instance of Gladstonian journalism, if it were not for the careful rectification which appeared in large type in the same paper on the following day: "It was at twenty-five minutes to ten, not at half-past, that the Premier returned, having left for dinner at ten minutes to nine."

Such was the habitual language of the Press in the heyday of Gladstonianism. Every detail of the great man's life and habits—his most casual action, his most ephemeral post-card—found its way into the public ken. We were told the hours at which he rose and went to bed, the number of services which he attended on Sunday, the kind of wine which he drank, and the amount of mastication which he bestowed upon his food. The newspapers trumpeted his opinions on every subject in heaven

and earth, from the Nicene Theology and the polity of the Ancient Hittites, to egg-flip, pottery, and the structure of violins. His name was bestowed on travelling-bags and light claret; and a word of praise from him was amply sufficient to carry a bad novel into unmerited editions.

Now, of course, all this had its ludicrous side; but it was not wholly ludicrous. It witnessed to a singular—perhaps unique—hold on the affection and interest of the people which the Liberal Leader had rather late in life acquired. In the inner circle of friends and family he had always been adored, and in the House of Commons admired and regarded, though not always understood. But even those who had the highest opinion of his powers believed that he was constitutionally incapable of arousing the enthusiasm of the masses. It was commonly affirmed that the University of Oxford was the only constituency in Great Britain which would ever return him to Parliament; and though this was an exaggeration, his subsequent experiences in Lancashire and at Greenwich seemed to show that even down to 1878 he lacked, or had not developed, the gifts which make a popular favourite. Then, when he was on the verge of seventy, popularity came with a rush, and Gladstonianism, which had been the creed of a narrow but devoted circle, swept the country from the Solent to the Hebrides, and assumed the character of a national religion. It was in the summer of 1879 that *Vanity Fair*, a paper thoroughly hostile to Gladstonian policy, pronounced that "Mr. Gladstone is at this moment the most popular man in England." The General Election of the ensuing Easter

proved the statement to be true, for a candidate had only to come forward and say "I am a Gladstonian," and his enemies fled before him. In the winter of 1879–80 Gladstonianism rose to its highest level, and remained there for some four or even five years; but, at first imperceptibly, the tide began to ebb, and at the General Election of 1885 an orator who wished to evoke cheers in order to regain his breath could secure the longest interval by mentioning the name of Chamberlain. Then came the six delirious months of battle for and against Home Rule, and when that conflict was over Gladstonianism had ebbed to a point which seemed to indicate that the tide had gone out for ever. It was in his handling of this episode in Mr. Gladstone's career that Lord Morley's biographical skill was most signally displayed: for in reading his account of January–July, 1886, one is so carried away by his zeal for his hero, and by the breathless sequence of picturesque events, that one scarcely realizes that the result was a complete and disastrous failure.

Yet so it was; and for all except a faithful few Gladstonianism lost whatever remained of its ancient glamour. In the year 1892 the writer of a short *Life of W. E. Gladstone* was asking an American publisher why the book had no sale in the United States, where, a few years before, there had been the liveliest curiosity about the Liberal Leader and his doings. The publisher replied: "Our people are not interested in failures"; and, though one hopes that English loyalty to a political chief is made of more enduring stuff, still it can scarcely be doubted that the policy of Home Rule dragged its great

exponent down with it in its fall. The General Election of 1892, though it gave the Liberal Party a plurality of 40 votes in the House of Commons, showed only very faint signs of reviving Gladstonianism. The majority in Midlothian sank from thousands to hundreds; and it soon became evident that the active and militant elements in Liberalism were sworn to other standards. It was the beginning, and more than the beginning, of the end. When the end had really come, and that marvellous life of all but ninety years had reached its majestic close, Gladstonianism for a time revived. For three months all England had hung with loving and reverent sympathy on the tidings of the struggle, and one of the most brilliant opponents of Gladstonian policy had expressed the feeling of the time in a noble image: "Thinking of him now at Hawarden, one thinks of Turner's great picture of the Fighting Téméraire towed to her last berth and bathed in an atmosphere beautiful and serene." As the three hundred thousand mourners passed in silent grief and reverence by the bier in Westminster Hall, one felt that, Samson-like, the lost Leader had triumphed even more completely in death than in life. It was the magnificent and appropriate close, not merely of an individual career, but of a famous chapter in English history. I say advisedly a "close," for Gladstonianism ended with the life of him who had, all unwittingly, created and inspired it. I know no fact in politics more remarkable than that the man who for thirty years had shaped the course of a great and, on the whole, victorious party, and who received from the best part of the Democracy a homage which went near to worship,

should have founded no school, established no system, left no successors to perpetuate his tradition. There is still a Liberal Party, and it includes within its ample girth all manner of dissimilar and even inconsistent creeds. But where are we to look for the Gladstonian temper in public affairs? That temper, if I understood it aright, always made its appeal to moral rather than to material interests; combined belief in Freedom and Progress with a religious reverence for what "larger minds had thought out in calmer ages"; and realized the supreme value of the Spiritual and the Unseen. "Gladstonianism" as a fashion has ceased to be, and even as a faith it has few adherents; but he from whom it took its name can never be forgotten. It is likely enough that, as Bishop Westcott wrote to me just after his death, he will be remembered rather for what he was than for what he did; or, as Lord Salisbury expressed the same thought, "not so much for the causes in which he was engaged or the political projects which he favoured, but as an example, to which History hardly furnishes a parallel, of a great Christian statesman."

THE OCTOPUS

THERE lies before me as I write a hideous picture. At first sight it looks like an illustration torn from some refreshing treatise on Cancer or Sarcoma. Or it might be one of those weird diagrams by which our too scientific age tries to teach young people the structure and functions of their digestive organs. On closer inspection, it turns out to be neither of these, but a Map of London, on which the evil genius of Ground-Landlordism is displayed in the form of an octopus. The legend printed under the picture reads as follows:—"The manner in which the Octopus of Landlordism spreads over London, with its body in the middle and its tentacles spreading North, South, East, and West, is admirably shown in the above cartoon by Mr. W. H. Northrop, published as a post-card by Messrs. Henderson, of Charing Cross Road." The design is certainly ingenious; the execution terrific enough to frighten a physiologist; and the appended statistics (which I neither confirm nor dispute) eminently instructive. "This creature lives on Rent. Its tentacles grasp five square miles of London. It sucks £20,000,000 a year from its victims, giving nothing in return. The people must destroy it, or be destroyed." As I read these burning words, and gaze on the pictured monster, with its eight hideous extremities, labelled "Portman,"

"Howard de Walden," "Bedford," "Northampton," "Norfolk," "Cadogan," "Westminster," and "Ecclesiastical Commission," I am irresistibly reminded of A. C. Hilton's famous address to the Octopus of the Crystal Palace Aquarium:—.

"Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enroll and envelope the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace;
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to whelm us in waves of Cocytus,
Indelible ink!
"O breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on!
O arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the Python,
When she maketh her murderous meal!
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape,
Give us death that is glorious and golden,
Crushed all out of shape!"

I commend these truly Swinburnean stanzas to the notice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when next he is dealing with the taxation of Land-Values, and requires an effective quotation for his concluding appeal.

Descending from the heights of Poesy to the dead level of facts and figures, I see that Mr. Northrop credits the Duke of Westminster with 400 acres, Lord Howard de Walden with 292, Lord Portman with 270, Lord Northampton with 260, the Duke of Bedford with 250, and Lord Cadogan with a modest 200. With impressive vagueness he says that the Duke of Norfolk "owns the Strand," and, with regard to the amount of land held by the Ecclesiastical Commission, he does not even hazard

a guess. It may, however, be taken as certain that the Ecclesiastical Commission is much the largest ground-landlord in London, and that its tentacles reach as far north as Finchley, and as far south as Bermondsey. In the halcyon days when each Bishop drew the full income of his See, no man making him afraid, the Bishops of London and Winchester derived great wealth from their estates north and south of the Thames, and even such minor potentates as Ely and Gloucester were not wholly dependent on agricultural rents. In 1835 the Ecclesiastical Commission began its unfriendly policy of throwing all episcopal incomes into hotch-pot; and if, as I am credibly informed, the lands which formerly belonged to the single See of London now let for £100,000 a year, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Ecclesiastical Commission can "rear its mitred front in Courts and Parliaments" as the chief of London's landlords.

Mr. Northrop, greatly daring, prints what he believes to be the incomes produced by each of the tentacles of his ill-favoured Octopus. If the figures are even approximately accurate, the Ground-Landlords of London have indeed good reason to hold their ancestors in devout remembrance, and to praise the fathers that begat them. Sir Thomas Grosvenor, who died in 1700, married Mary Davies, whose farm of Ebury, perpetuated in Ebury Street, and Davies Street, and Green Street, and Farm Street, and Hay Hill, was the nucleus of the huge estate which now makes the Dukes of Westminster "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Lord Howard de Walden owes his 292 acres, and the share of the twenty millions of rent which they represent, to the prudent conduct of

his great-great-great-grandfather, who took to wife the only child of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. Are not Harley Street and Oxford Street, and twenty more, the eloquent witnesses to this auspicious alliance? It was a wise Mr. Portman who, half-way through the eighteenth century, being M.P. for Dorsetshire, and therefore obliged to spend part of the year in London, bought some fields on the north side of Oxford Street, that his children might have milk from their own cows, instead of depending on the sky-blue products of the dairyman's shop. From those fields, now covered by Portman Square and its circumjacent streets, Lord Portman draws something a good deal more substantial than even the richest products of the dairy. Lord Northampton's 260 acres, in the historic but unfashionable district of Clerkenwell, were brought into his family by the daughter of a Lord Mayor of London, Mary Spencer, whose maiden fancy was dazzled by the splendour and gallantry of William, Lord Compton, created Earl of Northampton in 1628. The Duke of Bedford, whose territory stretches from the Strand to St. Pancras Station, owes his inheritance in London to two separate sources. Covent Garden (known to modern satirists as "Mud-salad Market") was the Convent Garden of the Abbey of Westminster. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries it was granted, together with the plot of ground called Long Acre, to John, Earl of Bedford, and it has been from that time to this a real gold mine to the otherwise impoverished owners of Woburn and Thorney. Then, leaving the auriferous purlieus of Covent Garden behind you, and crossing the Rubicon of Oxford Street, you reach the great estate of

Bloomsbury. Here, again, we have reason to bless the prescient wisdom of our ancestors; for the present Duke of Bedford is eighth in descent from William, Lord Russell, the Whig Martyr of 1683, who married in 1669 the illustrious Lady Rachel Wriothesley, sister and heir of the last Earl of Southampton. The gardens and meadows of Southampton House, "near Holburne, in the suburbs of London," are now covered by the vast squares, and dull, unending streets, which surround Euston Station and the British Museum. Dull, indeed, but not unprofitable, as Hastings, Duke of Bedford, justly observed, when he surveyed the decaying fortunes of his neighbours in the country—"I should be as badly off as they are, if it were not that providentially I own a few Lodging-Houses in Bloomsbury."

From the North-western district of London, we turn, under Mr. Northrop's guidance, to the South-west, and find ourselves in the centre of the two hundred acres which constitute the Cadogan Estate. Nowhere, I think, does the "Unearned Increment," of which just now we are hearing a good deal, manifest itself so startlingly. In 1717 Charles, Lord Cadogan, married Elizabeth Sloane, daughter and heiress of the physician Sir Hans Sloane; and through this alliance the Manor of Chelsea came to the Cadogans. For more than a century and a half it was a very poor inheritance. Once a village of palaces and pleasure-houses and stately gardens and thriving factories, Chelsea had degenerated into a slum. Dickens, writing in 1837, speaks of Cadogan Place as "the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea." Henry

Kingsley, whose early home was Chelsea Rectory, depicts that "barbarism" with vivid skill in his great story of *The Hillyars and the Burtons.* And Chelsea remained a dull, sordid, dirty, and disreputable neighbourhood till after the present Lord Cadogan had succeeded to the property. Then, some five-and-twenty years ago, the long leases all fell in. Hey! Presto!—the slums vanished. Before one could realize what had happened, row after row of miserable tenements had disappeared, and on their site had arisen some of the most attractive streets and squares in London, clustering round the palace of marble and gold which Lord Cadogan had built for his own habitation. At a stroke Chelsea became fashionable, and has remained so; and he who owns a fashionable district of London may truly be said to grow rich in his sleep.

Mr. Northrop, governed, perhaps, by the exigencies of space, considerably curtailed the dimensions of his Octopus. We might easily trace the development of the offending beast along the Strand and Fleet Street, through the City where land sells by the square foot, out to Hackney, which the heiress of the Tyssens carried into the family of Lord Amherst, and to Hoxton, where the unimpressively-named Pitfields and the still humbler Mobbses laid the foundation of the wealth which Lord Alington spends so splendidly at Crichel. If I were to reply to Lord Onslow's moans about the enforced sale of his land in Surrey, that some of the nicest squares and gardens in South Kensington bear his titles as their names, he might reply that they have long since passed out of his

possession, so I will eschew speculation and confine myself to fact. I know a dismal little street (not a hundred miles from the Wallace Collection) which is principally tenanted by dentists and dressmakers, and which is socially so obscure that it is not even mentioned in the "Court Guide." Yet the ownership of half this depressing thoroughfare confers a box at the opera, a Four-in-Hand, a diamond tiara, and an income worthy of these delights. Ah! would that one of my ancestors had married the co-heiress of Little Gaunt Street! I would gladly have endured the uttermost exactions of Mr. Lloyd-George, and have paid my super-tax with a seraphic smile.

THE NECESSARY DUKE

I AM told that people of the present day neglect Lord Beaconsfield's novels. It is a pity, for by so doing they lose a vast amount of enjoyment; and what is true of Beaconsfieldian fiction in general is specially true of *Lothair*. We all know the people—generally ladies—who, when asked if they care about Dickens, reply that they like the *Tale of Two Cities*. This, of course, is only an oblique way of saying that they dislike Dickens; for the *Tale of Two Cities*, though undeniably a work of genius, is essentially lacking in all the qualities which make Dickens what he is. Truly to love Dickens—to be a genuine Dickensian—one must love him most when he is most himself, and must count Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller and Mrs. Nickleby and Mr. Crummles and Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Pecksniff among the choicest members of the "Choir Invisible."

So with Lord Beaconsfield. It naught availeth to say that one regards *Sybil* as a momentous contribution to the literature of social reform. A real lover of Lord Beaconsfield must love him best when he is giving unlimited scope to his peculiar genius, and deriding the foibles of that aristocracy which, though, or perhaps because, he was so entirely alien to it, he understood so well. That special vein of social satire is, in my

opinion—and in that of so consummate a critic as Froude,—displayed in full perfection in *Lothair;* and in *Lothair* perhaps the most amusing figure is Lord St. Aldegonde.

In 1870, when *Lothair* burst upon the astonished world —"the only work of fiction ever written by a man who had been Prime Minister,"—opinion was divided on the question whether Lord St. Aldegonde was drawn from the late Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington) or the late Duke of Sutherland. The most salient features of the portrait would have suited either character, and it is reasonable to imagine that St. Aldegonde was a kind of composite photograph. Of course, both Lord Hartington and the Duke of Sutherland lived to recant the Radicalism of their early manhood. The Duke "ratted," to use the politician's agreeable phrase, over the Eastern Question of 1876-1880, and Lord Hartington, ten years later, over Home Rule. But all who can remember those remarkable men as they were when they still adorned the Liberal Party—enouncing advanced opinions with the amiable intention of shocking their friends, but in practice keeping an uncommonly tight hold on the material advantages of their position—will admit that Lord Beaconsfield's portrait-painting was more than usually true to life when he drew his picture of Lord St. Aldegonde.

"St. Aldegonde was the heir-apparent of the wealthiest, if not the most ancient, dukedom in the United Kingdom. He held extreme opinions, especially on political affairs, being a Republican of the reddest dye. He was opposed to all privilege, and, indeed, to all orders of men, except Dukes, who

were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property, except land. Liberty depended on land, and, the greater the landowners, the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic even with energy, amazed at any one differing from him; 'as if a fellow could have too much land,' he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction."

This impressive discourse of Lord St. Aldegonde supplies me with the theme of my present meditation. Dukes, said this heir to a dukedom, are a necessity. Hence my subject—"The Necessary Duke."

In thus substituting the singular for the plural I am not dealing in personalities, but only in Idealism. A commentator swayed by partiality or prejudice might glance down the list of twenty-seven Dukes which Burke supplies, and might select one particular Duke as the Necessary Duke, and dismiss the rest as of no special value. Thus the Roman Catholic world would probably, and with good reason, select the Duke of Norfolk as the Necessary Duke, and the "Adherents of a Restored Apostolate" the Duke of Northumberland, and our English Ritualists the Duke of Newcastle. The frequenters of Goodwood would choose the Duke of Richmond, and fox-hunters the Duke of Beaufort. Highlanders would assert the rival claims of Montrose and Argyll; Lowlanders would argue the question as between Hamilton and Buccleuch. The South of Ireland would remind us that for a hundred years Leinster was "Ireland's only" Duke, and the Black North would retort that Abercorn had effectually destroyed that monopoly.

Into these personal disputations, complicated by the sensibilities of creed and race, I have no thought of entering. When I write "The Necessary Duke," I am writing quite impersonally. I view the Duke as an abstraction, just as I view the Priest, the Soldier, the Statesman, the Financier, or any other leading figure in our polity, and I speak of him as "necessary" because that is so palpably what he thinks himself, and the amenities of life forbid me to contradict him. If there is one fact which has emerged more clearly than another from recent controversies on the Budget, it is that the Dukes of England are still of Lord St. Aldegonde's opinion: other orders of men signify comparatively little —might indeed, at a pinch, be dispensed with—but "Dukes are a necessity." A different opinion seems to obtain at Manchester, where Mr. Joynson-Hicks heartlessly abandons them to whatever fate Mr. Lloyd-George may have in store for them; but at Blenheim and Chatsworth and Welbeck and Belvoir the creed of Dukism flourishes with undiminished vigour; and it seems to involve, as a kind of economic consequence, that daring theory of property which St. Aldegonde maintained. The impetuous rhetoric which so well became that noble reformer tends to make some of the links in his chain of argument rather obscure, but roughly his contention amounts to this. Dukes are the divinely-appointed guardians of Liberty; their power of effectively guarding it depends upon the amount of land which they own; and, therefore, the larger their landed estates, the more secure the freedom of their country.

If this theory be sound, our liberties are indeed in

little peril. According to the latest available returns—I quote from Mr. John Bateman's *Great Landowners of Great Britain and Ireland*,—the Duke of Portland owns over 183,000 acres; the Duke of Northumberland 186,000; the Duke of Devonshire 198,000; the Duke of Richmond 286,000; and the Duke of Buccleuch 460,000. These acreages are all very well in their way, and on the Aldegondian theory ought to make us feel that our freedom is held by a substantial tenure; but any misgivings which might trouble our security are dispelled by the beneficent presence of the Duke of Sutherland, who can count one million acres before he approaches the second column of the Return and totals 1,358,000. When we have strengthened our faith in our national institutions by the contemplation of such figures as these, we feel that the Duke of Norfolk's 75,000 acres and the Duke of Bedford's 86,000 are scarcely enough to give them a stake in the country; but then we reassure our drooping courage by the thought (never forgotten at Arundel Castle or Woburn Abbey) that Lodging-Houses are property as well as Land; and that, when they are combined in a single ownership they inspire the owner with a lively concern for our liberties and our laws.

"There is no new thing under the sun," says Ecclesiastes. "History repeats itself" is a favourite remark of such as love a solemn platitude. Both sayings have been illustrated with peculiar point and emphasis by the recent lamentations and threatenings of the Necessary Dukes. In 1894 Sir William Harcourt (that inveterate enemy of the Landed Interest and of the territorial aristocracy—but I write ironically) carried a Budget

which, according to the sworn statements of those whom it affected, involved the Dukes and their congeners in ruinous distress. Among those who joined the doleful chorus of ducal lamentation was the late Duke of Devonshire; and I respectfully commend to his amiable successor, and to other victims of Mr. Lloyd-George's rapacity, the mournful strain which the sight of such distress evoked from the tender bosom of Sir Wilfred Lawson—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old Duke,
Whom Harcourt's Bill has brought to dire distress;
He has at his command no more the means
The weak to comfort and the poor to bless.
Chatsworth shut up,
Now mourns its exiled lord,
Compelled to spend his few remaining years
In the cold precincts of a Workhouse Ward.

"Pity the sorrows of these noble men,
Whom biting poverty so hardly treats,
Driven from Castle, Court, and Hall,
And forced to seek their living in the streets,
And, issuing now from many a lowly den,
The sad procession greets the pitying town.
See the poor Dukes, as pauper Sandwichmen,
In doleful guise parading up and down.

"Stay, Traveller, if you have a heart to feel
(Lest conscience your hardheartedness rebukes),
Nor heedless turn from such a sad appeal—
O spare a trifle to these starving Dukes!"

CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER

A CAMBRIDGE Don, renowned for his easy familiarity with the great ones of the earth, is reported to have described Kaiser Wilhelm as "quite the nicest Emperor I know." Any such invidious particularism will be carefully avoided by me in dealing with our financial Ministers. But I have known many of them, and a survey of their various characteristics seems not inopportune at a moment when Mr. Lloyd-George, his office, and his methods, bulk so very large in the public view.

I have often noticed that the kind correspondents who know me only through my books seem to connect me with very distant ages, and assume that I was acquainted with personages who were historical long before I was born. If one refers, however incidentally, to the Flood, one is mixed with Noah; and I feel that some of my readers will be disappointed that, in dealing with my present subject, I do not begin with Eustace de Fauconbridge, who, in the reign of Henry III., doubled the part of Chancellor of the Exchequer with that of Bishop of London—a rather overwhelming combination, one would think. To-day I rely, not on history or tradition, but on experience, and describe the Chancellors, or some of them, whom I myself have known.

First and greatest of these, of course, is Mr. Gladstone. That eminent convert from Toryism did not very readily acquire the confidence of the party to which, by slow degrees, he joined himself. It was not, I think, till 1859 that he ceased to be a member of the Carlton Club or to describe himself in *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* as a Liberal Conservative. He made his way to Liberalism through Free Trade, and it was by his performances as Chancellor of the Exchequer that he first established his footing in the Liberal Party. His Financial Statements, taken as a whole, constitute the most remarkable testimony to his intellectual qualities which will be available for the judgment of posterity when it comes to assign his permanent place in the ranks of human greatness. Differing of necessity in detail, they all are alike in this—that each demonstrates its author's absolute mastery over figures, his strange power of clothing the dry bones of Customs and Tariffs with the flesh and blood of human interest, and even suffusing them with something of the warm glow of poetic colour. Among these wonderful productions, I should cite three as pre-eminent. They are the Budget Speech of 1853—five hours long,—which applied the Legacy-duty to Real Property; the Budget Speech of 1860, which enacted the Commercial Treaty with France and proposed to repeal the Paper-duties; and the speech on the Taxation of Charities in 1863, which, as an effort of fiscal argument some competent critics think the greatest of the series.

From Gladstone, one's thoughts naturally travel to his eminent rival—for Gladstone never had but one rival

who met him on really equal terms. Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Disraeli, was three times Chancellor of the Exchequer, but somehow one does not connect his Chancellorships with financial triumphs. It is curious that, in spite of racial predilections, he seems to have felt no great interest in finance. In his private life he was indifferent to money, except just in so far as it enabled him to live; and he never felt that passionate delight in handling the public purse which animated Gladstone. His one great act in finance—the purchase of the Suez Canal Shares—was effected when he was Prime Minister, and was suggested to him by a journalist. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was content if he could make his Budgets acceptable and his speeches amusing. Yet his greatest achievement was performed when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. In the summer of 1867, as a boy not yet at a Public School, I had the advantage of sitting under the Gallery, and seeing—for the sight was at least as remarkable as the hearing—Disraeli conduct the Tory Reform Bill through the House of Commons. It seemed to me then—it seems to me still—the supreme instance of Parliamentary genius dominating a not very tractable assembly; and, for the moment, the eclipse of Gladstone was absolute.

Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Gladstone's first Administration, was one of the cleverest men who ever lived; he also was one of the worst officials, and perhaps, though this is saying much, the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer. The insurrection of starving match-girls,

whose wretched industry he had tried to tax, helped to drive him from office, and what the match-girls had begun his own faults of temper and demeanour completed. Yet he deserves to be remembered, if only by the sentence in which he defined the function of his office—"The Chancellor of the Exchequer exists to distribute a certain amount of human misery, and he who distributes it most equally is the best Chancellor"—surely a prophetic tribute to Mr. Lloyd-George.

When Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1874 he chose for his Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Stafford Northcote. Sir Stafford was a man of many gifts and accomplishments, and, according to Gladstone, whose Private Secretary he had once been, he had a real faculty for Finance. But his administrative career was marred by a fatal timidity. Like Cowper's *Dubius*, "that scrupulous good man,"

> "He would not, with a peremptory tone,
> Assert the nose upon his face his own."

The fabled dog bore the links of the broken chain round his neck, and Northcote never could forget that Gladstone had once been his chief; and, when that hawk-like eye was bent on him across the Table of the House, he seemed to withdraw into himself, and to sit down suppressed.

Half-way through his second Administration, Gladstone, who had combined the Premiership with the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, vacated the latter and conferred it on Mr. Childers, who, in the earlier stages of his career, had acquired some fame as an economist. From his maternal ancestor Sampson Gideon, Lord

Eardley, Childers had inherited some Jewish blood, and on this he was supposed to rely for his financial inspiration. However, it failed him in his Chancellorship, which was only signalized by his curious scheme of issuing "Flash Half-Sovereigns," and by the fact that the Beer and Spirit Duties in the Budget of 1885 destroyed the Liberal Government. After the General Election of 1886, Lord Salisbury, becoming Prime Minister for the second time, made Lord Randolph Churchill Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. With Lord Randolph I had some personal acquaintance, which might at the proper time be worth reviving; but, for what he was as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I must turn to a more competent authority than myself. Sir Algernon West, who, as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, was intimately conversant with the Budget which Lord Randolph prepared but never introduced, wrote of it as follows:—

"On the evening of the day on which he carried his Budget through the Cabinet, after describing to me how he had done so, he said: 'There in that box are all the materials of our Budget. They are unpolished gems; put the facets on them as well as you can, but do not speak to me on the subject again till the end of the financial year.' What that Budget was cannot yet be told; but it may be fairly said that it far excelled in importance any Budget since Mr. Gladstone's great performance in 1860."

Since these words were written Mr. Churchill's *Life* of his father has given to the world what Sir Algernon West could not disclose. There may be several opinions about the merits of Lord Randolph's financial proposals;

but there can be only one about the terrible tragedy of his decline. "Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall!"

When, to the amazement of the whole political world, Lord Randolph resigned the Chancellorship, Lord Salisbury found a successor ready to his hand. It was said at the time that Lord Randolph, realizing too late the fatal blunder he had made, exclaimed, "I forgot Goschen." George Joachim Goschen, who had, I believe, some measure of Jewish blood in his veins, displayed his financial aptitude at a very early age. After a brilliant career at Oxford, he entered the firm of Frühling and Goschen; published a treatise on *The Theory of the Foreign Exchanges*, which still is authoritative; became M.P. for the City of London when he was thirty-two, and a member of Lord Russell's Cabinet when he was thirty-five. After some curious vicissitudes of advanced Liberalism, moderate Liberalism, and Liberal Unionism, he found himself at the beginning of 1887 Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Tory Government, and, as regards the substance of his work, he was peculiarly well adapted to his new post. Once he exclaimed, in a kind of rapturous transport, "I confess I have a passion for statistics," and this outburst gave rise to a felicitous parody—

"(*Mr. Goschen*—sings)—

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all those pleasures prove
Which facts and figures do supply
Unto the Statist's raptured eye."

But even the most brilliant finance in the world, enunciated with Goschen's raucous voice and curiously gasping

utterance, would lose half its charm; and all that I can remember of his Budget Speeches is the strange conundrum "Who drinks rum?" with which he sought to enliven a discussion on Excisable Liquors. It is pleasanter to recall the peculiarly apt phrase in which, after his elevation to the House of Lords, he described the current scheme of Fiscal Reform as "a gamble in the food of the people."

I need not describe Sir William Harcourt. I have often written about him, and not always acceptably to those who knew him best. To conduct a public controversy with due regard to private feelings is a rare and gracious art which I must confess that I find it difficult to acquire, and I have always been too much under the influence of Dr. Johnson's dogma that "to treat your opponent with courtesy is to give him an advantage over you to which he is not entitled." But, though I have no sympathy with Orangeism, or Erastianism, or religious persecution, I regard the author of the Budget of 1894 as one of the greatest men in the long roll of Chancellors of the Exchequer.

LORD ROSEBERY

"In spite of his detached attitude, nothing is less probable than that a statesman so vigorous in criticism and so active in propagating his views of a constructive policy for the British Empire has finally relinquished the intention of claiming once again a front place in the public life of England."

My text is taken from the *Life of Lord Rosebery*, by Mr. S. H. Jeyes, in the Series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers." Mr. Jeyes's book is very friendly to its subject, pleasantly written, and in the main accurate; but it is disfigured by one strange mistake. Referring to Lord Rosebery's accession to the Premiership on Mr. Gladstone's resignation, Mr. Jeyes says: "It cannot be denied that the choice made by the Queen on the advice of Mr. Gladstone was, at the time, heartily endorsed by the great body of Liberals in the House of Commons." But when we turn to Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. iii., p. 512, we read—"Gladstone told me that he had now (March 2, 1894) reason to suppose that the Queen might ask him for advice as to his successor. After some talk, he said that, if asked, he should advise her to send for Lord Spencer. As it happened, his advice was not sought." We therefore know, as a matter of fact, that Lord Rosebery became

Prime Minister, not by Gladstone's recommendation, but by the unfettered choice of the Crown.

That choice was, as Mr. Jeyes says, "heartily endorsed by the great body of Liberals in the House of Commons"; but the new Premiership began badly, with that allusion to the "Predominant Partner" which, by offending the Irish members, almost destroyed it in the first week of its existence. It lasted, amid ever-increasing perplexities, for a year and a quarter, and resulted, at the General Election of 1895, in the heaviest defeat which, down to that time, the Liberal party had ever received. Henceforward Lord Beaconsfield's famous phrase about "the transient and embarrassed phantom" did not apply exclusively to Lord Goderich; and a year later Lord Rosebery's resignation of the Liberal leadership was felt by all concerned as a welcome deliverance from an impossible situation. It was suspected then—it is known now—that the ex-Premier was thoroughly out of harmony with the dominant convictions of the party which he once had led; and from that time to this his actions and utterances have been interesting only as the evolutions of an absolutely isolated mind. When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman formed his Government, and the heroes of "The Liberal League" accepted the offices bestowed on them by the Radical and Little-Englander, Lord Rosebery must have felt inclined to murmur with Mr. Sampson Brass: "I am a falling house, and the rats (if I may be allowed the expression in reference to gentlemen whom I respect and love beyond anything) fly from me!" But, when a man who has been Prime Minister is eloquent, active, beloved by journalists, and

popular with the Jingoes and the sporting world, he is always sure of an audience, and Mr. Jeyes's prophecy which stands at the head of this chapter may be on the eve of fulfilment. Lord Rosebery is going to attack * the Liberal Budget, and in so doing he may "claim once again a front place in the public life of England." This being so, the moment is not inopportune for a retrospective glance.

Most people know that Lord Rosebery's Eton tutor (who was very fond of him) described him as "one of those who like the palm without the dust," and predicted that he "would be an orator." The author of a notice of him which appeared in *Vanity Fair* in 1876 says that he—

"went through Eton and Christ Church as becomes the heir to a name and a peerage. He even took up a subject in the House of Lords soon after he got there, which was at one-and-twenty, and made a speech upon horses which suggested much hope that he would some day find something to say of men. . . . His faith is still given to horses and trainers. He backs his stud handsomely, and manages it not only judiciously but honourably. He is very fresh and pretty, very popular, well dressed, known in the clubs, and under thirty. He may, if he will, become a Statesman and a Personage."

This is a very fair description of Lord Rosebery as I first remember him. Two years later his marriage made him a rich man and, as *Vanity Fair* said, a "Personage"; and, though he by no means forswore the Turf, he began to play the more serious game of Statesmanship. He took, I believe, a leading part in the

* This was written before the 10th of September, 1909.

negotiations which, in 1879, induced Mr. Gladstone to appear as candidate for Midlothian, and there soon grew up between the older and the younger man an intimacy which seemed to be not merely political, but personal and even affectionate. Yet it was an intimacy which puzzled onlookers, for the two seemed to have nothing in common. One of Lord Rosebery's neighbours in Midlothian expressed a substantial truth in this incredibly awkward sentence—"The effusive humanitarianism and theological fanaticism of the one was antipodal to the fastidious cynicism and languid Agnosticism of the other." The explanation was that, whenever Mr. Gladstone saw that a man had any particular aptitude for the work on which for the moment he himself was most intent, he was disposed to endow him with a thousand imaginary virtues and to believe that there was an absolute sympathy between himself and his instrument. Not otherwise can some of his later friendships be explained; and Lord Rosebery was a peculiarly useful implement, first for dethroning Lord Beaconsfield, and, in later days, for recommending Home Rule to moderate and cautious people. When he was discharging these functions, he enjoyed Gladstone's unbounded confidence; but, by degrees, that confidence gave way to a different feeling.

Lord Rosebery's zeal for Imperial Federation, his marked tendency towards Jingoism in Foreign Affairs, and his decreasing fondness for Home Rule, filled his ancient chief with misgiving. "Rosebery is an incalculable man—one of the most incalculable whom I have ever known." It was rumoured—and I cannot

doubt that the rumour reached Gladstone's ears—that Lord Rosebery was vehemently hostile to the more democratic features of Sir William Harcourt's Budget, and was only overborne by superior numbers. He petrified alike Churchmen and Nonconformists by his maladroit declaration that a State is as much entitled to maintain an Established Church as a Standing Army. He did all in his power to damp the fires of national indignation which the Armenian horrors of 1895 kindled; and he resigned the Liberal leadership as a protest against Gladstone's humane and manly intervention in the Armenian cause. In 1879 he had sat by Gladstone's side at Glasgow, and heard, and I doubt not cheered, the ringing sentences which denounced, among the evil works of the Tory Government, "the invasion of a free people in the Transvaal"; but twenty years later he was enthusiastically in favour of the war which desolated South Africa and destroyed the Republics.

In old and irresponsible days, he was described by a Liberal newspaper as "A Coronetted Socialist," because, if I remember aright, he recommended the State to intervene in the question of railway-men's work and wages; and, when he became Prime Minister, his friends Henchman and Todhunter (if I may borrow two names from Lord Farintosh's retinue) acclaimed him as the Apostle of Social Reform. I do not recollect that his Administration accomplished anything very epoch-making in the direction of that apostolate; and now, when at length a Liberal Government has achieved what was pronounced impossible, and has guaranteed old age against the pain and shame of unmerited penury, we are

told that he is meditating a grand attack on the financial arrangements by which that immense act of national righteousness is rendered possible. If only he seizes the same opportunity for declaring himself a Tariff Reformer, the transformation will be artistically complete.

I have spoken so far of the points in which Lord Rosebery has disappointed early expectations. It is only right that I should say again, as I have often said before, that in three main respects he pointed out the path of wisdom. He urged the claim of Social Reform; he showed that the House of Lords is a permanent barrier to Liberal legislation; and he indicated the conditions under which alone Home Rule is possible. He pointed the way for others, but he never seemed able to find it for himself. He theorized much, but accomplished nothing. Always, like that dubious politician Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*, he seemed afraid to follow any line of thought to its practical conclusion, lest it should "carry him too far—over the hedge, in fact."

Has he at last hardened his heart to clear the "hedge," and to separate himself finally from those who have hitherto been his comrades and allies? There was a time when he publicly assigned it as the reason for his Liberalism that he "wished to be associated with the best men in the best work"; and that forgotten desire lends a pathetic interest to his present aberrations. "Great deeds will be done, but you will not be at the doing of them; high thoughts uttered, but they shall wake no echo in the seared conscience and the sodden heart." The words were spoken about a spiritual apostasy; but they are not without their warning for

public men who, under whatever pressure from within or from without, forsake their early faiths and abandon the cause of humanity and progress.

Writing just now about Lord Rosebery's ill-starred Administration, I said: "It lasted, amid ever-increasing perplexities, for a year and a quarter, and resulted, at the General Election of 1895, in the heaviest defeat which, down to that time, the Liberal party had ever sustained." This remark, historically true, suggests to the dutiful minds of Todhunter and Henchman the not unreasonable question, "Do you attribute that defeat to Lord Rosebery?" At a moment when that versatile politician seems at length to have broken from the wavering tradition of Mr. Brooke, and to have cleared "the hedge" which separates Liberalism from Conservatism, it is opportune to enquire what the Liberal party has lost and the Conservative party gained by the transition. And the artless question of Todhunter and Henchman suggests the quarter in which the answer may be found.

Was the Liberal disaster of 1895 due to Lord Rosebery? It is far enough away to be regarded dispassionately, and yet it is sufficiently recent to exhibit the qualities which then marred, and will always mar, Lord Rosebery's statesmanship. Men do not change materially after their sixty-second birthday. So we will try to estimate the loss and gain of 1909 by reference to the facts of 1895. The Election of that year taught us what we had lost by the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. It is true that, in the Elections of 1874 and 1886, his

leadership did not save his party from defeat; but it is to be borne in mind that in both those cases his recent policy had alienated great masses of his supporters, who deliberately abstained from the Polls because they disapproved of his dealings, in the one case with National Education, in the other with Home Rule. Against a deliberate resolve of that kind even Gladstone's personality could not prevail. But his supreme value as an electioneering force lay in the fact that he inspired those who followed him with a personal devotion which was akin to religious fanaticism. His moral enthusiasm infected his disciples, and, led by him, they went into an election as into a crusade, and fought as only men can fight who are consumed by self-sacrificing fervour for a sacred cause.

In a contest such as that of July, 1895, this personal enthusiasm would have been of incalculable value. Our action had not, as in 1874 and 1886, given distinct offence to our own people. There was no determination among our former supporters to vote against us or to abstain. But there was a large amount of indifference, listlessness, and langour; and against evils of that kind Gladstone's influence was omnipotent. Himself inspired, he inspired his followers, and each follower transmitted the sacred spark to two or three languid or careless souls who otherwise might, through sheer indifference to political issues, have lapsed to the party of Reaction. We suspected the magnitude of our loss when, on that dismal 1st of March, 1894, we realized that we had heard Gladstone for the last time in the House of Commons. We knew it, by practical experience, when his successors

ran away from office, and Lord Salisbury drove us to the country without a leader and without a policy.

I use the words advisedly. After Gladstone's retirement, the Liberal Party had no Leader. Lord Rosebery led no one, except the little band of servile adherents to whom reference has been already made. People who knew him in private life liked him very much, as they like him still; but to the general public, excepting always the rascaldom of the Race-course, he was unknown; and his popularity on the Turf availed us nothing, for Liberalism is a plant of slow growth on Ascot Heath or Epsom Downs.

But not only had we no Leader. We had no Policy. The power to inspire men with generous ardour for high causes is not bestowed on every one, and it would have been unreasonable to expect it of Lord Rosebery. But we had credited him with a certain faculty for bringing people together, smoothing points of difference, and combining the various elements of Liberalism in a solid and effective whole. When it came to the test of Premiership, it appeared that, of all human faculties, this was the one which Lord Rosebery most conspicuously lacked. It is a point of literary honour to eschew references to supposed capacities of rule in those who have never ruled; but the forbidden tag is absolutely appropriate. I dismiss all the stories about personal friction between the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, not because they were untrue, but because they belong to the domain of private life. I confine myself to the public record. Beaten on a snap-vote about some peddling detail of defective gunpowder,

Lord Rosebery did not appeal to the country, as he might well have done, for a favourable judgment on three years' strenuous work, but meekly toddled out of office, and made way for a statesman who knew his own mind. Lord Salisbury promptly dissolved Parliament, and we went to our constituents, as I said before, without a leader and without a policy. Ought I rather to say that we went with three leaders and three policies?

Lord Rosebery had some laudable but ill-defined notions for curbing the power of the House of Lords. He saw the evil as clearly as the best Radical of us all; but his characteristic fear of being "carried over the hedge" prevented him from formulating a definite remedy or enforcing it on the attention of the country.

Mr. Morley, as he then was, nailed the tattered flag of Home Rule to his creaking mast—let not the epithet be deemed offensive. I only mean that he was just going to lose his seat at Newcastle, and probably knew it. Lord Rosebery, though ex-Premier and titular leader of the party, gave, as far as I can remember, no encouragement to this last dying appeal for Home Rule; and so far he was wise. By 1895 Home Rule had ceased to be a bugbear and had become a bore; but the Nonconformists, already offended by the Premier's ardour for the Turf and his crude doctrine of Established Churches, were inclined to give ear to the prophecies of "Rome Rule" spread abroad by mysterious emissaries, who may or may not have come from Ulster, but who certainly came from a quarter where money was plentiful.

While Lord Rosebery carped at the House of Lords, and Mr. Morley ingeminated Home Rule, Sir William

Harcourt tried to rally the country to Local Veto; and this, though the most virtuous of causes, is probably the most disastrous for electioneering purposes. Myself a convinced advocate for Local Control over the Liquor-Traffic, I can recall with the vividness of yesterday the experiences, in this connexion, of 1895. Our meetings were excellent. Crowded audiences of enthusiastic Liberals took every point with ready apprehension, and signified their sympathy by the most emphatic tokens. Each successive item in our Liberal programme elicited louder cheers than the last—until we came to Local Veto. Then a deathly gloom came down, like a thick, cold fog, upon the meeting, and seemed to choke the speaker. Every man who has the faculty, or the habit, of public speech speaks, as it were, with his finger on the pulse of his audience, and he feels, almost before the words are out of his mouth, whether or not the pulse vibrates sympathetically. In discoursing of Local Veto, the speaker felt in vain for that responsive vibration; nay, the pulse seemed to elude his touch; he and his hearers were for the moment separated by an intervening cloud which no rhetoric could pierce. Where, five minutes before, all had been enthusiasm, approval, sympathy, and applause, there was now the silence of the tomb, or at the most a lonely cheer from a little knot of convinced teetotallers.

So passed, in divided counsels, confusion, and disaster, the General Election of 1895, and with it the great opportunity of Lord Rosebery's life. Since then we have had fourteen years of picturesque eloquence about things in general; ill-timed interventions in current politics;

speeches which required letters to explain them, and letters which could only be elucidated by speeches. It has been a time of political unsettlement, when old landmarks were removed and old faiths questioned; and a disinterested statesman, applying an unbiassed judgment to perplexing phenomena, and seeking not applause but Truth, might have rendered incalculable service to a distracted party, and a nation seriously imperilled by Mammon and Belial. But the thirst for popularity, the worship of the Jumping Cat, the ever-present desire to be on the winning side, are not the elements out of which Leadership is evolved. It was during a political controversy that Mr. Pickwick laid down the immortal rule: "It's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do." "But suppose there are two mobs?" suggested Mr. Snodgrass. "Shout with the largest," replied Mr. Pickwick; and, as the narrator justly observes, "Volumes could not have said more."

BUDGET-ON-THE-BRAIN

AUTUMN is the time for Zymotic diseases—the diseases, according to writers on Hygiene, which arise from fermentation, rage fiercely for a season, and then, in obedience to some unknown law, subside. Among these Budget-on-the-Brain must surely be reckoned. There probably is some Greek equivalent for it, if I had time to search Liddell and Scott; for, as long as human beings have lived in organized society, they have been taxed; and taxation has always produced in its victims a variety of disquieting and even dangerous symptoms. But I am an old-fashioned writer, and prefer a plain vocabulary. I talk about Consumption rather than Phthisis, and a heart-complaint in preference to a cardiac lesion. So "Water-on-the-Brain" is better than "Hydrocephalus"; and "Budget-on-the-Brain" conveys my meaning more clearly than any polysyllabic combination could convey it.

Just now the disease is both rife and acute. Every house (above a certain rateable value) contains a victim; and the groans of the patients are so heartrending that it seems inhuman to disregard them. The obvious duty of the good citizen is to enquire into the causes of such widespread misery; to remove them if possible, and, if not, to suggest palliatives. I do not pretend to approach

the subject with any scientific stringency. Enough for me if, by what Matthew Arnold called "a sinuous, easy, and unpolemical method," I am able to alleviate what I cannot cure.

The origin of the malady is clear enough. "East is East and West is West": the ancient world is incessantly exhibited in violent contrast to the new. But East and West, and Ancient and Modern, and every other division and department of the human family, are united in this—that we dislike being taxed. One person, and one only that I have ever known, thought otherwise. The late Mr. Auberon Herbert believed that, if only taxation were voluntary, the national income would be enormously increased. He was convinced that, if once Englishmen were left to the impulses of their own generous natures, unhampered by the importunity of law, they would outvie one another in the prodigality of their contributions to the needs of the State. For my own part, I think very well of human nature, but not quite as well as that. I firmly believe that at Christmas we should all write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, saying that we sympathized from our hearts with his impoverished condition; but we deeply deplored our inability to send anything this year, but that next Christmas (if we had any luck) we should hope to do something very handsome indeed. It would, in short, be a case of Alice's Tea-party. "Jam yesterday, and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day."

Granting, then—and it can scarcely be disputed,—that abhorrence of taxation is the original cause of Budget-on-the-Brain, it may not be out of place to

consider the circumstances which exacerbate it in certain cases, and the types of person who are peculiarly liable to it.

Of course the Avaricious are peculiarly obnoxious to its insidious onset. Sir Baptist Placid, who, if he was not a real person, must have been drawn from one, would not subscribe to the Races, but would give a guinea per annum to the Infirmary. As regards the Races, it was not the sum—£100 per annum,—that he objected to, but the principle. "He had a moral objection." A very rich man told me in my youth that the accumulation of money was the most real of all delights. Most of the other pleasures of life require youth and health for their enjoyment, but accumulation grows pleasanter the older you grow. A man who married a lady with a fortune of two millions replied to an appeal on behalf of a broken-down clergyman, with a large and sickly family, that he could not imagine why clergymen should not pay their way like other people, and that for his own part he never exceeded his income. A lady once told me that her husband, when afflicted with depression of spirits, found that the best way of cheering himself was to look at his bank-book. It is in constitutions such as these that the bacillus of Budget-on-the Brain finds its easiest lodgment.

Then, again, there are those who, being rich, wish to be thought poor—perhaps less revolting objects than the ostentatiously rich, who tell you what they gave for a green orchid or a black pearl, but still a scurvy and a sorry lot. One of Lord Beaconsfield's characters says that the right thing is to have £10,000 a year, and to be

thought to have five, "For, if the real amount is known, fellows try to borrow money of you, and, if you refuse, go about calling you a screw." Well do I know the class of man typified by that sentence! They have a particularly pleasant way of refusing to help good causes, or to relieve misfortune and distress. "My dear fellow, it sounds a most excellent scheme—a really deserving case,—and I should be only too glad to help it if I could. But this last year my income has shrunk quite terribly, and my expenses increase every day. I am most awfully sorry to say No—and to you, of all people."

Then there are the people who quite honestly and simply believe that a certain way of living and scale of expenditure belong, by the fitness of things, to their station, and that to curtail them would precipitate a social revolution. The supreme instance of this class was the last Duke of Buckingham but one, who, when ruin was staring him in the face, and a friend suggested that he need not keep an Italian confectioner as well as a French *chef*, replied: "Good gad, mayn't a man have a biscuit with his glass of sherry?" It was, I think, the late Lord Pembroke who, when speaking in the House of Lords against a motion in favour of Life-Peerages, said that the sort of peers who would be created under such a system would probably come down to their Lordships' House in the 'bus. And the Noble Lords laughed consumedly. I can remember hearing it said in praise of a lady who lost her husband in early life that she never allowed her sorrow to overwhelm her, but always sate down to her solitary dinner with two servants out of livery, and three in it, to watch her eating her cutlet.

People whose minds are framed on that line take the Budget-fever very badly. They do not utter such piercing cries as some other types of victim, but their sufferings are deep-seated and their prospects of recovery very faint.

But the saddest case of all is that of the truly excellent people who, from sheer thick-headedness and fatuity, honestly believe that the curtailment of their "pomp and prodigality" would mean a real loss to the community. They have hitherto had champagne at dinner every night. Henceforward they must produce it only for guests. Six hunters are not one too many if you live in a good hunting-country; henceforward three must suffice. They have just got rid of their last pair of carriage-horses and bought a third motor; it will be a very awkward moment to sell. The gardens and glass-houses have hitherto been a rather costly item; some of the staff must now seek situations elsewhere. From time immemorial there has been a herd of deer in the park. To keep 250 deer costs, I believe, £250 a year. "Not only do they require to be fed with hay and beans when there is deep snow, but they consume the grass that more profitable creatures would eat; and they not only eat but spoil." The herd must be sold, but who will buy?

I know plenty of honest and kindly men, not the least ostentatious or self-indulgent, who regard these impending changes with genuine concern. If we modify our drinking habits, what's to become of the wine-merchants? Fewer hunters mean fewer strappers; fewer motors, fewer chauffeurs. The butler, who took his place on the distinct assurance that he was to have three men

under him, will now have to do with two men and a boy. How are these dispossessed citizens to live? As to the deer—well, a haunch of venison, happily timed, has often healed a local dispute; and, when not required for domestic consumption, it is a saleable commodity at the West End of London.

Now these are the victims of Budget-on-the-Brain with whom I find it easiest to sympathize. I sit, in imagination, by their sick beds, and soothe their fevered pillows with apt citations from Bastiat. I murmur the apologue of the good shopkeeper whose careless son broke a pane of glass, and who, but for that accident, might have spent the money which it cost to repair the glass on a book or a pair of shoes. "This illustration," triumphantly remarks the Political Economist, "exhibits the folly of the doctrine that waste and extravagance are good for trade." Henceforward, I tell my friends, they will have less opportunity for indulging in those vices, and therefore the country will not lose but gain by their altered circumstances. And if, even then, they do not seem quite pacified; if they still toss and moan, and talk disconnectedly about old associations and servants who have been as good as friends, and horses which have carried them in the first flight, and motors which make all the difference at an election—then I produce from my moral Pharmacopœia the sedative instance of the first Lord Tollemache, who, though never afflicted with Budget-on-the-Brain, was seriously hit by the cattle-plague which ravaged Cheshire in 1865. "Really," he said to an old friend, "I ought to sell my house in London, and take lodgings in a back street—

only I know you would never come to see me there. Then my servants—I ought to discharge them all, but they are excellent people, and it can't be right to turn them into the street. Horses again—I have a very large stable; but, when a horse has served you well, you haven't the heart to send him to Tattersall's or the knacker's." All quite true and very right. Somehow, the financial wind was tempered to the shorn lamb; and John Lord Tollemache died as he had lived, with a house in St. James's Square, as well as a Castle in Cheshire and a moated Hall in Suffolk, a regiment of "gallant, gay domestics," and a team of chestnuts which was the envy of the coaching world.

After this soothing recital, the honest victim of Budget-on-the-Brain falls into a light and refreshing slumber, and wakes to the pleasing consciousness that he is not ruined after all.

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THE PLATFORM

JUST now * the Platform is, to use a favourite phrase of journalese, "much in evidence." The daily papers are full of it. Parliamentary reports are reduced to the narrowest dimensions, and even the pomp and circumstance of glorious Football are rigidly circumscribed. The Budget League harangues, and the Anti-Budget League makes answer. Mr. Asquith rebukes Lord Rosebery, and is in turn scolded by Mr. Balfour. Every man who, on either side, has held office, or holds it, or hopes to hold it, adds his contribution to the strife of tongues. From Cornwall to Caithness the citizens of Great Britain are enjoying in the most unstinted abundance the strange delight of listening to public speeches; and the Platform is, at least for the moment, the most conspicuous object in the apparatus of the British Constitution.

An accomplished publicist—Mr. Henry Jephson—tells us that—

"what, technically, is now called the 'Platform' was during the eighteenth century and in the early part of the nineteenth known by the name of the 'Hustings,' which word survives in use to the present day. Occasionally it was designated by the term 'Scaffold' (as at a meeting of the citizens of Westminster in 1793), or by the word 'Stage.' Later on the words 'Tribune' and 'Rostrum' and 'Forum' were sometimes used. In 1820 we find the word 'Platform' used as describing the

* October, 1909.

place from which the speakers addressed the meeting; and, gradually, as we advance into the nineteenth century, the word 'Platform,' by a perfectly simple and natural transition, comes into general use and acceptation, not merely in the technical sense, as the place from which the speech was made, but as descriptive of the spoken expression of public opinion outside Parliament."

Of these terms, "the Hustings" went out, with open voting, in 1872. The instinctive sense which guides mankind in the choice of words naturally discarded "Scaffold," or, rather, left it to its proper use in the literature of executions and in Swinburne's passionate denunciation of the despot's "dream,"

> "That hallows the gallows,
> And bids the scaffold stream."

"The Stage" had associations less morbid indeed, but so thoroughly histrionic as to suggest a certain unreality in even the loftiest appeals to Righteousness and Truth. "Tribune" was obviously too Frenchified for a pre-eminently British institution, and "Rostrum" was redolent of Dr. Blimber and his friends the Ancient Romans. And so, by the gradual elimination of all competing titles, "The Platform" obtained a significance as definite and as exclusive as "The Altar," "The Throne," or "The Press."

So much for the name. The thing which it signifies is older indeed, but not venerably old. "The Revolution in 1688 was effected without its instrumentality or the slightest recourse to its aid, and during the reigns of William and Mary and of Anne political meetings and political speeches were practically unheard of." The

germ of Public Meeting is probably to be found in the practice of the High Sheriff convoking the Freeholders of the County to consider measures necessary for the public safety, to support the Crown, or repel invasion. Robert Southey, who saw more clearly than most writers of his time the interdependence and mutual reaction of religion and politics, acutely suggests that the preaching of Whitefield and the Wesleys, which gathered thirty and forty thousand people in the open air, may have suggested the notion of popular gatherings, far exceeding in their numbers the limited roll of Freeholders, for purposes of public concern. Matter for discussion was certainly not wanting. The life-long contest between George III. and the forces which make for freedom revived the memories of 1649 and 1688. The fires of the French Revolution kindled a responsive flame on this side of the Channel. From 1768, when John Wilkes rallied the electors of Middlesex to the cause of Parliamentary Independence, till 1801, when the renegade Pitt suspended the Habeas Corpus Act and passed the Seditious Meetings Act, the Platform was an ever-increasing force in the political life of the country. Then came the sudden and heavy blow of executive authority, which for ten years laid it low.

The little market-town of Woburn lies forty miles from Hyde Park Corner, under the shadow of a great house which, at the time of which I am writing, was devoted to the popular cause. Yet the inhabitants dared not hold a Public Meeting in support of popular principles, for fear of Pitt's spies, who dropped down from London by the coach to collect information, and

returned to lay charges of sedition against the local Hampdens. So the lovers of freedom used to betake themselves to a village five miles off, where a strange face would have been instantly recognized, and where they were harangued, under cover of night, by the young sons of the Duke of Bedford. "How high my heart used then to beat for Freedom!" was the language of one of those sons, who survived till 1861.

That the Platform ever resumed its place in the national life was due to the frauds, abuses, and corruption in high places which the reforming party in Parliament brought to light; but, as the second decade of the nineteenth century advanced, a merely hostile and destructive criticism made way for a persistent and positive demand. Public orators were no longer content to extol the abstract beauties of Liberty; they embodied their ideal in the concrete shape of Parliamentary Reform. Meanwhile the Seditious Meetings Act had expired, and freedom of speech had been restored. The clamorous uprising of the whole nation, demanding as one man an honest system of representation in Parliament, conferred on the Platform, which was its chief medium of public utterance, an importance till then unknown. That importance has now been developed and consolidated by a century of active citizenship, and the Platform has long been reckoned, together with Parliament and the Press, as one of the visible powers in public life. The more real, but less palpable, live and work out of sight.

In days gone by it was regarded as a truism that the same man could not excel on the Platform and in the

House of Commons. Of all the orators who have adorned the Platform none ever equalled O'Connell.

> "Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
> And wave on wave rolled into space away;
> Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
> Even to the centre of the hosts around;
> But, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
> As from some church tower swings the silvery bell;
> Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
> It glided, easy as a bird would glide;
> To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
> It played with each wild passion as it went;
> Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
> And sobs or laughter answered as it willed."

And yet the orator whom Bulwer-Lytton thus magnificently described was regarded in the House of Commons as a charlatan and a buffoon. Students of Demagogy who were old when I was young told me that the most powerful orator ever heard on an English platform was Daniel Whittle Harvey (1786–1863), sometime M.P. for Southwark, and chief exponent of Metropolitan Radicalism; of whom no trace remains except that, by a curious irony of Fate, he ended his days as Commissioner of Police for the City of London. The agitation against the Corn Laws, conducted mostly on the public platform, produced a rich crop of popular orators. The greatest of these, of course, were Richard Cobden and John Bright; and those who can remember both will generally be found to pronounce that Cobden was at his best in the House and Bright on the Platform. Of Cobden, Lord Beaconsfield, no mean judge, said: "He was born a statesman, and his reasoning was always like a statesman's, and striking." But, on the other hand, Bright's speeches to his constituents at Birmingham

remain in black and white as the most impressive harangues ever delivered from a platform.

From the very beginning of Gladstone's Parliamentary career—indeed, from his Oxford days—it had been recognized that he had a pre-eminent gift of Parliamentary speaking; but it was pronounced by people who were thought good judges that he was incapable of addressing a public meeting. His style, they said, was too academical, and he utterly lacked that vein of sympathy which puts a speaker in touch with a popular audience. For many years the truth of their judgment could not be tested, for Gladstone then represented the University of Oxford, and it is contrary to academical etiquette for a "Burgess" of the University to make public speeches. But when, by his rejection at Oxford, he was, in his own phrase, "unmuzzled," and appealed for the first time to the electorate of South Lancashire, people discovered to their amazement that on the Platform he was fully as powerful as in Parliament. Indeed, his extraordinary strength of body and his penetrating voice were even more conspicuously effective in the open air than in the limited area of the House of Commons. His performances at Blackheath in 1871 and 1876, and in Midlothian in later years, can never be surpassed.

Oratory is one of the finest of human arts, and it is as essentially a natural gift as music. But there is another class of public speaking, lower indeed than the highest, yet perhaps in the conditions of modern life more serviceable. It is a style which does not aspire to eloquence, but is clear, energetic, closely knit, pungent

in phrase, and aimed with unerring skill at the special prejudices and sympathies of the audience. This style is equally well adapted to Parliament and to the Platform, and the greatest master of it whom I have ever heard is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

One of Lord Beaconsfield's characters said that the proper style for the House of Lords was that of *Paradise Lost*; for the House of Commons, *Don Juan*. Perhaps the style best adapted to the Platform is a happy blend of the Bible and *Pickwick*. This is written with no irreverent intention, but with the sincere conviction that no appeal can be too solemn, no flight too high, for a popular audience; and that, on the other hand, a genuine gift of humour never finds a livelier response than from a gathering of ten thousand artisans. I have seen the present Lord Coleridge lift his whole audience with him to the Seventh Heaven; and I have heard the vast volume of laughter surge across the hall, and then come rolling back to the platform, when Sir Wilfrid Lawson pointed his moral with a tale.

A GOOD CRY

I USE the phrase, not as it is sometimes used, in association with "a cup of tea," as the supposed solace for female woes, but as it bears on Electioneering. The "old Parliamentary hands" (to use Gladstone's phrase) who dominated my youth used to lay it down that "a Good Cry" was the first requisite in the tremendous experiment which is spoken of as "Going to the Country." A righteous cause, a popular leader, a capable candidate, a satisfactory registration, were all very well in their way, but they would not carry the day without "a Good Cry." Disraeli in his political novels made frequent fun of this potent spell. Describing the arrangements for the General Election of 1837, he thus depicts the perplexities of the Conservative managers, Messrs. Taper and Tadpole:—

"A Cry must be found. A Dissolution without a Cry, in the Taper philosophy, would be a world without a sun. A rise might be got by 'Independence of the House of Lords,' but Tadpole wanted the Young Queen brought in. At length, one morning, Taper came up to him with a slip of paper, and a smile of complacency on his dull visage. 'I think, Mr. Tadpole, that will do!' Tadpole took the paper, and read—'Our Young Queen and our Old Institutions.' The eyes of Tadpole sparkled as if they had met a gnomic sentence of Periander or Thales; then, turning to Taper, he said, 'What do you think of *ancient*, instead of *old?*' 'You cannot have Our Modern Queen and our Ancient Institutions.'"

So "old" must balance "young." When the contest was over, the victorious Egremont, describing the manœuvres of his defeated opponent, the Radical merchant, McDruggy, said—

"All the town was placarded with 'Vote for McDruggy and our Young Queen,' as if he had coalesced with Her Majesty; but we instantly issued our placard of 'Vote for our Young Queen and Egremont,' which was at least more modest, and turned out more popular."

The fact that Disraeli, a past-master in all the arts of electioneering, rated these absurdities at their proper value gives a peculiar piquancy to a cutting which a friend has sent me:—

"Some interesting and valuable Disraelian relics have been discovered among the possessions of the late Earl of Beaconsfield by Mr. Coningsby Disraeli at Hughenden Manor, Buckinghamshire, where they have been displayed on the walls of one of the apartments. They consist of excellently preserved banners, worked in silks, such as used to be carried in the electoral processions at Maidstone and Shrewsbury in the years 1837 and 1841.

"One is inscribed, 'Disraeli and your ancient institutions: "Forti nihil difficile"'; another bears the inscription, 'Church, Queen, and Constitution'; while others are worded, 'Disraeli, and native industries' and 'Disraeli and popular principles.'"

Here clearly is the model on which the imaginary Mr. Taper formed his style. *Forti nihil difficile* is the motto which Disraeli actually assumed when he went to the House of Lords. "Disraeli and native industries" has a patriotic appealingness which would excellently serve a Tariff-Reformer. "Disraeli and popular

principles," with a change of name, would do for any candidate in any cause.

To turn from charlatanry to genius, "No peace with the Regicides" was the Cry which, bursting from the inspired lips of Burke, overmastered even Pitt's imperious will, and drove England into the prolonged agony of the Revolutionary War. When at length we had chained the Conqueror of Europe to the rock of St. Helena, and had leisure to concern ourselves with our own affairs, "The Sovereignty of the People" was the Cry of those who realized the mischiefs inflicted by a practical despotism. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century "Church and King" was the Tory Cry, and it gave Lord John Russell the hint for an excellent retort. "Our opponents deafen us with their cry of 'Church and King.' Shall I tell you what they mean by it? They mean a Church without the Gospel, and a King above the law." As the century advanced, and Whiggery resumed its active operations, it formulated its faith in Lord Grey's threefold watchword—"Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." As the plot thickened, and the pusillanimity of half-hearted friends threatened the Reform Bill with destruction, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill" was the Cry which, uttered in unmistakable tones, brought the House of Lords to its senses.

When England was struggling for free food against the monopolists and the landowners, "Total and Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws," contracted into "Total and Immediate," was the Cry that carried the day. At the General Election of 1857, when Palmerston appealed

to the country for support in his thoroughly immoral policy towards China, he carried all before him by describing the Governor of Canton as "an Insolent Barbarian." England was not going to be dictated to by an Insolent Barbarian; and Palmerston's "Cry," though wildly remote from truth, justice, and even decency, drove his opponents (including Bright and Cobden) out of the field. Palmerston's ethical standard notoriously left a good deal to be desired; but he was the idol of the Low Church party, and Lord Derby made capital fun of the placards which exhorted the electors to vote for "Palmerston, the true Protestant," and "Palmerston, the only Christian Premier." A few years later the extension of the suffrage to the artisans became the burning question of domestic politics. Palmerston was Prime Minister, and was notoriously against the extension. Lord John Russell was for it; most of the Cabinet were half-hearted, and the whole situation was ambiguous. All at once Gladstone enounced the doctrine that the working men were "our own flesh and blood," and therefore equally entitled with Members of Parliament to the rights of citizenship. "Flesh and Blood" was precisely the phrase which fitted the occasion; and though, as an argument, it was vulnerable, it supplied the Reforming partly with exactly such a Cry as they needed; and "Flesh and Blood" asserted itself ever more and more vociferously till it won its victory in 1867. "No Taxation without Representation" is a thoroughly constitutional Cry which has done yeoman-service at each election where the extension of the Suffrage has been concerned. It played its part alike

in 1832 and in 1867. It was recalled from its rest to the Demonstrations which claimed the vote for the Labourer in 1884; and more recently it has floated in angry protest over the dishevelled tresses of "Suffragettes" struggling to be free.

When Disraeli observed the rapidly decreasing popularity of Gladstone's first Administration, he announced, in a published letter, his conviction that the nation had determined to stop this system of "Plundering and Blundering," and the jingle served excellently for the Tory Cry at the Election of 1874. By 1880 the Liberal party rallied to the Cry of "The Grand Old Man and No Crotchets"; and I remember an almost lyrical lilt in the utterance of a Liberal orator, "We'll all go in solid for the Grand Old Man."

When the present writer entered public life the traditions of a rougher age survived, and to some extent tinged electioneering "Cries" and methods. Liberal politicians in Buckinghamshire still cherished the grossly offensive placards in which the youthful Disraeli, when Independent candidate for High Wycombe, had been reminded of his Jewish origin; and echoes of the old controversy about Tithes were still to be heard in the villagers' cry of "More Pigs and Less Parsons."

Recent years have produced some "Cries" more decent and not less effective. "Vote for Smith, and swell the flowing tide," was an inspiring challenge, till it was met by the appropriate counterblast, "Vote for Brown, and dam the flowing tide."

In the Parliament of 1892 an excellent friend of mine had voted, as we all had, for Home Rule, the Admission

of Aliens, Payment of Members, and Local Veto. At the election of 1895, these votes were paraphrased by the enemy in this offensive placard:—

"MR. ROBINSON'S PROGRAMME.

England for the Irish.
London for the Polish Jew.
Cold water for the working man.
AND
Three Hundred a Year for Himself.
Good old Robinson!"

The result was a Liberal disaster.

Towards the end of the Parliament of 1874 a strong feeling was manifested among Liberals against the practice of flogging in the Army and Navy, and Mr. J. Chamberlain was the resolute champion of humaner methods. At the Election of 1880 a splendid cartoon was produced, displaying a victim stripped and tied to a grating, with his back cut into stripes of vivid red and blue, while an officer, with cocked hat and eyeglass, wielded the cat-of-nine-tails. Underneath was the indignant question, "English Electors, can you stand this?" The cartoon had a deserved success, but not everywhere. In a certain constituency the Liberal candidate was a Colonel of Militia—Colonel Bludyer we will call him,—and Colonel Bludyer unfortunately lay under more than a suspicion of beating his wife. So, wherever our humanitarian cartoon was displayed, the enemy wrote under the officer's picture, "Colonel B——r," and under the victim, "Mrs. B——r," while "THIS," in the question was heavily underscored. The Colonel denounced the insinuation as "un-English," and the Tory won the seat.

SPEAKERS

WHEN I write "Speakers," I mean not orators but Presidents of the House of Commons. From the days of knickerbockers even till now we have been familiar with the instance of the intelligent child who, surveying the House from the gallery, said to its Parliamentary parent, "Dear papa, why is the man in the wig called the Speaker, when he is the only one that doesn't speak?" I leave the origin of the title to Dryasdust; nor do I intend to disturb the long repose of such remote characters as Speaker Montfort, who first filled the chair, or Speaker Lenthall, who withstood Charles I., or Speaker Trevor, who was expelled for taking bribes. I cannot even include Speaker Manners-Sutton, a Tory whose peculiar vein of humour displayed itself in mispronouncing the names of Whig members, and saying, *e.g.* "Mr. Bull-Tail" for Mr. Bulteel. This curious humorist died in 1845, and I am concerned to-day only with Speakers whom I have known.

I was reared in the tradition that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was the best Speaker who ever lived; and certainly he looked the part to perfection. He was well over six feet high, with a countenance expressive, as Sydney Smith said, of all the Ten Commandments and Cardinal Virtues; with a majestic bearing and a sonorous voice. His

special excellence as a Speaker was held to be that, when there was no precedent for a particular course, he always said that it was the well-known practice of the House, and that, if any one ever attempted to question these improvised authorities, he said: "Order, order! The point is already disposed of," with a voice and manner which silenced all remonstrance. But those were comparatively tranquil days—1839–1857,—and I have sometimes wondered whether Mr. Speaker Shaw-Lefevre might not have come off second-best in an encounter with, say, Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P. But, excellent as he was in the Chair, nothing in Shaw-Lefevre's Parliamentary life became him like the leaving of it. Down to his time a Speaker, on retiring to the House of Lords, had always received a grant of £2,000 a year for two lives. When Shaw-Lefevre became Lord Eversley, he said that he could not endure the feeling that his Speakership should inflict a burden on posterity, and therefore he would rather have £4000 a year for his own life only. As he drew this pension from 1857 to 1888, when he died at the age of 94 (having bought a new pair of guns when he had turned ninety), he certainly had the best of the bargain. Lord Eversley was succeeded by Mr. John Evelyn Denison (1800–1873), a gentleman-like, dry, grave sort of man, with a remarkably austere manner, which concealed, not always quite successfully, a constitutional nervousness. It is to be borne in mind that in the days of which I am speaking (1857–1872), and, indeed, for long after, the Speaker's authority was quite indefinite. He was not, as now, armed with a code of rules which defined in black and

white the very extensive powers with which he has been entrusted; but had to rely, from hour to hour, on the feeling of the House, and to calculate exactly the extent to which it would support him in any particular exercise of discipline. Speaker Shaw-Lefevre overrode these difficulties by sheer force of voice and look; but Speaker Denison could not always conceal his trepidation. One evening, when the House was beginning to look a little stormy, he stooped from the Chair to the Chief Clerk—Sir Denis Le Marchant,—who sat immediately below him, and murmured in his ear, "Sir Denis, I don't at all like the look of things this evening. I expect we are in for something troublesome. What would you recommend me to do?" "I should recommend you, sir, to be uncommonly careful," said Sir Denis, and went out to dinner, leaving his miserable chief chained, in Promethean torture, to the rock. This method of soothing a nervous patient always struck me as both novel and ingenious.

Speaker Denison, who became Lord Ossington in 1872, was succeeded by Mr. H. B. W. Brand, M.P. for Cambridgeshire, and for many years Chief Whip of the Liberal Party. The notion of choosing a Whip, who must, by the necessities of his position, be essentially and pre-eminently a partisan, for a post where absolute impartiality is the first requisite, could have originated in no ordinary mind. It was Gladstone who made the experiment, and thereby elicited from Disraeli some characteristic gibes on this singular method of rewarding political services. It must be confessed that the experiment was not successful. Speaker Brand was one of the most genial, obliging, and sweet-tempered of men.

In the days of his Whipship it used to be said that recalcitrant Liberals, voting against the Government on the Reform Bill of 1866, were not the least affected by Gladstone's denunciations or Bright's sarcasms, but were almost won back to their allegiance by Brand's pained expression and pleading glance. In calm times Speaker Brand did very well. He looked the part to perfection, with a dignity of bearing which added a cubit to his stature, and the rosy complexion of the Country Gentleman who has found his pleasure in field-sports. But in the last four years of his Speakership Brand encountered very rough weather. Obstruction, invented as far back as 1871, was highly developed in 1879 by Parnell and Biggar, not unaided by Mr. J. Chamberlain. In the new Parliament of 1880, the whole Irish party carried obstructive methods to the perfection of a fine art; and they, at any rate, did not think Speaker Brand impartial. By presence of mind in an emergency, he might have averted all the scandals and disasters which arose out of Bradlaugh's claim to take the oath; but emergencies require gifts which Brand did not possess. He became Lord Hampden in 1884, and carried with him from the House of Commons the affectionate regards of those over whom he had presided; but there was a general feeling that the post of Speaker, in these contentious days, required a stronger man. Yet it was difficult to find a successor. Mr. Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford, who was in all respects the ideal Speaker, felt his physical strength insufficient for the post. Mr. Goschen would have liked it very much, but was hopelessly shortsighted. Both Sir Henry James

and Sir Farrer Herschell had some excellent qualifications, but both were lawyers, and the House does not love the Law. The credit of discovering the one suitable man, who was also possible, belongs to Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Arthur Peel had been associated with him at the Home Office; and, as every one recognized the moment the nomination was made, Peel combined all the requisite qualities. He bore one of the greatest of Parliamentary names; he held moderate opinions; he had a most majestic presence; and his manner of utterance lent dignity to the most insignificant or formal words. When Mr. Speaker Peel, rising from the Chair on the 26th of February, 1884, put his first motion—"The question is that this House do now adjourn"—we all rushed into the Lobby, as enthusiastic in admiration as if we had been addressed by Demosthenes or the "Affable Archangel." I may add that the Speakership which began so auspiciously continued and ended as it had begun.

Early in 1895 we learned that Speaker Peel contemplated resignation. Then arose some singular complications and combinations. The House and the Lobbies, the Tea-Room and the Smoking Room, were full of plots and stratagems. It was known that, by a departure from modern usage, there was to be a division on the Speakership. The Tories would put forward Sir Matthew White-Ridley, M.P. for the Blackpool Division of Lancashire—a man in many respects peculiarly well fitted for the post—with wide acres and large fortune, long experience of Parliament and office, and a manner at once dignified and genial. The whole Tory party

would support him solidly and enthusiastically. The Liberal majority was perilously small; and, on a trial of strength, a very few Liberal defections might carry the election against the Government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman earnestly desired the Speakership; but his colleagues on the Front Bench declined to put him forward, thereby, as Gladstone (who had retired) observed, refusing him what he had a right to claim. They determined to propose Mr. Leonard Courtney; and the Radicals determined to vote against him. In this distracting difficulty, the Government fell back on Mr. Gully, M.P. for Carlisle, who, though most highly respected at the Bar, was scarcely known by sight in the House. He was carried, after a sharp struggle, and presided with grace and dignity for just ten years, and then by his retirement made way for Mr. James William Lowther, M.P. for the Penrith Division of Cumberland. Having known Mr. Speaker Lowther from his earliest years, and having also a proper respect for what Burke calls "the austerity of the Chair," I forbear to describe him.

"EBOR"

It is to be feared that a considerable number of people know the word "Ebor" chiefly in conjunction with "Handicap," but for the serious-minded world it has very different associations.

"York," writes Dryasdust, "a town of the Bigantes, named Evrauc, was settled by the Romans during the second campaign of Agricola, about 79 A.D., and named Eboracum, and became the Metropolis of the North. It was erected into a See about 180 A.D., and subsequently into an Archbishopric. Paulinus was the first Archbishop of York. Much dispute arose between the two English Archbishops about precedency. Appeal was made to the Court of Rome, and the question was decided in favour of Canterbury. The Archbishop of York was allowed to style himself Primate of England, but the Archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of All England."

When Eboracum became a See the occupants of it took to signing themselves, according to Episcopal custom, by their Christian name with that of the See suffixed. The Bishop of York was "Henricus" or "Gulielmus" *Eboracensis,* and Eboracensis, being contracted, became Ebor. I know a gentleman who, in his sparkling youth, was Private Secretary to a Cabinet Minister, and in that capacity had to answer a letter to his chief signed "W. Ebor." He addressed his reply

"W. Ebor, Esq.," and thereby drew down on himself an avalanche of archiepiscopal rebuke which very nearly lost him his place.

In addition to the rather shadowy privilege of "styling himself Primate of England," the Archbishop of York, as time went on, acquired more tangible boons. He possessed a wide acreage, a huge income, and a palatial house. Bishopthorpe, with its hundred rooms,* is no mean rival of Lambeth, and the Archbishops lived in it in a style harmonious with their environment. Mr. Gladstone, who had an inexplicable delight in

"The constant service of the antique world,"

used to say that Archbishop Harcourt, in addition to the customary apparatus of House Steward and Groom of the Chambers, Under-butlers, and Footmen, kept two valets, one exclusively devoted to the culture of his wigs. The Archbishop never left Bishopthorpe unless surrounded by his chaplains in a coach-and-six, while a purple-liveried warder at the gate announced by blast of horn that His Grace was on the road. Meanwhile the Archbishop's wife travelled in her own carriage with a modest pair of horses, to show the world that her position among women was not equivalent to her husband's among men. Archbishop Markham, on one notably merry Christmas-day, collected all his grandchildren around him and presented each with a banknote for £1000. His immediate successor drew £40,000 a year for forty years, and dispensed a magnificent patronage, secular as well as sacred;

* A recent inhabitant of Bishopthorpe tells me that there are only seventy.

inasmuch as, until the abolition of his matrimonial and testamentary jurisdiction, he presided over a large and well-paid system of legal and judicial offices. This opulence and splendour vanished when Sir Robert Peel created the Ecclesiastical Commission, and threw all episcopal incomes into Hotchpot, to be impartially divided among the occupants of the various Sees. But still, with Bishopthorpe and £12,000 a year, an Archbishop of York could live very comfortably; and, if he was a man to whom the honours and dignities of his office were dear, he was happier in that See than he would have been as Archbishop of Canterbury; for the local deference which is paid at York to the Northern Primate is unknown in the industrial purlieus of Lambeth. When Archbishop Thomson of York died, in 1890, the 10th Hussars, then quartered at York, were just going to give a ball to which all fashionable Yorkshire had been invited; and the smart subalterns were beyond measure astonished when they heard that no decent person could dance in York while the Archbishop was lying dead at Bishopthorpe.

Though denuded of some material splendours, the Archbishopric of York has always remained a special and worthy object of episcopal ambition. When the graceless Bertie Stanhope insisted on fraternizing with Bishop Proudie in the drawing-room of Barchester Palace, he said, "You are changed about sometimes, aren't you?"

"Translations are occasionally made," said the Bishop, with dignity, "but not so frequently as in former days."

"Ah, they've cut you all down to pretty nearly the

same figure, haven't they?" continued Bertie; but of course this flippant remark did not apply to the two Archbishoprics, or the three principal Sees of London, Durham, and Winchester; and the prospect of bounding from £5000 a year at Barchester to £12,000 a year at York was not without its attractions to excellent men who had thoroughly learnt the apostolic lesson of providing for their own families. In 1862, when Archbishop Longley was translated from York to Canterbury, Bishop Wilberforce, then of Oxford, made no secret of his wish to succeed; and, when the vacant archbishopric was conferred upon his former curate, Dr. Thomson, the Bishop thus expressed his sentiments:—

"It was curious how indignant people were about the appointment. Beckett said it was an affront to Yorkshire. I only wish that he would tell Palmerston so. There must be some secret history, if we could get it, because only last week at Hickleton Sir C. Wood told Admiral Meynell that I was to be appointed. Well, it is best as it is, for those who will make it best; but there is no denying that I should have liked, if it had been God's will, to work amongst my father's people."

Before the See of York was offered to Bishop Thomson, it had been refused by Bishop Tait, then of London; and his reason for refusal was memorable:—

"There could be no reason for the change, except on the plea of health; and an inspection of Bishopthorpe and full consideration of the nature of the duties and the sort of life convinced me that it was doubtful whether my health would really be likely to be stronger in that more northern climate. And, if this was doubtful, no other argument of sufficient weight remained to lead me to break off all my London work

in its imperfect state, and withdraw myself from the command of what must ever be the key of the Church of England—a post second in importance only to Canterbury."

Archbishop Thomson, who was even younger than Bishop Lang when he was appointed, reigned for nearly thirty years, and was succeeded by Bishop Magee, and those who had the pleasure of knowing that most vivacious and extremely human prelate will recall the boylike exuberance of joy and thankfulness with which he received his great promotion. That exuberance overflowed in his social bearing, and even suffuses the cold pages of his printed correspondence. On April 9, 1891, he wrote to his closest friend:—

"I have had an interesting experience since I wrote to you —namely, presidency for two days in Convocation. The proceedings were very stately and quaint, and very lordly as far as I was concerned. I doubt if I fully realised my position as Primate and Metropolitan until I found myself presiding over eight bishops and a host of inferior clergy, with mace before me, and apparitors and registrar and secretary behind, and 'Graced' at every other word."

Alas! it was a transient joy. 1891 was the year when influenza was most universal and most virulent; and in less than a month Archbishop Magee was in his grave. He was succeeded by the beloved and venerated prelate who has now vacated the Archiepiscopal throne, and made way for the remarkable personality of Bishop Lang.

Every one knows that a Bishop is styled in official documents as "By Divine Permission, Bishop of such-and-such a See." An Archbishop is "By Divine

Providence"; and there once was an Archbishop of York, of whom his groaning clergy said that "By Divine Connivance" would be a more suitable formula. What will Yorkshire say to Archbishop Lang? and, by the way, will he be known to the Church as "W. Ebor," since his first name is William? or will he continue true to his Jacobite convictions, suppress all traces of the "Great Deliverer," sign himself "Cosmo Ebor," and rule the Northern Province in the name which he derives from the Medicis and the Gordons?

When Pope Leo XIII. was nearing the end of his long life, I asked a Roman Catholic lady, just returned from Rome, who she thought would be the next Pope. "Ah!" she replied, "when we consider that the present Pope was chosen in 1878 because the other Cardinals thought he would not live five years, and that he is still alive and they are all dead, we see how precarious it is to forecast the dealings of Providence with the Church." I lay that lesson to heart, and do not speculate either about the fortunes of the Church at large, or about those of the Northern Province in particular. When, in October, 1868, Archbishop Longley of Canterbury died, and Archbishop Thomson of York was not asked to succeed him, the ever-watchful Bishop Wilberforce, encountering his brother Thomson at an ecclesiastical ceremony, recorded in his diary, "The Archbishop of York chagrined manifestly." So even the Primacy of England is not the summit of ecclesiastical ambition; and the seat of Paulinus has been, and may be again, a stepping-stone to the Marble Chair of St. Augustine.

PAGEANTRY

"COME, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." Those half pensive, half playful, words of Thackeray formed a kind of undersong to "the tumult and the shouting" which closed the last night of the Pageant of the English Church at Fulham Palace. The final scene was supremely beautiful. We had already beheld, alike with the eye of sense and the eye of faith, the "wrought gold" and "divers colours" of the Mediæval Church; had seen the Conqueror bow his haughty head to receive her unction, and John guarantee her freedom as an integral part of the nation's life. We had traced the vicissitudes and variations of the Church's story, her trials and her triumph; had seen her services to spiritual freedom under James I. and to civil freedom under James II., and, hour after hour, had watched the stream of time, rolling down from the Edict of Çonstantine to the Emancipation of the West Indian Slaves. And now, under the quiet stars, on a wide stage of greensward backed by forest trees, four thousand torches had twined and intertwined in ordered symmetry, like the convolutions of a river of fire; and a millennium of English history—"all the pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays," and much that Shakespeare never dreamed—had passed in procession before

our eyes to the strains of solemn yet triumphal music; and then had faded away into silence and darkness, as the last ray of sunset melts into the purple distance of the sea.

In an instant all is changed. A sudden blaze of limelight bathes the whole scene in garish glare. Seven thousand talkative spectators are tumbling over one another in their eager haste to catch the tram at the Palace-gates or the train at Putney Bridge, and with them mingle in picturesque confusion the great host of performers who have just been transporting us from London in the twentieth century to Ebbsfleet and the "Alleluya Victory." Kings, all bravely dight in purple and gold, are borrowing half-crowns for their return fare. Belted knights, in silver mail, are scaling the omnibus. Mitred prelates, with their vestments tucked under their arms, are running like Marathon sprinters. Cistercian abbesses, in garments whiter than driven snow, are drinking tea and nibbling sandwiches. "Queristers," who have just been warbling like the Angelic Choir, are making themselves sick with the stumps of cigarettes, and Pages of Honour, who but a moment since bore the train of the Lord's Anointed, are earning sixpences by calling cabs—

> "Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

* * * * *

I have written so far about a particular Pageant; but the display at Fulham, though singularly beautiful and impressive, is chiefly interesting as part of a larger whole. Regarded in connexion with its predecessors at

Sherborne and Warwick and Winchester, and its projected successors all over the country, it bears unmistakable witness to that love of Pageantry which lies so deep in the English heart. I say advisedly a "love of Pageantry," for it has nothing in common with the dramatic instinct. In these Pageants there is no room for the actor's art; they enforce the lessons of history by means of splendid shows; and that is the essence of Pageantry.

As Mr. Gladstone pointed out a generation ago, the same principle which gives us ritual in religion gives us "the ceremonial of Courts, the costume of judges, the uniform of regiments, all the languages of heraldry and symbol, all the hierarchy of rank and title; and, descending through all classes, presents itself in the badges and the bands of Foresters' and Shepherds' Clubs and Benefit Societies." We might add (though Mr. Gladstone ignored Freemasonry) that the pleasure of bedizening oneself in blue satin aprons and enamelled jewellery is one of the forces which enlist recruits for the mysteries of Jachin and Boaz; and who that has seen Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns arrayed for a field-day of the Primrose League can doubt that Pageantry plays an important part in our political organization? It is true that in the earlier part of the last century there was a school of utilitarian philosophy which, priding itself on hardheadedness and practicability, despised Pageantry, as it despised all beauty and all sentiment. The chief exponent of that school was Mr. Gradgrind, of detestable memory, and its most remarkable utterance was the suggestion, hazarded by a section of the Whigs when Queen Victoria came to

the Throne, that the ceremony of Coronation was an anachronism, and had better be abandoned. To trace the decay of the Utilitarian School would be an interesting study; but it may here suffice to say that the school waxed weaker and weaker all through Queen Victoria's reign, and that now its little residue of superannuated and rather doddering disciples could be counted on the fingers. The faith of Utilitarianism has been professed by many eminent and excellent men; but it was fundamentally at war with human instincts in general and English nature in particular; and therefore it carried the sentence of death within itself.

The love of Pageantry greets us, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, at every turn. The King might open Parliament in a "reefer suit" (whatever that may be), accompanied by Queen Alexandra in a waterproof cloak; but the divinity that hedges Kings and Queens would scarcely save them from being hooted in the streets by a disappointed populace. We may (or may not) be men of peace to our hearts' core; but we all have turned aside to gaze with admiration on a troup of Lifeguards, with their glittering cuirasses, and scarlet tunics, and white and waving plumes; black chargers that foam and prance, and trumpeters in crimson velvet wrought with gold. Foul fall the day when Mr. Haldane or his successors shall rob loyal Londoners of this heart-stirring Pageant, and fob us off with a drab-coloured gang of khaki-clad conscripts. Or take, again, the case of our provincial towns, with their dismal monotony of life and sight and sound. The unfamiliar blast of a trumpet stirs the lethargic air of the dusty market-place, and the High

Sheriff's carriage, with all its due appurtenance of javelin-men and footmen, rolls past to the County Hall, and a halt is called, and we gaze with hushed awe on the descending form of His Majesty's Judges of Assize, robed in scarlet and ermine, and, if the Lord Chief Justice happens to be on circuit, his train borne behind him and the golden collar of portcullises and Tudor Roses round his neck. Truly, as Mr. Shirley of Ettington said, with reference to a "Free Conference" between the Houses of Parliament, when the Lords sit covered, and the Commons stand bare-headed, and the carpet is spread on the table instead of the floor, "These are the things that make life worth living."

My friend Mr. Birrell, who has not entirely divested himself of the Puritanical associations in which he was reared, but who at length has realized what makes the Mass, has remarked that "the pious citizen of Antioch who lent his house for the assembling together of those who were first called Christians would be much startled could he see and hear the Mass as it is performed to-day either in St. Peter's, Rome, or in St. Paul's, London." That is likely enough; but he would learn, what could not be intimately known at Antioch, that Englishmen love ceremonial alike in the sacred as in the secular sphere.

"Ritual," said Mr. Gladstone, "is the clothing which, in some form and in some degree, men naturally and inevitably give to the performance of the public duties of religion. Beyond the religious sphere the *phrase* is never carried, but the *thing* appears, and cannot but appear, under other names. In all the more solemn and stated public acts of man we find employed that investiture of the acts themselves with an appropriate exterior which is the essential idea of ritual."

Most true. The Lord Mayor's Procession on the 9th of November is a popular delight with which the hardiest reformer dare not inter-meddle. Poll even the present House of Commons, and you would not find a dozen men to unwig the Speaker or to abolish that daily procession which wends its way, through an uncovered throng, into the House, and which Sir Henry Irving pronounced to be, having regard to the simplicity of its component parts, the most impressive display in the Parliamentary drama. When Mr. Lloyd-George's great Finance Bill receives the Royal Assent we should all feel that something vital had been omitted if the Royal Commissioners were not dressed in cocked hats and scarlet cloth and white fur, and if the Clerk of the Crown and the Clerk of the Parliaments had not made their responsive reverences to the Cloth of State.

But the strongest proof, if proof were wanting, of the delight which Englishmen take in Pageantry was supplied by the Coronation of King Edward VII. It was the absorbing topic of conversation all through the summer in which it occurred. It awoke the liveliest interest in every section and circle of the community. Every detail of the august ceremonial was studied with the care which intelligent men bestow on really important investigations; and from the Archbishop and the Earl Marshal to the sentries and the crossing-sweepers, every one who bore a part in the work of the day realized that he was helping to perform an historic act. "Other solemnities may perhaps have been more beautiful, or more strange, or more touching; but none at once so gorgeous and so impressive, in recollections, in actual sight, and in promise of what was to be."

DISPENSATIONS

We have lately got a new Vicar at St. Mungo's, Stucco Square. Not long ago *The Weekly Churchman* was able to give this alluring account of our church and its services: "St. Mungo's continues what it has been since it was founded—a place of spiritual worship with a deeply attached congregation. The gown is still worn in the pulpit, the Responses and *Amens* are rendered in the natural voice, and the Psalms are read." The happy congregation of St. Mungo's would perhaps have been even more "deeply attached" to these peculiar privileges, if only they had known the precariousness of the tenure by which they held them. But none of us can resist the operations of the *Zeit-Geist*, and St. Mungo's, much against its will, has found itself seized and swept along by the "Great Mundane Movement." "Some three years since a Low Church nobleman, attracted no doubt by the paragraph in *The Weekly Churchman* took a pew at St. Mungo's. The Vicar preached a course of sermons on "The Allied Evils of Sacerdotalism and Modernism"; in which Lord Halifax and Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple (both glanced at under periphrases), were identified, beyond the possibility of doubt, with the Beast and the Lawless One. This masterpiece of exegesis had far-reaching consequences. The Noble Lord, who, as

all students of "Crockford's" know, is the patron of nine benefices, was overjoyed to hear once again the theology in which he had been nurtured, but which of late years seemed to have lapsed out of fashion; and he noted our Vicar's name for his next living. When the vacancy occurred, the Vicar recognized the offer of £1000 a year, an excellent rectory, and three hundred people to look after, as what he styled "a call to a more exposed situation in the Church's battlefield," and tore himself, with a lacerated heart, from the attached congregation of St. Mungo's. He departed in a shower of silver candlesticks, study-clocks, and revolving bookcases; and we awaited, in a turmoil of parochial anxiety and gossip, the announcement of his successor. St. Mungo's is in the gift of the Bishop of London; and, when our new Vicar was appointed, he turned out to be one of the "London-House-Boy Brigade," by which term is colloquially understood the ever-increasing band of young men whom the Bishop of London draws by his personal attractiveness from Oxford and Cambridge to the service of the Church in London.

Now, I am not going to say a word against our new Vicar. One could not meet a nicer fellow. Five years at Eton, four at Magdalen, one at Cuddesdon, and three in the slums of Blackwall have all left their distinctive marks on him. He is pale and thin, dark-haired, and shaved up to the eyes; not exactly good-looking, but eminently gentleman-like, and of very pleasant manners. Above all, his heart is in his work; and his work, or rather his way of doing it, has made no small stir in the parochial circles of St. Mungo's. Three years ago, as

The Weekly Churchman truly said, "the black gown was worn in our pulpit." The new Vicar preached his first sermon in a rather short surplice, which displayed a black dado of cassock, and wore (I am sure for the first time) a brand-new Oxford M.A. hood, so displayed as to show the maximum of crimson and the minimum of black. The "Hymnal Companion" has made way for "Ancient and Modern." The Psalms, which three years ago were read, are now chanted to florid Anglicans, and, whatever else may be said about the Responses and *Amens*, no one can say that they are "rendered in the natural voice." All this is terribly subversive, and some of the older members of the congregation, insufficiently instructed in the historic claims of the National Church, have "removed their hassocks"—such is their expressive phrase—to the Presbyterian Church of England in Stucco Road West. But, for all we know, there may be more trying innovations still in store for us. For my own part, I live in a nervous panic lest Gregorian Music should be introduced. Just as I have learnt my way about "Ancient and Modern," it would be a bore to face the pedantries of the "English Hymnal." There is a disquieting rumour in the parish that the Vicar has been caught inspecting a sage-green chasuble in an "Ecclesiastical Art Warehouse"; and close observers of the sacerdotal garb report that he has substituted the "Maynooth Stock" for the "Cuddesdon Dog-collar." All these signs, and others like them, of impending change ought in some measure to have prepared us for the notice promulgated from the pulpit before the sermon last Sunday morning. "Wednesday next, commonly

called Ash Wednesday, is the First Day of Lent. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese dispenses all members of this congregation from the obligation of Fasting during the Forty Days of Lent, *except on Wednesdays and Fridays.*"

The words fell like a bomb on a congregation only lately deprived of Black Gowns and Read Psalms and "Hymnal Companions" and all that they signify, and very little accustomed to the severer obligations of Churchmanship. Stout gentlemen with whiskers and red faces and stiff collars sate up in the open seats (which have been substituted for pews) and gasped aloud. Delicate ladies, who begin the day with bacon and cutlets in bed and require a basin of *consommé* at eleven, looked as if they realized for the first time what Lent implies. Even the present writer, a zealot from his youth up for the Oxford Movement, was forced to make, as the French say, a return upon himself, and to ask his conscience whether he had not in former Lents eaten mutton-chops and boiled chicken without waiting for a Dispensation.

What is the spiritual, and what the legal, force of a Dispensation?

"The Archbishop of Canterbury," quoth Blackstone, "hath by the statute of 23 Henry VIII., c. 21, the power of granting Dispensations in any case, not contrary to the Holy Scriptures and the law of God, where the Pope used formerly to grant them, which is the foundation of his granting Special Licences to marry at any time or place, or his giving dispensation to hold two livings; and on this is founded the right he exercises of conferring Degrees, called Lambeth Degrees, in prejudice of the Universities."

As the eye lights on that clause about "Special Licences to marry at any time or place" the mind is irresistibly recalled to that distant day when an ardent lover repaired in haste to Doctors' Commons and procured from the Vicar General's office "a highly flattering address on parchment, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, to his trusty and well-beloved Alfred Jingle and Rachel Wardle, greeting." A mind accustomed to reflect on the deeper side of common things cannot fail to question within itself whether Mr. Jingle realized that he was putting in force the dispensing prerogative which the Southern Primate, as *orbis alterius papa*, inherited from the Bishop of Rome; and whether Archbishop Howley, though the mildest of mankind, would, if he had known the character of his petitioner, have chosen the epithets "trusty and well-beloved" to describe him.

It is not to be supposed that, when Archbishops were thus employing their prerogative for the benefit of their less fortunate neighbours—enabling one man to marry without Banns, another to hold two good Livings at once, and a third to call himself Master of Arts without passing through the ignominy of the B.A.'s examination,—they would exempt themselves from the operation of a power so beneficent. They took a wiser and a more natural course, and early dispensed themselves from the obligation of fasting all through the Forty Days of Lent. I believe —but I speak subject to the correction of Dryasdust—that it was Archbishop Parker of whom a spiteful chronicler wrote that "this Lent he did eat meat openly in the Hall at Lambeth, the like of which had not been seen since England was a Christian country." There is a

turn in the sentence which suggests that possibly Parker's predecessors had enjoyed their brawn or capon in the seclusion of their private apartments, while the *maigre* fare appropriate to the season was set forth in the Hall for the edification of the laity; but this is a nicety of language on which I should not wish to found an historical theory.

The question of the Archbishop's power to dispense with the Church's rules was revived, in rather amusing circumstances, on the occasion of the wedding of King Edward VII. When Lutheran and Palmerstonian influences were combined, it was not odd that a date in Lent should be chosen for this feast of national rejoicing. Strong Churchpeople, alike old-fashioned High Churchmen and nascent Ritualists, were scandalized by this authoritative defiance of Ecclesiastical rule. Remonstrances poured in from every quarter, and the aggrieved clergy, regarding Bishop Wilberforce as their representative in high places, besought him to interfere. This he did, without effect.

"I am very sorry," he wrote, "for the time of the marriage, but everything possible has been done to get it changed, and in vain. I think the best thing now possible would be for the Archbishop to write a letter, stating that, for high State reasons, this time having been thought necessary, he, as Archbishop, thinks it his duty to express that he, so far as it is lawful for him to do so, dispenses for that day with the Church's ordinary rule, in order that all may, without scruple, loyally devote it to rejoicing. This would turn the breach into a gain."

But Archbishop Longley was a prelate of singular

moderation, who was a little uncertain about his metropolitical authority, but quite sure that he did not wish to offend the Court, the Government, or the Low Church party. He therefore declined to issue the letter which Bishop Wilberforce desired. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, the versatile Bishop wrote, six days before the Royal Wedding, a letter to his archdeacons, in which the following passage occurs:—

"The Lenten Fast was originally an appointment of the Church, with which the Archbishop of Canterbury had, and still has by law, a right to dispense; and, from the communication I have received from his Grace, I consider that *he has dispensed with it* for the auspicious day in question."

Surely the discovery that one has been talking prose all one's life without knowing it could not be more surprising that to find that one has dispensed a whole nation from a religious obligation, just after one had firmly declined to intervene in the matter.

COMMITTEES

"It is the first mild day of March"—and uncommonly late, the 29th,—yet, perhaps because so late, doubly welcome. Even here, in smoke-dried Stuccovia, "each minute" is "sweeter than before." There are no Larches in Stucco Gardens, and no Redbreasts. But the impetuous lilacs are bursting into bud, the sooty sparrows chirrup love-songs, and "a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove"—or, to be more accurate, pigeon—which swells and waddles as though Stucco Place were all his own. Not being of so restless a temperament as Wordsworth, I do not summon my friends to go out walking the moment "our morning meal is done." But I sit by my empty fireplace and admire through the open window—

> "The wan clouds drifting down the waste of blue."

I revel in the spring-like smells of the Wallflowers and Daffodils which crown the costers' barrows, and the cook suggests salmon and roast lamb for dinner. By these, and a host of similar tokens, we know that the worst is over, and that Nature is waking from the death-like trance which has lasted for five dreary months.

For my own part, I am no victim of the "pathetic fallacy" by which people in all ages have persuaded

themselves that Nature sympathized with their joys and sorrows. Even if that dream had not been dispelled by Walter Scott and Matthew Arnold, one's own experience would have proved it false. A funeral under the sapphire sky and blazing sun of June loses nothing of its sadness—perhaps is made more sad by the unsympathetic aspect of the visible world. A wedding in bleak December lacks nothing of its appropriate joy. We have known the hopefulness of spring-time shattered by a commercial disaster which spread ruin as a burst dam spreads flood.* It was amid the mist and gloom of decadent November that England heard, with an emotion of thankfulness which has never since been equalled, that Lucknow was relieved. But it is unnecessary to elaborate the theme. Nature cares nothing for the acts and sufferings of human kind.

Yet, with a strange sort of affectionate obstinacy, men insist on trying to sympathize with Nature, who declines to sympathize with them; and I, obeying this universal law, am seeking for a theme which may harmonize with the softness and brightness of "the first mild day." To me thus pondering enters my old Oxford friend Jawkins, M.P., since the last election and till the next, for one of the divisions of Drumble. "Ah, my dear fellow," he exclaims with characteristic geniality, "I see you're busy. Well, I won't stop; I am on my way down to the House, and I don't want to lose a moment of the debate on the Vote of Censure. I only just looked in to say that I've thought of a first-rate subject for your next Saturday's article. I can't find

* "Black Friday," May 11, 1866.

time to read those articles myself, but my wife says they're capital, only the subjects are sometimes dull and far-fetched. Well, I can give you one which will be neither dull nor far-fetched. *Committees.* What do you say to that? My wife will expect something very lively next Saturday—and now I'm off." As Jawkins springs into his motor and says to the chauffeur in a voice to be heard of men, "House of Commons," I sink back in my armchair and contemplate, not without emotion, the sharp contrast between the suggested theme and the aspect of Nature with which I am trying to sympathize.

Committees—is there another word in the language so little accordant with the bright sunshine and soft air and diffused joyousness of the belated spring?

> "Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
> And while the young Lambs bound
> As to the tabor's sound,
> To me alone there came a thought of grief,
> A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
> And I again am strong."

The "thought of grief" was due to Jawkins, and sprang directly from his suggestion, for the baleful word "Committees" reminded me that I am due this afternoon at the Monthly Committee of the "St. Silas, Stucco Square, Parochial Anti-Mendicity and Charitable Relief Society"—a formidable name and a formidable thing, which has "organized" Holy Charity in our district to such a point that the poor are fain to make their choice between the Inquisition and the Workhouse. The recollection that I was due at the monthly session of this dismal tribunal was my "thought of grief," and the "timely utterance"

which "gave that thought relief" was a terse and vernacular resolve that, for this day at any rate, I would let duty, as our forefathers said, "go hang." My age, habits, and physical conformation forbid me to join the vernal pastime of the young Lambs which "bound as to the tabor's sound," but I can urge the impetuous auto-car into the "shy recesses" of Coombe and Kingston, bright with primrose and snowdrop, across the rain-swept level of Runnymede, even to "distant Wychwood bowers"; and yet be back by dinner. I can draw in, through every sense, the life-giving influences of Earth renascent; and shall I sacrifice this "unchartered freedom" for three hours of boredom and irritation in a fusty committee-room? The Committee meets in the barrack-like structure called St. Silas' Church Institute. The scene has been described, once for all, by the hand of a master; though indeed what he had in his mental eye was not a Committee but a Congress—a Committee full-blown and overgrown:—

"Dusty air and jaded afternoon sunlight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without; and in the soul of any poor child of Nature who may have wandered in thither an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe."

The genial Thackeray, looking back over a long career of dining-out in London and recalling the characteristic virtues of the many repasts, said to his imaginary nephew "Brown the Younger": "My dear Bob, I have sat at the mahoganies of many men." I can say, in less

exultant strain, "I have sat at the mahoganies of many Societies." Wherever there is a Committee, there, by some invisible but compelling force, I find a place. The thought does not breed in me "perpetual benedictions. On the contrary, it vexes me to think of all the precious time and attractive weather and congenial occupation which I have wasted in the service of Committees. And now, after all, I am acting on Jawkins' suggestion and making Committees the subject of my weekly meditation. When the too-confiding baker who lent Mr. Harold Skimpole two armchairs complained of the condition in which they were returned, Mr. Skimpole, absorbed in the beauties of Nature, begged that the owner of the chairs "would not interpose between him and a subject so sublime the absurd figure of an angry baker." I feel that the figure of a grumbling Committee-man is not less absurd, and contrasts quite as forcibly with the joyous aspect of reviving Nature. Yet really when one looks back upon a lifetime of Committees it is difficult to repress one's emotions.

All Committees, be the subject with which they are conversant what it may, display the same marked types of character. Whether the object for which the Committee exists be the management of a club or the evangelization of Patagonia, the protection of guinea-pigs from cruelty or of women from the suffrage, the same sort of people gather round the unfestive board. There is the plausible man, who, as Sir Harry Taylor happily observed, "forgets that what he professes to be other people may profess to think him," and tries to manipulate the Agenda and earwig the Chair. There

is the loud man, who is heard for his much speaking by an audience which forgets that the most profound disingenuousness may co-exist with the most boisterous utterance. There is the timid man—

> "Who would not, with too confident a tone,
> Declare the nose upon his face his own,"

and who, having undertaken to second your Resolution, throws you over at the last moment because the Chairman looks cross. There is the unpunctual man, who keeps you waiting for half an hour before you can form a quorum. There is the accurate man, who pours from the recesses of a well-stored memory the facts and figures which can be turned up in five minutes in a book of reference. There is the conscientious man, who feels it his bounden duty to divide the Committee on each clause of the Report and to enter on the minutes his protest against the arbitrary conduct of the Chairman in having the window opened. There is the insolent man, who overawes the weaker brethren by sheer violence and brutality, and carries his point because self-respecting people decline to answer him in like sort. All these types, and many others, have long been familiar to me, but of late I have discovered a new one. Yielding to the importunity of friends, I have joined a Committee which contains a strong element of womanhood. Myself a lifelong adherent of Knox's doctrine about the "monstrous regimen," I had never till this year sate in council with impassioned ladies, under the presidency of a nervous Chairman. Not a week goes by without supplying some fresh illustration of the happiness which will prevail when Sir George Trevelyan's "Ladies in Parliament"

is realized in fact. On this Committee there is a Forward and there is a Stationary party. The Chairman—Dubius—is all for letting well alone, and, if compelled to shout with either crowd, would shout with the largest. The Forward party is led by a lady whom, for her warlike tastes, we will call Bellona. When Bellona springs to her feet a solemn silence falls on the awed Committee, and members of the Stationary party, when they see that eye of fire fixed on them, scribble on their blotting-paper, and try to look as if they were not apprehensive of what is coming next. To Dolosus, a silent member of the Forward party, I ventured (when out of Bellona's hearing) a mild remark to the effect that her style of oratory was something less than conciliatory. Whereupon Dolosus thus explained her use and function. "In the old days in the House, the Fourth Party used to put up some of the Irish members to play the disagreeable tricks which they were ashamed to play themselves. They worried the Government by deputy, and that was good enough. We use Bellona in exactly the same way. The Chairman is too much frightened of her to call her to order, even for the grossest personalities, or however far she wanders from the point. So we contrive to obstruct a good deal of the official business, and, when you can't carry your own policy, that's the best thing to be done."

ST. SWITHIN

In the week which ends to-day * we have celebrated once again the Feast of Good St. Swithin. He died in 862, and, by his express command, was buried outside his Cathedral Church of Winchester, in order that men might walk over his grave, and that the rains of Heaven might water it. But even the humility of the Saints is powerless against the liking of mankind for show and splendour; and, in 971, Swithin's body was translated to a rich shrine inside the Cathedral. It would appear that the powers above disapproved of the translation, for it is recorded that, on the day appointed for the ceremony, a most violent rain begun to descend on Winchester, and continued for thirty-nine days; "whence arose the popular notion that, if it rain on St. Swithin's Day, July 15, it will rain for the thirty-nine following."

Now, I am a professed disciple of St. Swithin. I revere him not only for his humility, and saintly character, and love of fresh air, but also because he is the Patron Saint of Summer Rain.

"'Tis sweet whene'er in dim July
The gathered storm goes sweeping by,
(Or passing hot the hours of noon
Wax from the cloudless skies of June),
To mock the shower and sunbeam, laid
At ease within some sylvan glade;
Where hazel, beech, and pine o'erhead
Their sheltering roof of leaves outspread."

* July 17, 1909.

Very sweet. I remember the sensation well, as I felt it long years ago in those great tracks of virgin woodland which fringe the border-line of Beds and Bucks; in the tangled groves, now desecrated by bricks and mortar, which surrounded the Tower at Harrow; in the woods of Wytham, and the "distant Wychwood bowers," where, in Oxford days, one expected, at every turn, to meet the Scholar-Gipsy.

But, if the rain of "dim July" is pleasant in the country, in London it is absolutely delicious. For busy men, "in populous cities pent," a hot July is as terrible as Tophet. The very pavements radiate heat and the roadways exude smells. The houses get baked through and through, and the nights are as sultry as the days. Offices and shops and banks and Law-Courts reek and fume. Even the Clubs are fusty, for, by some mysterious law of Nature, Clubmen are sworn enemies of open windows. In churches fresh air is sacrificed to stained glass; and, in the House of Commons, the breath of life, having struggled through the sewers of Westminster and several layers of cotton wool, is pumped up through a perforated floor. There is nothing on earth so wonderful as what is called "a scientific system of ventilation."

The heat, which is thus prejudicial to business, to devotion, and to legislative energy, is equally fatal to Society. If we could share the privileges of the Superior Sex and go out to dinner with square-cut shirt-fronts and bare necks, dinner-parties in a hot July might be more endurable. But no man buttoned up to his chin in starch and buckram can either enjoy his dinner or make himself agreeable to his neighbours. A few years ago I was

dining in the dog-days with a lady who dreaded draughts. Every window in the dining-room was shut; there were twenty guests in a space which would properly have held twelve; the air was full of that "steam and odour of fat which exhales from meat roasting," and which, according to Liddell and Scott, is "a grateful gift to the Gods," but which human beings, as a rule, dislike. Just opposite me was sitting an Indian General, whose name, if I were to mention it, would be at once recognized with the honour due to gallant services. I saw at a glance that he was within an ace of a collapse. I gave the alarm; the windows were opened; the "steam and odour of fat" rushed out as the sweet, though warm, air of the July night rushed in, and the hero was saved. When the ladies had gone, he thanked me for my interposition, and added—"I have spent thirty years in India, and, till to-night, I never knew what suffocation was."

Now a wet July saves us not only from the pains of heat, but also from the perils of Pestilence. As St. Michael fought the Devil, and St. George "swinged the Dragon," so St. Swithin exorcises the Microbe. His rushing showers purify wood-pavements, and send our sewage hurrying down to Barking Creek. He washes the dust from our Planes and Lilacs, and makes the Squares and Gardens of London blossom like the rose. The balls and dinners of the expiring season are made doubly enjoyable by an atmosphere which enables the young to dance with vigour and the old to eat with appetite. In fine, a wet July in London is a synonym for happiness and health.

It is only at a Garden-Party that St. Swithin is a

bore. I was describing the other day his tyrannical conduct at a beautiful place, which we will call "Hainault"—though that is not its name,—when his sudden onrush drove the middle-aged to unwonted and unwelcome activities, and damped the gentle amours of Freddy and Angelina. But the best and greatest Garden-Party of the year is the Eton and Harrow Match at Lord's, and in 1909 it seemed more popular than ever. Friday morning—July 9—was as beautiful as a dream.

"The wan clouds drifting down the waste of blue,"

brought transient patches of delightful shade, and the first warm sunshine which we had felt for six weeks was tempered by a gracious breeze. Every seat was full, and the ground was surrounded by a broad ribbon-border of variegated colour. Rival blues, and neutral greens, and exhilarating touches of rose and orange in the ladies' dresses, glowed like a flower-garden against a background of prevailing white. Some fifteen hundred boys—perhaps, if you count their younger brothers at Private Schools, two thousand—were enjoying the supreme holiday of the year, and there was scarcely one, I should think, amid the thronging masses of spectators who did not feel some touch of sympathy with the spirit of the scene. "I feel a very unusual sensation," said Mr. St. Barbe, after dining with the Neuchatels. "If it isn't indigestion, I think it must be gratitude." And stolid middle-age, as it watches the Eton and Harrow Match, feels a sensation which after luncheon may indeed be indigestion, but which in the fair forenoon must be enthusiasm.

"Ladies clapped, as the fight was fought,
And the chances went and came;
And talk sank low, till you almost thought
You lived in the moving game.
O, good lads in the field they were,
Laboured and ran and threw;
But we that sat on the benches there
Had the hardest work to do!"

Forcible as catapults, active as antelopes, prehensile as monkeys—the language of simile fails me to describe the bowling and fielding activities of the rival teams. With a damp wicket and batting not of the first order, the results on each side were vivacious and startling enough to satisfy the most inveterate lover of sensation.

"With changes and with chances
The innings come and go,
Alternating advances
Of ecstasy and woe;
For now 'tis all condoling,
And now—for who can tell?—
A gentleman's a-bowling,
And all may yet be well."

The lines were written in 1888—"Jackson's Year,"—but exactly describe the ups and downs of Friday. Harrow's great hero is out for 11; two others, scarcely less heroic, for 1 and 3. Comparatively Dark Horses make 32 and 40, and the whole side is out, just before luncheon-time, for 135. In comes Eton—according to a Sporting Critic—"with one of the finest all-round elevens that it has had for some seasons." I am sitting among the Dark Blues, and depression reigns unchallenged. "We shall be licked in an Innings." "It will be all over to-day." "Ours is the worst eleven we have had for twenty-five years." The Eton captain makes 20 and retires. We

breathe again, though not exultantly. His successor achieves a duck. We are suddenly elated, 14 and 18 and 10 and 17 are well enough, but do not inspire alarm; and then a bright succession of three ducks, diversified with 1, raises our spirits to a delirious pitch. We have got Eton out for 92.

Tea, strawberries, ices, scientific conversation about the game, shrewd criticisms from people who have not seen a stroke but have kept their ears open, speculations, prophecies, and more than one allusion to "the glorious uncertainty of cricket"—and we are back again in our places. Harrow is in again. Our chief hero gets out for 1. 6's and 4's and 2's and 0's fill up the score, and 23 is our highest figure. We are out for 76. Eton in again. 5 and 1 and 1 and 0 encourage us to shout our loudest. We look grave at 16, and graver at 22; and, as twilight falls on the hard-fought field, we race homeward in a tumult of conflicting emotions. "A shameful performance," growls a sturdy Squire; "more like ninepins than cricket. I can show you better cricket on my village-green."

How will it finish? "53 to get and three wickets to fall spell a win for Harrow in normal cricket." But will the cricket to-morrow be normal? What about the weather? "My glass is going up." "Mine is going down fast." "Mine is perfectly steady." "It will be a thousand pities if it isn't played out." "I quite agree. There hasn't been so much good schoolboy bowling and fielding crowded into a day for many a long year." So we disperse, and homeward plod our weary way; some of us—I speak indiscriminately of Light and Dark,—

perhaps bereft of the sportman's instinct, and secretly hoping that, if our side is likely to be beaten, St. Swithin may intervene, and bring the match to a close. The prayer, if it is offered—certainly none of us dare utter it aloud—is answered. Saturday is provokingly, tantalizingly, and fatally wet. Heavy storms in the morning, and sharp showers at irregular intervals all day long, make play impossible. My friend the Sporting Critic says that "Many luncheon-promises were kept, in defiance of no cricket and intolerable weather." All day long we are kept vibrating to alternate hopes and fears, and at half-past five the final decree was issued—"No Play" is hoisted, and the supreme Garden-Party of the year ends in a bedraggled and disappointed stampede.

St. Swithin has come five days too soon. Even the Saints sometimes lack social tact, and do not always know when they are welcome.

THE HUMAN BOY

"O running stream of sparkling joy,
To be a soaring human boy!"

THIS was, as far as I know, the Rev. Mr. Chadband's unique excursion into the regions of poetry. But in that single couplet he accomplished a feat which has often baffled the sedulous composers of Epic Poems in Twelve Books. He enriched the language with a new and lasting phrase. He taught us to recognize the existence of "The Human Boy." The phrase was needed in the eternal fitness of things, for it corresponded to a form of thought which, till the inspired Chadband uttered his heart in song, had found no verbal expression. Definition is proverbially difficult, and we can best express what the Human Boy is by making clear what he is not. He is not like the boys in "Eric" or "St. Winifred's." He is not like Kenelm Chillingley, who asked his mamma if she was not sometimes overwhelmed with a sense of her own identity; nor yet like Henry Milner, "a little boy who was not brought up according to the fashions of this world." I am intimately acquainted with the literature of school-life, and I hold that *Tom Brown* and *The Hill* are the two best books about boys which were ever written; yet not by any means all the characters which Tom Hughes or

Mr. Vachell created could be called "Human Boys." For the Human Boy at a Private School we must still go to Mr. Anstey Guthrie in *Vice Versa* and for the Human Boy at a Public School to a quite recent book—*Follow Up!*—by Mr. A. D. Fox. But, after all, there is no occasion to search for the Human Boy in fiction when he is close to our hand in real life. I am writing in the month of August, which is all his own, and we can study his characteristics at the closest quarters, and pierce by intimate scrutiny the triple brass of his shy reserve.

I do not propose to enquire into the etiology of boys educated at home; for, even though the list contains such names as William Pitt, and John Keble, and Thomas Macaulay, and Samuel Wilberforce, and William Harcourt, one may perhaps question if they ever were "Human Boys," or (as Mr. Gladstone said, in controversy with Colonel Dopping) "in the strictest sense boys." I also dismiss from present consideration the products of the Private School—the disciples of Dr. Grimstone, and Dr. Blimber, and above all, Mr. Creakle, of whose seminary Matthew Arnold cited as the most perfect embodiment of all that makes a Private School. I conform (for this occasion only) to the traditional modes of English thinking, and assume that the Human Boy is the product of a Public School; while of "Public School" I am content to accept Sydney Smith's definition, "an endowed place of education, of old standing, to which the sons of gentlemen resort in considerable numbers, and where they continue to reside till eighteen years of age." It is, as Sydney himself said, not a definition which would

have satisfied Porphyry or Duns Scotus, but it sufficiently conveys what I mean.

Of the great mass of Human Boys educated in Public Schools certain qualities may be safely predicated. They love games at school and sport at home; or, if they do not love them, they are ashamed to admit the damning fact and behave as if they did. They despise industry, though they have a sneaking admiration for cleverness. They are keen on their own schools, and honestly believe that all others are abysmally inferior; and they are desperately loyal to their extremely erroneous code of honour and morals. So much, I think, and perhaps more, all Public School-boys have in common. To-day I am thinking of the qualities which differentiate them from one another, and divide the "*genus*" into "*species*." Do the Public Schools produce different types of character? Can one, in the absence of definite knowledge, judge by a boy's conduct and demeanour at what school he has been educated? Let me supply a testing question. One day I was entertaining at luncheon a boy whose father is an intimate friend and frequent guest of mine. The boy was describing a dinner which his father had given him at a club on the previous evening, and at which some wonderful Burgundy had been produced. "You should have seen the Governor," he said. "He was awfully funny. Cuddling his glass, and holding it up to the light, and sniffing at it. Have you ever seen the Governor drinking really good wine?" I replied, with all due austerity, "I have often seen him drinking *my* wine," and the effect, as the reporters say, was electrical.

"Oh, I say! Sir. What an awful thing I've said! I hope you don't think me very rude," etc., etc. Now, at what school was that boy educated? Would an Etonian have committed such a comic solecism? Would a Larnian—(to avoid invidiousness, I borrow a name from Mr. Portman's story of *Hugh Rendal*)—have so instantly perceived it, and so shamefacedly apologized? An enthusiastic Wykehamist has recently published his recollections of Winchester forty years ago, and very delightful reading they make. Recounting the apologue of the Etonian, the Wykehamist, and the Larnian at the College Concert (or, as Mr. H. Evelyn Campbell makes it, the Garden Party),* he claims for the "Men" (who are never "boys") of Winchester the praise of self-forgetting usefulness. To this add a gentlemanlike sobriety of demeanour and a certain strain of unostentatious and reverent piety, and you complete the portrait of the perfect Wykehamist.

Of Eton and all that belongs to Eton the characteristic note has always been Taste, Grace, Elegance, or whatever you choose to call it. It is seen in the exquisite beauty of the place, in the high tradition of manners and bearing which one encounters there, in the delicate scholarship which is the peculiar flower of Eton

* At a College Concert at Oxford, a lady arrived late, and could not find a seat. Her distress was observed by three Stewards, educated respectively at Eton, Winchester, and a third school of disputed fame. The Etonian made a thousand apologies; could not conceive how such a mischance had occurred, and was quite sure that, if only the lady would wait a moment, some one would be going out. The Wykehamist said never a word, but brought a chair; and the product of the third school promptly sat down on it.

culture. It was to an Eton man that the greatest scholar in England wrote: "Your verses are, in my humble judgment, the best and most Horatian Sapphics and Alcaics which have been written since Horace ceased to write."

I have quoted before this Mr. Milner-White's fine stanza about—

> "The four red walls on a skyward climb,
> Towering over the fields and Time!" *

What is the quality engendered within those "four red walls" and on that "wind-worn steep"? It is difficult to be sure about the processes which formed oneself, and the effects which they produced. But when I have been asked for the characteristic mark or "note" of Harrow, I have replied that it is a blend of Strenuousness and Sentiment. The sentiment saturates everything—the walls and benches, the trees and fields, the sermons which the boys hear (and not seldom heed), the songs which they sing, the novels which purport to describe their life. Reference was made in a previous chapter to the epitaph which, by Major Childe's desire, was inscribed over his grave in South Africa. I well remember that, when it was reported in the newspapers, Mr. Henry Newbolt said to me: "I could have sworn that Childe was a Harrow man. That particular note of sentiment is Harrow all over." At Harrow the power of sentiment is constantly reinforced by an appeal to the historic sense; and boys are inspired to be good and heroic because saints and heroes have been educated at Harrow.

* See p. 225.

And so it comes about that the sentiment does not evaporate in sentimentality, but embodies itself and energizes in strenuous life.

There remains for consideration a great group of schools—some of the most popular and useful and praiseworthy in England—which have their source and centre at Rugby. And Rugby means Arnold. Here let me cite a witness as competent as any to compare the characteristic merits of different schools, and in no way prejudiced in favour of Rugby.

"By faith," wrote the present Master of Trinity—"by faith Arnold detected the blot which marred the education of our great Public Schools. He saw what others could not see, that the *souls* of boys were almost unrecognized. Their minds were cultivated and their manners were polished; but the idea that a Public School might be a great training-place for Christian service, and that in this respect the boys themselves might be the chief educators—this was a discovery which before Arnold's time was hardly dreamed of, but which the faith of one great servant of Christ was enabled to realize and to transmit."

That is a grave and noble eulogy; and, having quoted it, one is bound to ask how far the Rugby of the present day, and the group of Rugby's daughter-schools—Clifton and Marlborough and Rossall and Malvern,—still bear the stamp which Arnold laboured to impress. What, in other words, are the characteristics of the modern Rugbeian? Here, if ever and anywhere it behoved a man to walk warily, it behoves the present writer. For half a century the relations between Rugby and the *Manchester Guardian* have been so close that one might almost answer one's own question by saying, "If you

wish to know what Rugby produces, *circumspice*." * But, if a less impersonal method be preferred, let us take a quartette of eminent Rugbeians, representing four generations of that famous School, and see what qualities they have in common. My selected four shall be four Cabinet Ministers—Lord Cross, Mr. Arthur Acland, Mr. Arnold-Forster, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. By a careful analysis we may perhaps detect the characteristics which have endeared these eminent men to their respective admirers and have conducted them to those high places of the State which they have in turn adorned. That done, we shall be able, by comparison and combination, to answer the question formulated above. We shall be able to state, with scientific precision, the essential nature and true inwardness of him whom, in my undergraduate days at Oxford, the products of other schools affectionately denominated "The Old Rug."

* This Chapter was originally published in the *Manchester Guardian*.

"THE E.Q."

For nearly thirty years those initials, once so significant, have passed out of common speech. Yet there was a time when for young, ardent, and generous spirits—for those who worshipped Freedom and Humanity, and longed to liberate their fellow-Christians from the Turkish yoke—they held a magic spell. When people are eternally thinking, talking, and writing of one subject, they instinctively drop verbiage and adopt the concisest form of words to express the subject which fills their hearts. So for us, to whom the Eastern Question of 1876–80 was the supreme and central fact in life, the "E.Q." became a kind of hallowed nickname, or sacred watchword. It embodied all our highest ideals and aspirations, and it afforded us a rough but decisive test of political—nay, almost of moral—character.

"How is your Member about the E.Q.?"

"Oh, an absolute Pro-Turk."

"Ah, I never believed much in his Liberalism. He always seemed to me a thoroughly dishonest politician."

"What side does your Vicar take?"

"Well, I believe he calls himself a Tory, but he's as sound as a bell on the E.Q. and has preached a capital sermon on it. Of course that annoyed the Pro-Turks,

but it has brought a lot of unprejudiced people over to our side."

We may imagine a young fellow at Oxford or Cambridge, Liberal by training and conviction, anxious, in a vague sort of way, to serve his fellow-creatures, and not yet decided as to his professional career. To such an one, and there were hundreds of them, the old "E.Q." came like a trumpet-call; or rather, perhaps, like that mysterious "Bath-Kol," which, according to Hebrew fancy, uttered God's message to the soul at the crisis of a momentous decision. The call, once heard, was obeyed. We were "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." In some cases, even home and friends—in many, amusement, money-making, professional openings, cherished vocations, were all flung on one side, in order that young worshippers of Freedom might bear their part, though it were the humblest or the most obscure, in the great crusade which Gladstone was leading against the loathed dominion of massacre and slavery and lust. The publication of Madame Novikoff's *Reminiscences* has revived the memories of that heroic time. It lives again with all the freshness of yesterday. We who fought under Gladstone in his greatest and most triumphant campaign have renewed our youth as we recalled the passionate struggle of thirty years ago.

> "For the old flags reel, and the old drums rattle,
> As once in my life they throbbed and reeled;
> I have found my youth in that long-drawn battle,
> I have found my heart on the battlefield." *

It was in 1875 that Bulgaria rose in insurrection

* G. K. Chesterton.

against the Turkish tyranny. The rising was soon suppressed, and the suppression was followed by a hideous orgy of massacre and outrage. A rumour of these horrors reached England, and public indignation spontaneously awoke. Disraeli, with a strange frankness of cynical brutality, sneered at the rumours as "Coffee-house babble," and made odious jokes about the Oriental way of executing malefactors. But Christian England was not to be satisfied with these Asiatic pleasantries, and in the autumn of 1876 the country rose in passionate indignation against "the Bulgarian Atrocities." The late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, had lately succeeded Gladstone in the leadership of the Liberal party, and his sympathies were entirely on the right side. But, as we were reminded during the Fiscal controversy, he was always a man of slow-moving mind, and calm, if not lethargic, temperament. The national temper, and the feeling of the Liberal party particularly, demanded prompt action and decisive speech. Gladstone heard the call, and responded to it. Preserved in the "Octagon" at Hawarden is a large packet of Notes on "Future Retribution," and on them is the docket—"*From this I was called away to write on Bulgaria.*" He rushed from his library at Hawarden, tossed his eschatology to the winds, and flung himself into the agitation against Turkey with a zeal which in his prime he had never excelled; if, indeed, he had ever equalled it. He made the most impassioned speeches, often in the open air; he published pamphlets which ran into incredible circulations; he poured letter after letter into the newspapers; he darkened the sky with controversial post-cards. Before

me, as I write, lies the magnificent oration which he delivered on Blackheath on September 9, 1876, "under dripping rain-clouds, to a very large meeting, the most enthusiastic I ever saw. I spoke for an hour." We turn from the speech to a tremendous diatribe, *Bulgarian Horrors, and the Question of the East*, printed in the same month and bearing the significant imprint, "Eighty-sixth thousand." The tract beats, as Lord Morley says, with a sustained pulse and passion which recalled Burke's *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, and brands the governing Turk as "the one great anti-human specimen of humanity." Parliament had just assembled for the momentous session of 1877, when Gladstone broke out again with what he termed a "horrible but true indictment of the Turk," in a pamphlet called *Lessons in Massacre*, to which he prefixed this vehement citation:—

> "Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
> The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
> For I am stifled with this smell of sin."

Yet all these resounding thunderblasts were, so to say, the products of his leisure hours. His working days and nights were given to the cause in Parliament, where all his unequalled resources of eloquence, argumentation, and moral fervour marked him out as beyond all question the real leader of the Liberal Party. There was, indeed, a section of the Whigs who doggedly supported the Turks, the Tories, and the *Times*; but it soon became evident that, both in the House and in the country, the zeal, the faith, the militant and conquering element of the Liberal Party were sworn to Gladstone's standard.

His absorption in the Cause was absolute. In old age he thus described it:—"From that time forward, till the final consummation in 1879–80, I made the Eastern Question the main business of my life." He recorded his profession in the Visitor's Book at Raby Castle as "Anti-Bashi-Bazouk." He announced at Oxford that he had devoted himself to the task of "counter-working the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield." Even in the privacy of his journal, and amid the bright associations of Christmas-day, he wrote: "The most solemn Christmas I have known for long; I see that Eastward sky of storm and of under-light."

Of course this intense and militant activity aroused a most bitter and even malignant hostility. The Court was so much incensed that the ex-Premier was not invited to the Duke of Connaught's wedding. The Dean of Windsor* received a grave admonition on the impropriety of entertaining a politician who was in active hostility to Her Majesty's Government. The most spiritually-minded of men, Dean Church, wrote about the dislike of Gladstone which pervaded society: "If you have not seen it, I don't think you can form a notion of the intensity of that dislike." It is within the knowledge of the present writer that a hostess would beg a friend, as a great favour, to dine with her, "because it is so difficult to find any one who will meet Gladstone." The mob broke his windows and chivied him in the streets. Anonymous correspondents threatened his life and blackened his character. Even to Mrs. Gladstone

* The Hon. G. V. Wellesley (1809–1882).

letters were sent of so filthy a description that it became necessary for her to have her correspondence examined before it was put in her hands. Such was the battle of the "E.Q.," and the glory of bearing a part on Gladstone's side wrought in young blood like an intoxication. In July, 1878, came the Congress of Berlin, and on the 16th of the month the triumphant return of our two Plenipotentiaries—the all-conquering Beaconsfield and the reluctant Salisbury, whom he had bound to his chariot-wheels. Just outside Charing Cross Station the admirers of the Government had raised a triumphal arch to greet the return of the Statesmen who had just given back more than a million of their fellow-Christians to the most degrading servitude. Passing under that arch, while the streets were thronged by expectant crowds and the very spirit of Jingoism seemed to possess and pollute the air, a young Gladstonian vowed that all he was, all he had, and all he could do, should be devoted to the task of dethroning the Dictator. That task was accomplished at Easter, 1880. The four years' battle of the "E.Q." had been fought and won. To an exultant Liberal Dean Church wrote—"I don't wonder at your remembering the Song of Miriam." That is a song which we have almost forgotten, and we are grateful to Madame Novikoff for reminding us of its triumphant strain.

"A CAT"

A CAT—not *the* Cat, not "the harmless, necessary Cat" of Shakespeare, nor the "leal, true Cat" of "C. S. C." Not the Cat immortally associated with the memory of Dick Whittington, not "the poor Cat i' the adage"—

> "Félis amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas,"—

which loved fish, but feared to wet her feet, and so let "I dare not" wait upon "I would" till her chance was lost. Nor again the Cat as an object-lesson in physiology, nor yet the Cat as an instrument of moral suasion—

> "Thanks, Deadeye, thanks—you've given timely warning—
> Sing Ho! the thoughtful sailor that you are;
> I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning—
> Sing Ho! the Cat of Nine Tails and the Tar."

With these more familiar instances of the Cat, "A Cat"—the subject of my present meditation—has nothing in common. It has been introduced to my notice by a kindly correspondent in Edinburgh, and it is glorified and hallowed by close association with Sir Walter Scott. We all know something about Sir Walter and his dogs. "Bran," I think, was the name of his favourite deer-hound; but Sir Walter and his Cat suggests an entirely

new train of thought. Indeed, I am reminded of a memorable sermon preached before the University of Oxford by the late Dean Burgon, who, taking as his text Job xi. 12—"Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt,"—made great play with what he called "the creature thus unexpectedly introduced to our notice." Sir Walter's Cat, introduced to our notice by my friend in Edinburgh, was quite as unexpected and a good deal less intelligible. Sir Walter shall be his own interpreter.

There is, I suppose, no more pathetic page in literary history than that which records the later years of this friendliest and most lovable of all great authors. His misfortunes, his losses, his failures; his cheerful patience in bearing them; his gallant struggles to retrieve them; his physical collapse under the insupportable burden; his premature decay and accelerated death—all these make a chapter which brings tears to the eyes as readily as Jeanie Deans's address to Queen Caroline, or Mary Stuart's farewell to the receding shores of Scotland. It was in 1826 that accumulating difficulties constrained Sir Walter to sell his house in Castle Street, Edinburgh. When instructing his agent to offer the house and all its contents for auction, he made one pathetic exception. "I wish," he wrote, "to save a mahogany thing which is called a Cat, with a number of legs, so that, turning which way it will, it stands upright. It was my mother's, and she used to have the toast set on it before the fire, and it is not worth 3d. of anyone's money."

To these words is appended a pen-and-ink sketch which does little honour to Sir Walter's draughtsmanship,

and represents an object more like a double star-fish than anything known to nature. The tender concern with which he regarded this unsightly relic reveals, to my thinking, one of the most delightful aspects of his delightful character. Here was a man who had been conspicuously a spoilt child of fortune. His double-sided genius had placed him in the highest rank of Letters. He had been a favourite courtier of a King, who, however worthless ethically, could recognize talent, and loved to pay it ostentatious homage. He had been the darling of a luxurious and exclusive Society. He had made a princely income, had enjoyed it as he made it, and had shown both taste and generosity in spending it. And now, when the storms of financial troubles were beating their hardest and "all was lost save honour," the only item of his possessions which he strove to save was a relic which reminded him of his mother's love and care. Houses and lands, and horses and cattle, and plate and pictures, and books and manuscripts; all the modern apparatus of luxury and comfort, and all the antiquities and curiosities which (with better judgment than Mr. Oldbuck's) he had collected from the deserted keeps and ruined abbeys of Scotland—were freely offered for sacrifice when duty and honour called. But the one priceless treasure which he would not suffer to pass into a stranger's hands was a mis-shapen contrivance for keeping toast warm, "not worth 3*d.* of any one's money," but precious because it belonged to and was used by his mother.

Such is, or was a hundred years ago, "a Cat," and the brave and gifted man who set so high a value on it

was one of those elect souls whom Wordsworth had in view when he wrote :—

> "Type of the wise, who soar but never roam;
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

To soar to the topmost heights of tragedy, yet never to roam far away from the sanctities of religion and domestic love, was the special glory of Sir Walter Scott. His "Cat," or something equivalent to it, must have a place in the heart of every man who has ever had a real Home; and it is not unconnected with the other of the two "kindred points" which Wordsworth praised. "Is Nature sacramental? Surely so is a mother's love. Outward in thoughtful carefulness, and visible in loving looks; fraught with an inward grace of tenderness and self-sacrifice; it is a pledge of God's affection, giving faint yet precious foretastes of yet better things to be." George Eliot called a mother's affection "the completest type of that life in another life which is the essence of human love"; and for those who were, and for those who were not, framed and formed by a mother's care, all life must wear two totally different aspects.

> "He turn'd him right and round again,
> Said, 'Scorn na at my mither;
> Light loves I may get many a ane,
> But minnie ne'er anither.'"

It is the thought which, expressed perhaps in different words, or not expressed at all, haunts the minds of men whose boyhood has been guarded and sanctified by a mother's love; and material objects which have been

associated with that distant past have a strange power of stirring the pulses and awaking the echoes.

An orator rises to address a public meeting. He takes his watch from his pocket and lays it on the table before him. It was a birthday present from his mother years ago, and, on the instant, the very spirit of the giver seems to radiate from the gift, and to touch the speaker's lips as with a live coal from the altar.

A professional man returns from a long day's work, jaded and perhaps dispirited, dissatisfied with the present and uneasy about the future. The chair into which he throws himself is the chair at which he knelt to say his childish prayer, or stood to recite some stirring ballad or moving hymn. Instantly the question frames itself, "What would She have said?" and answers itself: "She would have told me to keep up a stout heart, do my daily duty with all my power, and leave the rest to God."

The author, chained to his desk, finds the "ancient founts of inspiration" running dry, and lifts his eyes to the study-wall and sees a sketch of shady woodland or bright pasture, and the figure, perhaps rather suggested than expressed, of one who first opened his eyes, till he could perceive the inexhaustible treasures and beauties of the natural world. "She would have told me that Nature never deceives, and have bidden me find my inspiration there."

Over the chimney-piece hangs a faded photograph. It represents a family, gathered on the eve of some great separation, round her whose love must henceforward be the link which unites the scattered brotherhood. Her parting counsels are as audible in the ear of memory as

if they had been uttered yesterday, and the heart takes refuge in Cowper's wistful words—

> "Oh! that those lips had language; life has past
> With me but roughly since I heard them last."

The bureau and the bookcase contain even more direct and forcible reminders. Here is a Bible, and the fly-leaf sets forth that it was given to the boy on the day of his Baptism by his devoted mother, who puts this prayer into his baby-mouth: "I am a stranger upon earth: O hide not Thy commandments from me." Here is a little book of private devotions, kept sedulously under lock and key, when privacy is difficult at a Public School; or here, again, a memorial of Confirmation, with the one word "Remember" written in an unforgotten hand opposite the fateful "I do." Each of these objects —and of a hundred others like them—awakes its special memory, and to see them pass into alien and unappreciative hands would be as though men ploughed one's heart.

And objects far less substantial than these have the same magical power of reproducing the past, and renewing, if it be only for a moment, one's conscious relation with those who made that past beautiful. A strange vibration in a familiar voice, the absolute silence of a starry night, a momentary glimpse of a rainbow or a lightning-flash; more notably than all, a subtle scent from a long-closed cabinet or a long-forgotten letter— will recall, as no power of words could recall it, the personality of those who made us what we are. Then there—

"comes over us a blessed mood, in which the fair scenes of life, the sunsets and the all-golden afternoons, come back upon the mind. The loved and lovely appear again. Once again we roam in that fairy valley that lies behind each of us, into which come nothing but children and children's sports; into which nothing foul can enter, for the simple reason that only what was pleasant has remained in the memory of that magic time. Most blessed of all gifts, there abide with us all the best and kindly thoughts which we, unworthy of such guests, have, by the Divine mercy, been able to entertain." *

* J. H. Shorthouse.

KIN BEYOND THE SEA

I BORROW my title from Mr. Gladstone, and I give it a wider significance than that which he attached to it.

> "When Love unites, wide space divides in vain,
> And hands may clasp across the spreading main."

But when Mr. Gladstone made this citation, his outlook was bounded by America. To-day I am thinking of a Brotherhood which embraces the habitable globe—

> "Gives to the Poles the products of the Sun,
> And knits the unsocial climates into one."

The "products of the Sun" in this case are the respected prelates who preside over Equatorial Africa, and who have been sitting in brotherly conclave with Alaska and Argyll, and receiving affectionate salutations from Kalmar and Upsala. "Unsocial climates," indeed! and, as the eye travels down the list of bishops who have been deliberating at Lambeth,* it is arrested by names as unfamiliar as Jagger and Oluwole, Spokane and Marquette, Fuh-Kien and Salina and Kerwatin. For my own part, I am not ashamed to confess that the Lambeth Conference has vastly enlarged my knowledge of geography, and that the thought of three hundred bishops summoned from the uttermost parts of the

* August, 1908.

earth to what Bishop Lightfoot called "the centre of the world's concourse," has been a wholesome corrective to that vainglorious insularity which is sometimes regarded as the true note of Anglicanism.

When the timidity of a Georgian primate refused to consecrate a bishop for the United States, it was Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen (whose life stretched from 1755 to 1854), who directed the petitioners to Scotland. "The Scottish succession," he told them, "was equal to any succession in the world"; and in an Upper Chamber in Aberdeen, on November 14, 1784, Samuel Seabury was consecrated first Bishop of Connecticut. In 1851 Dr. Cleveland Coxe (afterwards Bishop of Western New York) made a pilgrimage to England, and did homage in turn to the Duke of Wellington, Samuel Rogers, and, "on some accounts with deeper interest," to Dr. Routh.

"I saw him in his ninety-seventh year—the most venerable figure I ever beheld! He remembered our colonial Clergy, and related the whole story of Bishop Seabury's visit, and of his application to the Scottish Church, which Dr. Routh himself first suggested. 'And now' (said I) 'we have thirty Bishops and 1500 clergy.' He lifted his aged hands, and said, 'I have indeed lived to see wonders.'"

When I contemplate the piles of episcopal portmanteaus at Charing Cross and Victoria, labelled for Melanesia and Polynesia, and Bloemfontein and Shanghai, I feel impelled to imitate Dr. Routh. I "lift my aged hands, and say I have indeed lived to see wonders."

The first Lambeth Conference assembled in September, 1867. Seventy-six Bishops were present. The opening sermon was preached by the Bishop of Illinois.

His name, fortunately, is not preserved, but this is the impression which he made on his hearers. Bishop Wilberforce wrote: "Bishop of Illinois's sermon a flow of words without ideas, and very long, and nothing to the point." Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, wrote with regard to the same performance:—

"The sermon by the Bishop of Illinois was wordy, but not devoid of a certain kind of impressiveness. The subject was not clear. . . . The characteristics of Episcopal work *Afflictions*. The Bishop of Oxford was very much afraid of ridicule attaching to us all if the sermon were published, as the hospitalities of the week were not very like afflictions."

When it was all over, Bishop Wilberforce wrote to his friend Mr. Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore:—

"The Lambeth gathering was a very great success. Its strongly anti-Erastian tone, rebuking the Bishop of London and strengthening those who hope to maintain the Establishment by maintaining, instead of by surrendering, the dogmatic character of the Church, was quite remarkable. My view is that God gives us the opportunity, as at home Latitudinarianism must spread, of encircling the home Church with a band of far more dogmatic truth-holding communions who will act most strongly in favour of truth here. *I* was in great measure the framer of the Pan-Anglican for this purpose, and the result has abundantly satisfied me."

The second Lambeth Conference was held in 1878, and by this time the number of those attending it had so much increased that the opening service was celebrated not in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, but in Canterbury Cathedral, where Archbishop Tait, sitting in the Marble Chair of St. Augustine, addressed his allocution to a hundred Bishops.

"I am addressing you from St. Augustine's Chair. The thought carries us back to the time when the first missionary to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, amid much discouragement, landed on these barbarous shores. More than twelve centuries and a half have rolled on since then. The seed he sowed has borne an abundant harvest, and this great British nation, and our sister beyond the ocean, have cause to render thanks for the work begun by him here."

This was well said; but there is, perhaps, rather more pungency in this entry from the Archbishop's diary when the Conference had finished its work. "The newspapers tell all that the world is to know at present of our proceedings, and the chest in the Lambeth Library will preserve details for future generations." It can scarcely be doubted that Archbishop Davidson has spent some pleasant and profitable hours in the examination of that chest.

The third Conference assembled in 1888, and the number of bishops entitled to be invited had risen to 208. The words "entitled to be invited" are by no means otiose; for, from 1867 onwards, the system of invitations was so arranged as to exclude such *perturbatores pacis ecclesiæ* as Bishop Colenso on the one hand and Bishop Jenner on the other. On this occasion the presiding prelate was Archbishop Benson, who beyond all other men loved rites and pomps and spectacular effects. He thus described the opening service in Canterbury Cathedral:—

"The doors were opened, and the Bishops entered in double file, dividing to right and left as we greeted each other, and passing up the Nave and the great steps of the screen, and

so into the Choir. Then we went up the lower flight of the Sanctuary steps, and there was placed the great grey 'Chair of Augustine.' When I reached it, we knelt in silence, and then stood and sang *Te Deum* gloriously, the whole Choir and Aisles full of people, as well as the Aisles of the Nave, and the Bishops standing choirwise on the steps, the Chapter about the altar, and my ten chaplains round and behind the chair, with the beautiful primatial Cross. Then I sate and gave them a short address, exhorting all to obey the Church and not themselves, if they wished any loyalty to be left in the Church. After giving the Benediction in the Choir, I gave it again to the vast crowds in the Nave from the steps of the screen. It was wonderful to see them kneel all at once on the floor."

This is the rhetoric of a man who really enjoyed what he was doing, and to whom the outward and visible appealed with an almost sacramental force. An instructive contrast is afforded by the characteristic note in which Queen Victoria acknowledged the Archbishop's no doubt effusive account of the proceedings.

"The Queen thanks the Archbishop of Canterbury very much for his kind letter giving an account of the large meeting of Bishops at Lambeth. It must have been most satisfactory to see how harmonious it was. The Archbishop will have had the opportunity of making many interesting acquaintances. The Queen hopes the Archbishop is well."

As Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (to use a ridiculous phrase for which there is no precise alternative) fell due in 1897, it was determined to hold the fourth Conference in that year instead of 1898. Two hundred and forty Bishops were invited, and one hundred and ninety-four were present. Archbishop Benson had died in the previous autumn, and his successor, Archbishop

Temple, in many aspects of character and intellect a much greater man, lacked rather conspicuously the graces which befit a ceremonious post and a picturesque occasion. But there were certain qualities which were specially his own, and they were found to conduce to the success of the Conference in ways quite remote from sentiment or ceremony.

"Each bishop had his own armchair, with useful adjuncts for making notes. The provision of lockers for all the bishops, places marked with their names for coats, long lines of tables for luncheon in broad passages, and many other arrangements, to which the best thought of a practical mind had been given, had the effect of making the whole machinery of the Conference work to the end in a most orderly, convenient, and comfortable manner."

This is History. Tradition affirms that the course of debate was frequently accelerated by incisive utterances from the Chair.

"Now, Winchester, we should get on better if you didn't talk so much."

"I thought, your Grace, I might save time by rising to say——"

"You'd save much more if you said it sitting down."

SLANG

We were three at a club-table. The other two were a high official of the Liberal Party and the editor of a newspaper renowned for culture. An over-ripe Stilton asserted its presence so insistently that the waiter was hastily summoned to remove the caseine offence. As he did our bidding, the Official, who, like Mr. George Chuzzlewit, "claimed to be young but had been younger," was suddenly visited by some floating recollections of his school-days, and jauntily exclaimed—"Oh! cheese it, as we used to say at school." The Editor, a man of scholarly and pensive turn, played delicately with the word, and then said, in a dreamy undertone, "No; at St. Winifred's I think we used the word 'cheese' in quite another sense. 'Cheesy' was a synonym for fashionable. You remember that Dibbins, in *Basil the Schoolboy*, always dressed in black because he thought it more *récherché?* Well, at St. Winifred's we should have said that he 'wore black bags for cheese.'" On this, the Official, who, outside the office, carries sprightliness to excess, turned to me, and said with elegant raillery, "That weekly column of yours is getting a bit thin, and no wonder in August. You must be awfully hard up for subjects. Why not try Slang, ancient and modern?"

The hint fell on grateful and receptive soil. I soon

found myself retracing my steps along the chequered path of life and listening to a vocabulary of which, in not a few instances, I had lost the key. *Happy Thoughts* was published when I was a boy at Harrow, and the slang with which its characters decorate their conversation was the humorous language of the 'sixties. Captain Dyngwell's German Exercise is a mosaic of phrases which once were familiar in my ears as household words. "Will the Cockalorum liquor? The old Cove went on the scoop. Rub it in. Act on the square, boys; and be quite the c'rrect card, your Vashup.* The carpenter retires to his virtuous downy. My giddy Aunt! The noble swell was all there. How was you to-morrow? Hallo! says the Dook. Quite the titup, says the Duchess. The Cockalorum was on. I'll have your German Exercise."

What would the young friends who invade me on Bank Holiday have thought if I had greeted them in such-like speech? And yet when I was what they are now it was perfectly intelligible, and we esteemed it extremely funny.

The generation which was old when I was young used habitually the slang of the Prize Ring, and very clumsy slang it was. A head was a "knowledge-box," and the organ of digestion the "bread-basket." "A smart one-two on his smeller effectually tapped his claret, and a nasty one on the potato-trap loosened his ivories."

Then, as now, it was the glory of sporting slang to invent perverse and complicated names for the commonest objects. I can remember a gentleman of the old school

pointing to an apparently gouty pedestrian and murmuring in my ear, "Rather rum on his trotters, aint he?" And, in like vein, the Artful Dodger in *Oliver Twist* refers to his boots as his "trotter-cases." Money was spoken of, with dark allusiveness, as "the needful," or as "dibs," or as the "Rhino"—a word of most uncertain derivation, but enshrined in an English classic—

> "Keep from flirting, nor risk, warn'd by Rupert's miscarriage,
> An action for breach of a promise of marriage—
> And, to sum up the whole in the shortest phrase I know,
> Beware of the Rhine, and take care of the Rhino."

Dickens has perpetuated a good deal of Cockney slang, to which modern commentators supply no adequate clue. Thus at the meeting which floated the "United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin (and Crumpet) Baking and Punctual Delivery Company," Mr. Bonney, who moved the first Resolution, undertook to prove before a Committee of the House of Commons that the muffin-men of London corresponded with one another by secret words and signs, such as "Snooks," "Walker," "Ferguson," "Is Murphy right?" and many others. Of these once expressive phrases, only one, I think, survives in common use, and even "Walker" as an interjection of incredulity is yielding place to "Rats."

But, on the other hand, words which once were slang pass eventually into serious use. "Bus" and "Tram," which once were the slang abbreviations of the classic *omnibus* and the heroic Outram, are now as firmly established as Coach or Car; and even "Cockney," which I used just now, sixty years ago was slang, and offensive slang too. Here my authority is Henry Kingsley, who

was reared at Chelsea Rectory, and knew the lower strata of his father's parish with peculiar intimacy.

"We always laughed at Reuben—a sort of past-master in the art of Cockney chaff; which chaff consisted in putting together a long string of incongruities in a smart, jerky tone of voice. This combined with consummate impudence, a code of honour which, though somewhat peculiar, is never violated, and a reckless though persistent courage, are the better qualities of the Londoner, or 'Cockney,' as those call him who don't care for two black eyes."

"Busnacking" is another mysterious word which Henry Kingsley has preserved from oblivion; and "trampolining," which, to judge by its context, must be akin in meaning to "trapesing." But what is a "wunner?" That word, for which Tom Hughes is responsible, has been to me a philological puzzle ever since I first encountered it in *Tom Brown's School Days*. In the account of the supper in Tom's study there is a feeling reference to bottled beer (which, by the way, Mr. Hughes told me, was Bowdlerized in the American edition of the book, as tending to encourage vicious habits in the young). "What a stunning tap, Tom!" says Harry East. "You are a wunner for bottling the swipes." A parallel passage can be supplied from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, where the Marchioness informs Dick Swiveller that Sally Brass is a "one-er."

"'A what?' said Dick.

"'A one-er,' returned the Marchioness.

"After a moment's reflection, Mr. Swiveller determined to forego the responsible duty of setting her right,

and to suffer her to talk on," only enquiring whether Mr. Brass was a wunner too.

What is a wunner, "anyway?" as my American friends say. Can it be a softened form of "wonder," a second "n" being substituted, through "the Laziness of Language," for "d," as in "Lunnon" for London? Sir James Murray must solve this problem, for I am unequal to it.

But, apart from mysterious words, there are in slang certain combinations of plain words which are just as baffling. I remember an undergraduate at Oxford in the 'seventies opining that he had been ploughed "all round his hat." "I'll 'ave your 'at" was a Cockneyfied salutation of the same period; and "Where *did* you get that 'at? Where *did* you get that tile?" was a musical version, twenty years later, of the same mysterious taunt. Sam Weller, as we all know, said that a certain combination of advantages "suited his complaint uncommon"; and the significance of the saying was obvious. More obscure were the Victorian phrases—"These cigars suit me down to the ground" and "My new billet suits me all to pieces." Should some future investigator of Folk-lore enquire the significance of "Now we shan't be long" as a phrase of current speech, let him be told that it had its origin among the patient crowds waiting for the descent of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. "Ask a Policeman," as a key to all social and intellectual perplexities, tells its own tale with beautiful simplicity. At the trial of the Muswell Hill murderers in 1896 I heard Sir Henry Hawkins pause in his summing-up and analyse some criminal slang. "'These are outing do's.'

Gentlemen, that is a very remarkable expression. I take it that 'do's 'means doings; 'outing,' perhaps, means what puts a life out. If so, we have the admission that it was a murderous action. And 'This comes of leaving a man on his own'—that is a phrase which I have never heard, but it would seem that one of the prisoners reproached his accomplice with having deserted him."

"On his own," a novelty in 1896, soon proved itself indispensable, and might now find its way into a Bishop's Charge or a Speech from the Throne without exciting adverse criticism. I myself have witnessed the gradual rise and establishment in good society of the word "awful." In 1863 Sir George Dasent wrote to his brother-in-law, J. T. Delane, a description of "what a Penny-a-liner would call 'awful' peals of thunder." The Penny-a-liner has conquered, and to-day Lord Morley himself would not disdain the phrase.

I should be untrue to the best traditions of my harmless craft if, in handling even so frivolous a topic as Slang, I did not strive to instil a lesson. William Cory, describing a visit to Lord Pembroke at Wilton House, near Salisbury, where some restorations were on foot, made this note on the abuse of slang: "Sam Oxon lowered my opinion of the clergy by coming up to his brother-bishop of Salisbury, who was showing the plans for the mending of the spire, and saying, 'Let me have a squint at them,' which was the only utterance of His Ubiquity which I caught or cared to catch. If the clergy wish us to respect them, let them be plain, grave, and perfectly gentle, without a pennyweight of affected *bienséance*, without a grain of any kind of slang."

BIOGRAPHIES

FIGURES have always been getting me into trouble. To some happily constituted natures the process of "putting two and two together" is the simplest thing in the world, and the result is, always and unerringly, four. With me it is just as likely to be five, or, for the matter of that, fifty. Perhaps my kind and revered friend the Rev. W. Done Bushell still retains, in his tranquil retreat at the Hermitage, Harrow-on-the-Hill, some recollection of the days when he was a Mathematical Master in Harrow School. If so, he must recall the sufferings which I there experienced in my unequal encounters with Colenso, and Cayzer, and Barnard Smith, and other grim foes of helpless boyhood. The same incapacity to cope with figures has dogged me all through life. If I try to add up my banking account, and rejoicingly find myself better off by two thousand pounds than I expected, Messrs. Stumpy and Rowdy are sure to point out that I have reckoned the year among my dividends. If, looking round for possibilities of retrenchment and deciding to economize in newspapers, I give up the *Spectator* and take the *Times*, I am assured by those who understand these matters that I am really spending more, instead of less, with my newsagent. The dial-plate on the Taxi indicates eighteenpence; I give

the driver a florin, receive sixpence in change, and indignantly demand what he has done with the rest; and then his bitter smile, and not seldom his winged words, force home upon me the humiliating conviction that my arithmetical apprehension remains pretty much what it was in the distant days when I used to fill a problematic room with wall-paper instead of lining it, and plunged into abstruse calculations about a hen and a half who laid an egg and a half in a day and a half.

Warned by these accumulated experiences, I ought always to avoid all mention of figures; and I have been justly charged with temerity in having lately spoken of "the six great biographies in the English language." But, as Sir William Harcourt once pleasantly wrote of a political opponent, "there is an intellectual infancy which may be pleaded in bar at any age"; and really, when I said six, I do not think that I meant any particular number. As Mr. Skimpole said about Money and Mr. Balfour about Procedure, "I am a child in these matters," and I think I said six because I meant some, and not a great many. Here was an opportunity for my old friend Carp of Brasenose, and, true to himself, he seized it. Some years ago I was writing about Links with the Past, and among recent centenarians I instanced Lady Louisa Stuart, who, if she had been a boy, would have been the last Earl of Traquair. This allusion instantly produced a long letter from Carp, stating that Lady Louisa was only ninety-nine and a half when she died, and animadverting severely upon the culpability of persons who undertook to inform the public, being themselves destitute of the most

elementary knowledge of the subjects with which they dealt. Carp (when not in residence at Brasenose) lives at Manchester; and I have some like-minded correspondents within a hundred miles of that city. Pike lives in the Potteries, and Tench near Newcastle. All three have noticed my rash allusion to the "six great biographies in the English language," and all three have written to demand the names of the books which I had in mind, and my reasons for so exalting them. In this strait I find a way of escape in the doctrine, laid down by the learned Dr. William Smith in his *Dictionary of the Bible*, that numbers are sometimes "representative rather than determinative," and that the use of these representative numbers "is extremely common among Eastern nations, who have a prejudice against counting their possessions accurately." I am so keenly conscious of this prejudice in my own nature, more especially with reference to questions of Income-Tax and Probate-Duty, but I am inclined to believe that Mr. Russell Lowell was right, and that all people who bear his first name have Semitic blood in their veins. Anyway, I find Dr. Smith's theory of Representative Numbers extremely sympathetic, and I implore my good friends Carp, Pike, and Tench to believe that my incautious "six" was not intended to be a "determinative" number. This premised, I hasten to answer the question which, in one form or another, they all three put—Which are the best biographies in the English language? I am in a measure disqualified for answering by the fact that Biography is my favourite reading, and, just as Fox maintained that all wines were good, only some were better than the others, so I believe

that all biographies make excellent reading, and some super-excellent. I am sure I should have enjoyed the Memoir of Miss Emma Tatham (of Margate) which Matthew Arnold contrasted so effectively with that of Eugénie de Guerin, and I knew experimentally the sweet memorials of the Rev. Mr. Beamish, of Miss Mary Jane Grahame, and of Mrs. Hinderer (the last-named the wife of a missionary).

My friend Tench says, with perfect truth, "we all know Boswell to have written one" of the great six, and certainly Boswell's Johnson is imposed on the youthful Englishman as a necessary object of admiration, much as the Bible and Shakespeare are imposed. I am not the least inclined to question the judgment which puts Boswell in the first rank of biographers. We feel that, thanks to him, we know Johnson perhaps more intimately than any character in history, and we are grateful to the patient chronicler who endured so many rebuffs in the interests of posterity. Close to Boswell's *Johnson* I place Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, and join with all the world in admiring the skill with which the historian's nephew has made him stand out from the canvas, as living and human and natural and lifelike a character as the man who sat opposite to us at dinner last night or with whom we played bridge in the early hours of to-day. Southey's *Life of Nelson* and Lockhart's *Life of Scott* I bracket together as books which derive their principal charm from the characters which they unfold. I should think there is scarcely an English lad who has not felt that he would have liked to die for Nelson; and most certainly, if we could choose our companions in the Shades, I

should esteem it my greatest happiness to converse for an hour with Sir Walter Scott.

Biography, they say, is the raw material out of which history is constructed. Let us apply this saying to Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone.* It is a book of transcendent merits. It contains a vast amount of highly important matter; it is a miracle of compression, and a model of artistic arrangement: and it is written in a style as piercing and beautiful as lightning. In short, regarded merely as a biography, there is no more delightful book; yet, when we consider it as raw material for the next great History of England, we see that it requires a good deal of testing if the product is to be trustworthy. Lord Morley, like the born man of letters that he is, falls in love with his subject, and idealizes rather than describes his heroes. The historian who should rely exclusively on Lord Morley's fascinating tale would convey the impression that Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy was a conspicuous success, and that Parnell was a gentle patriot who loved mercy and freedom.

Now I come to a Biography which, as far as I know, has never attained popularity, but which is, in my judgment, one of the best ever written. I mean the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce.* The life of a bishop suggests to the ordinary mind little more than a tranquil round of Convocations and Confirmations, Church-openings and platform speeches. But Wilberforce's *Life* is, thanks to a delightfully indiscreet use of the most private journals and the most confidential letters, an autobiography; and it records the impressions of a singularly acute observer who lived in close touch with

all classes of his fellow-men, knew England through and through and from end to end, and read the characters and motives of his contemporaries with unfailing skill. Ecclesiastical interests of necessity loom large in the narrative; but, for all that, it is the most complete and intimate picture of life in Victorian England which I have ever encountered.

Is Mrs. Oliphant still held in the high admiration which she deserves? If any one doubts or has forgotten her power of graphic portraiture, let him read or re-read the *Life of Edward Irving*, and then ask himself whether a more beautiful and more pathetic picture of faith and disillusionment and failure has ever been painted by the sympathy of genius.

"No mere review can do justice to this book; but we hope to supply what may incite some readers to obtain for themselves an acquaintance with its contents." The words are Mr. Gladstone's, and they are applied to Charlotte Yonge's *Life of John Coleridge Patteson*, the Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, in whom the attributes of Saint and Hero were combined with all that is noblest and manliest and most characteristically English. A life of absolute and calculated sacrifice, crowned, in literal truth, with the Palm of Martyrdom, may well bespeak the attention of those who have no taste for the statistics of Missionary Reports or the rhetoric of "The Deputation from the Parent Society."

To this list, quite meagre and inadequate, of biographies which I have loved I must add yet one more, which indeed is not in strictness a biography, but which displays, I think, the highest qualities of the biographer's

art. Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan is worthy of the names he bears, and his history of *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic* is not only eloquent and learned, but is aflame with the fire of a personal enthusiasm.* Some—not many—are left of the acclaiming thousands who on April 11, 1864, hailed Garibaldi's triumphal procession through the streets of London. As we read Mr. Trevelyan's glowing narrative, we renew our youth, and our pulses vibrate once again with the passion of hero-worship which we felt "when all the world was young."

* See p. 115.

LANGUAGE

I HAVE often had occasion to refer, with grateful respect, to my friend, the Suggestive Correspondent. But now respect yields place to a warmer emotion. Who but the fairest and kindest of the Superior Sex could have penned the letter which, braving all imputations of vanity, I venture to append?

"Sir,

"I am a humble member of that numerous public centreing in Manchester, to whom your weekly contributions to the *Manchester Guardian* afford such pleasure and instruction; and in expressing my obligation to you, will you pardon me, and not consider me presumptuous, if I ask the great favour of your facile pen on the subject of an International Language, say, with special reference to Esperanto, assuming that such a subject comes within the sphere of your interest—but what important literary subject does not?

"May I sign myself your much-entertained and grateful admirer? "AMITIÉ."

Honoured and admirable "Amitié," thou wast born to be obeyed; and, though miserably conscious of my imperfect equipment, I address myself to the suggested theme.

Cowper taught us long ago to eschew—

> "The band of learn'd philologists, who chase
> A panting syllable through time and space,
> Start it at home, and hunt it, in the dark,
> To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark."

But Cowper protested all in vain. Few indeed of us have not, in early youth, suffered grievously at the hands of that dismal crew. Sometimes they artfully sought to conceal their true character under misleading titles—such as *The Diversions of Purley* or *Chips from a German Workshop*,—designed to entrap unwary youth into the profound delusion that Philology is a light-hearted and playful science. But oftener they stalked unabashed in all their native hideousness—Grimm and Pott and Bopp and Egger,—and wooed our young intelligence with the bland allurements of *The New Cratylus, Lectures on the Science of Language, The Etymological Dictionary,* and *Dwight's Modern Philology.* One school of syllable-hunters ridiculed its rival's doctrine as "the Bow-wow theory of language"; the rivals replied with crushing effect that "the vocabulary of the Yamparicos is like the growling of a dog, eked out by a copious variety of signs." Dr. Farrar, to whom many-syllabled words were as the music of the spheres, sang pæans to "that beautiful and valuable science which has received of late the title of Linguistic Palæontology"; while the learned Appleyard sought to stimulate our young desire for knowledge by assuring us that "in the Kaffir language there are a hundred different forms for the pronoun 'its,' and that the adjective varies its prefix ten or twelve times, according to the prefix of the governing noun."

Thus encouraged, we pursued the study of language with redoubled ardour, and learned to regard that most inhuman compilation *The Public Schools Latin Primer* with reverent affection when we were assured, on the

combined authority of Heraclitus, Plutarch, and the author of the *Greek Card*, that—

"He who has learnt grammar has gained the very key of language and the inmost secret of the mighty mystery of speech. He has learnt to use and to value the noblest of human gifts; the gift whereby man is raised above the beasts; the gift whereby soul speaks to soul; the gift whereby mere pulses of articulated air become breathing thoughts and burning words; the gift whereby, like the vibration of a silver chord, emotions thrill from heart to heart; the gift whereby we understand the affections of men and give expression to the worship of God; the gift whereby the lip of divine inspiration, uttering things simple and unperfumed and unadorned, reacheth with its passionate voice through a thousand generations, by the help of the god."

On this chromatic sentence, or series of sentences, I pause with respectful admiration, and ask myself how far it tallies with the actual experience of the English Public School Boy. We learned our grammar not, indeed, for love of it, but because we knew that if we shirked it we should be punished; and candour must confess that when we had learnt it we did not always find that we had "gained the very key of language"—at least, if we had, there were some wards in Thucydides and Tacitus in which the key worked rather creakingly. And when, by an easy change of metaphor, we passed from the Key to the Chord, it was by no means certain that our "emotions thrilled from heart to heart" or that we "understood the affections" of those with whom we attempted to converse. Our language was, indeed, "simple and unperfumed and unadorned"; but whether its "passionate voice" is likely to "reach through a

thousand generations" is a question on which I should not wish to hazard an opinion; certainly, at the actual moment of utterance, it often seemed to fall extremely flat.

Quite lately I mentioned the touching case of the German visitor on Harrow Speech-day, who, when the boys began a scene from Schiller, and the lady next him asked what it was, replied shamefacedly, "Alas! I know no Greek." Our French, as a rule, is not much more effective. Thackeray has told us that he once sate at breakfast in a French hotel, opposite to an English officer, who suddenly cried "O!" in such a tone of anguish that the horror-stricken waiters hurried to him thinking he was in a fit. "But 'O!' it appears, is French for hot water." And the family of the gentleman who cried "O!" is not yet extinct. A Greek journalist has lately been visiting London, and he thus records his experience:—

"I have sought to get into contact with the English people. Alas! they speak only their own language, and despise all babble of lesser breeds; and I, too, know only my mother-tongue. True, I have some broken French; they tell me this will serve, for every Englishman knows French.

"I have tried French. Mine is broken, and as for the Englishman's! . . . We will put the matter mildly, and say that my French is broken, and the English French is broken—but they are not broken in the same place, and do not fit together! It is heartbreaking; '*Parlez-vous français, Monsieur?*' I say to my neighbour at table—at least that is what I mean, and he seems to understand my pronounciation, for he replies with a confident English 'Wee!' So I pour out a volume of my best French, and at the end of it he says,

'*Pardon, je ne connais pas le grec moderne!*' I am aghast; then I enter into a long explanation, and my neighbour calmly says, 'Wee, wee,' and continues to plough his way resolutely through the rosbif."

Italian, the most melodious and musical of all spoken languages, we, as a nation, have agreed to disregard; and it is perhaps symptomatic of this barbarous indifference that out of the thousand Mottoes borne by the Peers and Baronets of England, one only is gathered from an Italian garden. The national estimate of German was "voiced" by one of the most highly cultivated men in England—the late Lord Houghton—in this admonition to the present Secretary of State for the Colonies when pursuing his linguistic researches at Harrow: "It is as well that you should begin that crackjaw German at school, as the difficulty I have had in mastering it comes from my never having been well grounded in its detestable grammar and absurd constructions."

If, leaving the Modern Languages on one side, we essay to make "our emotions thrill from heart to heart" through the medium of Greek or Latin, we are scarcely successful. In Greek we only begin to become intelligible when we have forgotten all that we ever learnt about "quantity" or accent in a long course of Iambics and Hexameters; and our traditional pronunciation of Latin renders our speech an unknown tongue to every other section of the human family. In truth Gaston Phœbus exactly summarized the results of an English education when he complimented Lothair on his ignorance: "What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they live in the open air; that they excel in

athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. This is not a complete education; but it is the highest education since the Greek."

To a race of men educated on the principles which Mr. Phœbus extolled the suggestion of "Amitié" must appeal with peculiar force. Even though our ambitions fall short of what Heraclitus bodied forth, and we are content with a shorter period of influence than a thousand generations, still we most of us desire to exchange ideas with contemporary dwellers on this planet, not excluding those whose inferior lot is cast in Italy or France. "I little thought the time would ever come when I should wish to understand their nonsensical language," exclaimed the exiled but patriotic Miss Pross amid the horrors of the Reign of Terror; and a similar necessity, though in less terrible surroundings, is sooner or later laid upon us all. The alien hosts which just now wander, Baedeker in hand, through the streets of London, can make nothing of our discourse; and the most loquacious of Englishmen not seldom find themselves compelled to an ignominious silence at the Tuileries or in the Vatican, or among the stucco palaces of beautiful Berlin. An International Language is clearly the supreme need of modern civilization—the agency which would bind in one the sundered, and too often hostile, families of human kind. But what is that language to be? Esperanto? A thousand times, No; for, unless it is remarkably unlike all other languages, Esperanto must be learnt; and I have no mind to replace myself, in tottering age, under the linguistic discipline which oppressed my youth. Like the school-boy commiserated by Sydney Smith, I was

"suffocated with the nonsense of grammarians, overwhelmed with every species of difficulty disproportionate to my age, and driven by despair to peg-top and marbles." Once bit, twice shy. No fresh languages for me. Let "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," decree that henceforth the whole human family shall be, as it was in the beginning, "of one speech"—and let that speech be English. "Amitié" will then be Friendship, and in that guise will be doubly dear.

COMMONPLACE-BOOKS

I WAS brought up on a book called *Henry Milner*, by that engaging writer Mrs. Sherwood. Its subsidiary title is "The story of a little boy who was not brought up according to the fashions of this world." No indeed! Very much the reverse; and the account of Henry's education, though not so exquisitely funny as *The Fairchild Family*, presents some curious pictures of Evangelical life and conversation in the earlier part of the last century. One of the leading figures is a venerable clergyman who never travelled without carrying his Bible and his Commonplace-book in his saddle-bags. I once knew a priggish and precocious boy whose young mind was filled with Anglican ideas; and, when he came upon this reference to the Commonplace-book, he jumped to the conclusion that it must be a misprint, and therefore deleted it, and wrote in the margin "Common Prayer-book." When subsequently informed that he had been hypercritical, and that the author had really written "Commonplace-book," he stoutly argued for his theory of a misprint, urging, not without some show of reason, that no one would keep a book on purpose to write down commonplaces in it, and then insist on carrying it wherever he went.

My attention has been directed to the Commonplace-book by a notice which lately appeared in the *Manchester*

Guardian of a book called *The Varying Year*. The reviewer was extremely kind to what is really a rather mediocre performance, being little more than a collection of quotations, in verse and prose, designed to illustrate the special characteristics of each month of the year. Having attributed to the writer the gift of a "prompt and tenacious memory," the reviewer goes on to say: "No doubt behind the memory there must be a system of commonplace-books elaborately indexed and with cross-references." The "Must-be's" of literature, as of history, are proverbially fallacious; but this "Must-be" is so curiously bad a shot that it deserves a few words of comment and correction. Now it happens that I am personally acquainted with the writer of the book under review and of many like it, and it has always struck me that his apparatus for the tasks which he assays is even pitiably insignificant. The same thought once occurred to a self-confident young ornament of the journalistic world—a true "Adolescens Leo," such as Matthew Arnold would have loved,—who, after gazing round my friend's modest workroom, exclaimed, with a condescending air, "Certainly this doesn't look much like a library; but somehow one can always find what one wants in your books." Those books, few but (like Major Ponto's) well selected, line the walls of a room twenty-six feet by fifteen, and they are reinforced, not, as the reviewer dreams, by "a system of commonplace-books elaborately indexed and with cross-references," but by three smallish volumes, of which only one is full and not one indexed. I protest that, when I contemplate the exiguity of my friend's resources and compare it with the bulk (I say

nothing about merit) of his output, I am inclined to exclaim, with Cardinal Newman in his great sermon on Development: "There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master create his new world!"

I wonder if the reviewer of *The Varying Year* would care to know a little more about the "slender outfit" and the "poor elements" which his opulent imagination has so magnified and enriched. If so, through the good offices of the author, I can gratify the reviewer's curiosity, and at the same time read him an object-lesson on the precariousness of "Must-be."

The first volume is six inches long, four wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick. It is bound in a very dingy slate-blue cloth, and closely resembles the book in which the laundress presents her weekly account. It begins when the owner is at Harrow. It contains some incredibly bad riddles, some examination-papers, some results of examinations, some school songs, and an account of the Eton and Harrow match. To these must be added a number of snippets from the comic columns of American and English newspapers, and some miscellaneous scraps of rhyme. The same book contains the gleanings of four years at Oxford, and of twenty subsequent years of varied life. And yet the book is only three-quarters of an inch thick—a "slender outfit" indeed!

The second volume has a more pretentious exterior, being bound in scarlet morocco and edged with gilt—

obviously a gift. It is seven and a quarter inches long, six inches wide, and half an inch thick. It begins at Oxford, and is arranged on a different plan from that of its predecessor; for it contains no printed matter, but only copies in manuscript of passages not accessible in print. Such, for example, is a quotation written in a Birthday-book by a Royal Hand; such is an extract from Mr. Gladstone's private journal; such is the quatrain copied from Lord Palmerston's Album, now a treasured relic at Broadlands—

> "A single doctor like a sculler plies;
> The patient lingers, and then slowly dies.
> But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
> Waft you more swiftly to the Stygian shores."

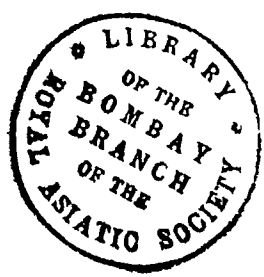
This is, I fancy, a Commonplace-book such as our forefathers knew and Evangelical clergymen carried in their saddle-bags. They were patiently content to copy reams of sacred or political eloquence, and never yielded to the temptation of paste and scissors. It illustrates the degeneracy of the race that my friend's red book, begun in 1873, is not yet anything like full. The toil of transcribing froze the genial current of his lazy soul. The third volume is a more substantial affair. It measures nine inches in length, seven in width, and one-and-a-half in depth. It begins in 1895, and is not yet full. It contains printed matter only, but that printed matter is of an extremely varied kind. Parodies, advertisements, "things one would rather have expressed differently," sermons, speeches, songs, rhymes, epitaphs, obituary notices, cartoons from *Punch*, caricatures from the *Westminster*, and snippets from newspapers of all

countries about all sorts of topics, tragic or comic, sacred or profane, ancient or modern or middle-aged—make the farrago of this inestimable book; but the index and the cross-references exist only in the reviewer's imagination. As far as I can make out, the entries follow only a chronological order, being cut out and stuck in as soon as they strike my friend's eye in the public press; and even the chronology is not very exact, for the space in the book is carefully husbanded, and a tiny snippet of 1909—such as an advertisement of "Waterproof Baptismal Trousers, with goloshed feet," and "The Ebony-hued Equine" heading the announcement of the election of a Dark Horse to be Bishop of Washington—may be found nestling in the interstices of pages in which Mr. Gladstone vindicates Anglican Orders and "F. C. G." depicts the "People who thought it would be so easy" to crush the Boers. Such is my friend's "slender outfit." But, even if it were by some dreadful accident destroyed, I seem to perceive, as I gaze round the room which "does not look much like a library," certain sources of inspiration from which the hard-pressed man of letters has before now been known to suck no small advantage. There is Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, priceless for classical quotation; and the excellent Mrs. Cowden Clark, who taught us whereabouts in Shakespeare to look for anything we wanted. There is Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, invaluable for the remoter past, and *The Annals of Our Time*, which epitomizes the history of Queen Victoria's reign. Memoirs, of course, there are in great abundance, and Journals and Letters and such compilations as *Emperors I have*

Known; and, more precious still, the four enchanting volumes of *Modern English Biography* in which Mr. Frederic Boase has commemorated all the "architects, engineers, inventors, shipbuilders, electricians, railway-managers,. publishers, actors, dramatists, music-hall artistes, painters, sculptors, engravers, physicians, surgeons, sporting celebrities, eccentric characters, and notorious criminals" who died between 1850 and 1900.

But I must not forget that I am supposed to be writing about Commonplace-books, and I will close this paper with an extract from one of the three which, for the purposes of this article, I have been allowed to inspect. I should judge by the type and paper that this extract is cut from one of the cheaper journals, and it appears to record the proceedings in a London Police Court. Evidently it *is*, for some not obvious reason, a special favourite with the owner of the Commonplace-book, for the volume opens of its own accord at the page on which it is pasted, and the edges of the page are thumbed and frayed.

"George Russell, described as a 'Singing Pilgrim,' was charged with playing a concertina in the streets on Sunday for the purpose of collecting alms. The prisoner said he only sang Moody and Sankey's hymns, and received money without asking for it. He was discharged, with a caution not to sing in the streets on a Sunday."



AN APOLOGIA

THE Suggestive Correspondent to whom I owe so much is sometimes a Candid Friend. He is entirely amiable, but he demurs to my frequent citations from the Vulgate. When Matthew Arnold was reproved for a too free use of Scriptural quotations, he replied that there "might be some little doubt" about one of them, and that therefore he had "put it in the Vulgate Latin." This, he said, is what "I always do when I am not earnestly serious." I make that plea my own; and I shall also shelter myself under my great master's authority if the Candid Friend goes on, as I rather think he will, to censure all forms of Biblical citation. Let me hasten to say that some uses of the Bible which one occasionally encounters in literature and conversation are as distasteful to me as they can be to any of my readers. If we heard sacred phrases quoted in a profane or blasphemous connexion, or so used as to make mockery of Christian belief and practice, we should feel that the mocker had better keep to his own vocabulary, and not double his offence by profaning words which his hearers hold dear.

But where there is no thought of profanity or misbelief, and the speaker uses a Scriptural phrase or makes a Scriptural allusion merely because no other comes so

naturally or expresses his meaning so well, is there any reason to be offended? For my own part, I am inclined to agree with the man who said that no one really believes in his religion unless he is prepared to joke about it; or, if that be too unguarded a paradox, I would submit that the profoundest belief is at least consistent with a free use of the phraseology in which one's religion has expressed itself. Protestantism is apt to cite the precedents of the Reformation; and the language of the Reformers is steeped in Scripture. The translation of the Bible, as J. R. Green pointed out, made the English a people of one book; and the common speech of the time was as copiously enriched with fragments of Holy Writ as ours is with fragments of Shakespeare and Milton and Bunyan. Thus, when Matthew Arnold was censured for his Biblical quotations, he defended them with characteristic urbanity:

"At a time when religion penetrated society much more than it does now, they were very common, and, if they are used seriously, I see no objection to them. Burke used them even in his time. The Bible is the only book well enough known to quote as the Greeks quoted Homer, sure that the quotation would go home to every reader, and it is quite astonishing how a Bible sentence clinches and sums up an argument. The Methodists do not mind it the least; they like it, and this is much in its favour."

I recollect an occasion when a perfectly grave person, wishing to convey that something was very old, said: "In fact, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Whereupon the lady of the house exclaimed, "There you go again! You know how I dislike hearing

the Bible quoted lightly." No doubt that well-principled but ill-instructed woman believed that "Not lost but gone before," "In the midst of life we are in death," and "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," were also fragments of Holy Writ, and would have shuddered to hear them quoted in casual conversation.

A great many people quote genuine Scripture without knowing it; and, indeed, our common speech is so deeply dyed in Scriptural language that it is difficult to do otherwise. When we talk of our clever friends' "Talents" we are, as Macaulay pointed out to Lady Holland, quoting from St. Matthew's Gospel. Similar instances come crowding on the memory: My brother's keeper—Naked and not ashamed—Sport for the Philistines—The prophet's chamber—The skin of one's teeth—The haven where we would be—The olive-branches round our table—The fly in the ointment. Who is there that does not sometimes find one of these the inevitable word? And who is there that feels ashamed of having used it?

Then, again, the whole book of Proverbs seems to have been composed expressly for the purpose of quotation: "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." "Stolen waters are sweet." "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets." "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "The horseleech hath two daughters, crying 'Give, give.'" "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their homes in the rocks." "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." "The

slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." "Train up a child in the way he should go." "The contentions of a wife are like a perpetual dropping." "Put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite." "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he be weary of thee, and so rate thee." No one, I suppose, would contend that these excellent maxims should be banished from common speech merely because they are included in the Sacred Canon; but some people, I believe, hold that quotation from the Old Testament is right and quotation from the New Testament wrong. Even granting—and I do not grant it—that this principle is reasonable, it is difficult to apply it rigidly. The Sheep and the Goats; the Mammon of Unrighteousness; the Burden and Heat of the Day; the Wedding-Garment; the Eleventh Hour; the Lost Sheep; the Prodigal Son; the Fatted Calf—surely all these images, though hallowed by the most august of sanctions, belong to the common speech of Christian people. And an even more striking instance of the same principle is to be found in the universal and immemorial usage which speaks of a peculiarly heavy affliction as a "Cross" which the sufferer is compelled to "bear."

And so, again, with such proverbial phrases as "Friend, go up higher," "Swept and garnished," "Clothed and in his right mind," "Riotous living,"

"Often infirmities," "Thorn in the flesh," "Anathema Maranatha"—the words have so embedded themselves in our thinking and speaking that it is difficult to believe that moral wrong attaches to the free use of them, so long as no insult to Divine truth is intended.

It is worthy of remark that some most eminent teachers of religion in our own time have been experts in the secular use of sacred phraseology. Archbishop Tait once compared Hankey's Mansions at Queen Anne's Gate to the Tower of Babel, as being a mass of bricks and confusion. Lord Shaftesbury agreeably likened Lord Beaconsfield to "a Leper," and Mr. Gladstone's followers to "the Pigs in Scripture." Dr. Liddon's jokes about the Egyptian whom Moses killed, the Ass in the Pit, and the Alabaster Box of Ointment will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. Dr. Vaughan, who of all preachers that I have known most strongly condemned profane speech, said, when one of his two schoolmistresses at Doncaster was promoted to a better office, "It is only what we are taught to expect—two women grinding together; one taken, and the other left."

My own conclusion has long been that, barring the case of wilful profanity, the rightness or wrongness of a Scriptural quotation depends entirely on the circumstances under which the quoted phrase was originally used. Thus I can scarcely conceive that any Christian who remembers the occasion on which the words were first spoken would ever say about the difficulty of early rising, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Contrariwise, I believe that the greatest saint in Christendom might, without risk of compunctious visitings,

re-echo Job's half-querulous, half-humorous question, "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" and might ask with Amos, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" But should the saint be even morbidly anxious to respect the susceptibilities of his readers, he can put his citations into the Latin of the Vulgate, and then every one, except my Candid Friend, will peruse them with delight.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY

For seven hundred years the Lord Mayor had it all his own way. The Ninth of November was Lord Mayor's Day, and it was nothing else. Not only the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Cockaigne but all provincial England recognized and observed this great annual feast of municipal self-government. The Mayors of Eatanswill and Little Pedlington—and, still more acutely, the Mayoresses of those ancient boroughs—felt themselves suffused with a derivative and reflected glory when they perpended the sumptuous doings in the Guildhall of London. Our foreign neighbours, though they find our apparatus of political and social titles a sealed and hopeless mystery, felt the "associations of mysterious power and magnificence connected with the style and character of Lord Mayor." Lord Beaconsfield, describing the reception at the Guildhall, says that "the Duke of St. Angelo, the Marquis of Vallombrosa, and the Prince of Montserrat quite lost their presence of mind" when confronted by the Diamond Sceptre and the Sword of State. "Even the Princess of Montserrat, with more quarterings on her own side than any House in Europe, confessed that she trembled when Her Serene Highness courtesied before the Lady Mayoress." In 1828 the great Lord Shaftesbury, then just beginning public life as Lord Ashley, M.P.,

and a Commissioner of the Board of Control, wrote thus in his diary: "Dined at Lord Mayor's Feast. It was heart-stirring. God be praised, who has made me a citizen of this happy and prosperous Empire." Moved, it may be presumed, by similar considerations, Sir Robert Fowler, Lord Mayor in 1883, alarmed his guests by a prolonged quotation from the *Iliad*, to which he considerately added Pope's translation of the passage, and sate down glorious in the consciousness that he alone, in the long line of London's Lord Mayors, had quoted Greek to a gathering of his citizen-subjects.

But, in spite of all this pomp and circumstance, the rite of Lord Mayor's Day was once more conspicuously "honoured in the breach" than in the immemorial years of "observance." 1830 was a year of Revolution. The flames kindled at Paris seemed not unlikely to reach London. All cautious and moderate and far-seeing people were feeling after some measure of political readjustment as the best chance of staving off Revolution, when suddenly the Duke of Wellington said, plump and plain, that "as long as he held any station in the government of the country he should always feel it his duty to resist all attempts in the direction of Reform." Then all the fat was in the fire. The reformers and the democrats raised an inconceivable hubbub, and timid people, whether Whigs or Tories, persuaded themselves that Revolution was thundering at the gates of the Capitol. The fatal speech was delivered on the 2nd of November. On the 9th—Lord Mayor's Day—the King was engaged to dine at the Guildhall. Charles Greville wrote:—

"The King's visit to the City was regarded with great apprehension, as it was suspected that attempts would be made to produce riot and confusion at night; and consequently all the troops that could be were mustered, together with thousands of Special Constables, New Police, Volunteers, Sailors, and Marines; but last night a Cabinet Council was held, when it was definitely arranged to put it off altogether, and this morning the announcement has appeared in the newspapers. Every sort of ridicule and abuse was heaped upon the Government, the Lord Mayor, and all who have had any share in putting off the King's visit to the City. Very droll caricatures were circulated."

Some of those caricatures still survive, and they prove that the popular mind had grasped the true inwardness of the situation. The Duke's folly had aroused the storm, and the cowardice of his colleagues quailed before it. The battle for Reform had entered on a new and more determined phase, and before two years were over the "Revolution by due Course of Law" had been accomplished.

During the declining years of William IV. the apprehension that the Crown might, through some untoward accident to Princess Victoria, devolve on her detested uncle, Ernest Duke of Cumberland, had obsessed the public mind. So, on June 20, 1837, the regret for the good-natured old Sailor-King, who had just breathed his last at Windsor, was swallowed up by the joy of a great reaction. The virtuous and amiable Princess was Queen, and the Wicked Uncle was posting off to Hanover amid the universal rejoicings of the country which he left. The moment was opportune for a public demonstration in honour of the Girl-Queen,

whose accession had brought the national deliverance, and Lord Mayor's Day was chosen as the most suitable occasion.

"This being the first Lord Mayor's Day since her accession, the Queen proceeded through the City in State to dine with his Lordship at Guildhall. The Queen left Buckingham Palace at two, accompanied in the State-carriage by the Mistress of the Robes and the Master of the Horse. The Royal Family, Ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, and Nobility followed in a train of 200 carriages, extending nearly a mile and a half. The day was kept as a holiday throughout London, and though the weather was bad nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which Her Majesty was greeted by the dense crowds as she passed through. At Temple Bar the Lord Mayor delivered the keys of the City to the Queen, which she restored in the most gracious manner to his Lordship, who then took his place immediately in front of the Royal carriage. Guildhall was reached about half-past three. A Throne and Chair of State were placed upon a raised platform at the east end of the banqueting-hall. The Queen wore the Order of the Garter, and a magnificent diamond circlet on her head. After the banquet the Lord Mayor proposed the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which Her Majesty acknowledged, and gave in return 'The Lord Mayor, and prosperity to the City of London.' Her Majesty left for Buckingham Palace at half-past eight. The City was illuminated in the evening."

So much for Lord Mayor's Day, 1837. That day four years the Queen gave birth to her eldest son—born Duke of Cornwall, created Prince of Wales, christened Albert Edward, and destined in that and in an even more exalted capacity to a career of unequalled prosperity and popularity.

But alas for the Lord Mayor! His seven centuries of unchallenged importance came abruptly to an end; and henceforward he could only divide, and that unequally, the honours of the day with a more illustrious rival.

> "So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
> Another lion give a grievous roar;
> And the first lion thought the last a bore."

A more general view of the conjuncture which should henceforth make the 9th of November doubly famous was set forth by a Minor Poet whose works are still treasured by those who cultivate the Curiosities of Literature:—

> "November Ninth—our 'Lord Mayor's day'—
> In Almanacks will now look gay,
> While Aldermen shall dine;
> For on its morn a Prince is born;
> And, while I sing, treat not with scorn
> A rustic poet's line.
> Away, ye fogs! and gloom, away!
> This is a glorious Natal Day,
> November's noble Nine!
> Each New Lord Mayor shall give the toast,
> 'Our Prince of Wales'—shout Britain's boast,
> And cits push round the wine."

In London Lord Mayor's Day still holds its own as a popular holiday, and holds it by the tenure of the Lord Mayor's show, which ever-increasing crowds inspect and applaud and criticize with notable penetration, sometimes generous, sometimes severe. But, outside the cab-radius, I should fancy that popular attention is directed rather to the Sovereign than to the Chief Magistrate; and to the Lawn Meet and the Workpeople's Dinner at Sandringham more than to the Vats of Turtle and the Barons

of Beef and the post-prandial oratory in the Guildhall of London.

Only once in my personal recollection has the Lord Mayor's Banquet produced a genuine "sensation." It was the 9th of November, 1876. The clouds of war were gathering over the East of Europe. Russia and Turkey were on the eve of a struggle for life and death. Our domestic Jingoes were howling for intervention, and it was known that Lord Beaconsfield's sympathies were wholly with the Turk. His speech at the Guildhall was awaited with intense anxiety; and, when it came, its effect was, at least for the moment, profound—

"The guests were spell-bound in the dusky hall."

Lord Beaconsfield, always a singular and noteworthy figure, never looked so strange as when he was buttoned to the chin in his official uniform of blue and gold, with his artificially-darkened hair framing the deadly pallor of his mask-like face. When the applause which in the City of London always greets the toast of a Tory Government had died down, the Dictator rose and faced the audience. He folded his arms over his chest, and spoke with a deliberation which, though his voice was low, made every word tell. After referring to the disturbed condition of Europe and the East, and the wars and rumours of wars which were filling the public mind with alarm, he said—

"We have nothing to gain by war. We are essentially a non-aggressive Power. There are no cities and no provinces which we desire to appropriate. We have built up an Empire of which we are proud, and our proudest boast is this—that

our Empire subsists as much upon sympathy as upon force. But, if the struggle comes, it should also be recollected that there is no country so well prepared for war as England, because there is no country whose resources are so great. In a righteous cause England is not a country that will have to enquire whether she can enter into a second or a third campaign. In a righteous cause England will commence a fight that will not end until right is done."

This, as Lord Morley says, was at once a hardly-veiled threat to Russia, an encouragement to Turkey, and an incitement to the War-party at home. Mr. Gladstone wrote in his diary, "The provocation offered by Disraeli at the Guildhall is almost incredible," and he profoundly shared the general apprehension that we might, before we knew where we were, be hustled into a war on behalf of the Great Anti-human Power. With not less profound relief he recorded a fortnight later: "Yesterday, in the Tory town of Liverpool, when *Othello* was being acted, and the words were reached 'The Turks are drowned,' the audience rose in enthusiasm, and interrupted the performance for some time with their cheering. These things are not without meaning."

THE HOLIDAYS

"TRAMP! Tramp! The boys are marching." Yes, they are indeed. From Eton and Harrow and Winchester and Rugby, and from all the countless seminaries of this favoured land, resounds the tramp of the advancing host. In a few hours the boys will be, as Dr. Farrar beautifully said, "pouring unwonted brightness into many happy English homes," or, as my old friend Wormwood Scrubbs would rather put it, making life intolerable for the next six weeks.

Of Dr. Blimber's seminary at Brighton we are told that "any such violent expression as 'breaking-up' would have been quite inapplicable to that polite establishment. The young gentlemen oozed away, semi-annually, to their own homes; but they never broke up. They would have scorned the action." In spite of this illustrious precedent, our favourite schoolboy, for whose existence Matthew Arnold vouched, preferred the older and more vigorous formula.

"We break up," he wrote, "on Thursday, the 11th of December instant; and the anticipation of our Christmas vacation abounds in peculiar delights. Not only that its 'festivities,' its social gatherings, and its lively amusements crown the Old Year with happiness and mirth, but that I come a guest commended to your hospitable love by the performance of all you bade me remember when I left you in the glad season of sun and flowers."

It is not every father who is fortunate enough to hear his son's return heralded in this triumphant note. More often the terminal letter from Tommy's House-Master at Roslyn or St. Winifred's reads something like this:—"I regret to tell you that your son has been incorrigibly idle all the Term. He has been constantly under punishment, and has been flogged twice. He has now come out thirtieth in a Form of thirty-five, and of course will not get his Remove. Perhaps you might remind him, during the Christmas Holidays, that at his present rate of progress he will soon be superannuated. I have sometimes known the threat of a French *Lycée* produce a stimulating effect."

However, whether the school "breaks up" or "oozes away," and whether Tommy comes home in a blaze of scholastic glory or laden with tutorial reproach, the boys have come to stay, and we must make the best of them. Indeed I think them pleasanter to deal with in the Holidays if the antecedent Term has not been too brilliantly successful.

"'Your idleness," roared the master, 'is incorrigible, and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after-life to your country. Miserable trifler! A boy who construes δέ *and*, instead of δέ *but*, is guilty not merely of folly and ignorance and dulness inconceivable, but of crime, of deadly crime, of filial ingratitude which I tremble to contemplate. A boy who does not learn his Greek Play cheats the parents who spend money on his education. A boy who cheats his parents is not very far from forging on his neighbours. A man who forges on his neighbours pays the penalty in Penal Servitude.'"

Judging by much experience of schoolboys, I feel no doubt that the boy to whom that vigorous allocution was addressed was a pleasanter companion in the Christmas Holidays than the famous Rugbeian—let his name perish! —who, when asked what he would like for a treat on his seventh birthday, requested that he might learn the Greek Alphabet; or the mythical hero of the Harrow song, who—

> "got each week
> Holidays two and three
> And a prize for sums, and a prize for Greek,
> And a prize for singing—like me."

But, lest I should be thought to speak disparagingly of the mark-getting boy (whom I sincerely respect), let me hasten to say that, even under the most perilous conditions of successful competition and excessive prize-winning, young Paley's head never swells to anything like the circumference which marks the victorious athlete. On this subject Euripides has a line too familiar for quotation; and, though my young friend Tom Bumpstead could not construe it to save his life, it expresses the unvarnished truth about him and his fellow-Bloods. He has got into the football team in his second term. He can walk arm-in-arm with the Captain. He is already spoken of as a possibility for the Cricket Eleven. Though still in the Lower School, he is emancipated from fagging. He is entitled, by public opinion, to wear a "Barmaid collar," to turn up his trousers, to carry his umbrella unfolded—or whatever else is the recognized badge of Bloodship in the community which he adorns. For the next year or two he is, indeed, as Charles Lamb said, an

"unwholesome companion for grown people"; spoilt, bumptious, and eternally showing-off. Happily, his head will some day resume its normal size, and he will be as good a fellow as he was before he was cockered and flattered and toadied into this absurd self-esteem; but, in the meanwhile, avoid him. No; I "have no use," as the Americans say, for Bumpstead; commend me rather to modest Willy Timmins, who has worked desperately hard at his football all the Term; has played worse the more he tried; and has seen three new boys put into the House Eleven over his head. Every day for three months he has been told, with agreeable frankness, that he is a "crock," a "rotter," and a "washer-hag"; and the highest triumph to which, in his most sanguine moments, he can aspire is a Pot for running in the Spring Term, provided he can get a sufficiently long start. I protest that the subdued and chastened Timmins is a far pleasanter companion for a ride or a walk or a Play or a Pantomime than the hubristic Bumpstead or the laurel-cinctured Paley.

But, fortunately for all concerned, boys, whether triumphant or unsuccessful, athletic or scholarly, can do very well without grown-up companions. It is best to leave them to their own devices, and not force one's undesired attentions on them, except in the unique and crucial instance of the Christmas Tip. Mr. Anstey Guthrie first bounded into fame with his description of Dick Bultitude's Christmas Holidays, when "they had all come home riotous through the brilliant streets from the Baker-street Bazaar, and then had decorated the rooms with such free gaiety"—and "the Pantomime at

Drury Lane, with all the wooden animals lumbering out of the toy Noah's Ark"—and the chastened delights of the evening party where there was "no dancing and no presents—only boshy games and a conjurer." That was all very well; but the scene changes to the gloom of tragedy when Mr. Bultitude, seated opposite to Dick at the dessert-laden table, felt that "he had not the remotest idea what to say to this red-haired, solemn boy, who sat gloomily staring at him in the intervals of filling his mouth with preserved ginger." The "red-haired, solemn boy" loses all his solemnity (though he must perforce retain his redness) the moment that he escapes from the company of his elders; and even Paley and Bumpstead will "half-unbend their brow of pride" when there are no grown-up people present to listen and admire. Mr. Guthrie, himself, I believe, a Londoner, loyally chose London as the scene of his hero's Christmas Holidays; but I am disposed to think that, if circumstances permit it, these holidays are better spent in the country. For nine boys out of ten a pony is the embodiment of bliss, and the adventures of Master George Cheek with Sir Harry Scattercash's foxhounds live in Surtees's vivid pages as an encouragement to boys who, amid difficulties and discouragements, would still pursue the Sport of Kings. A schoolboy, unless he lives in a remarkably sporting home, is not likely to be invited to take part in a *Battue;* but a gun, a dog, and a ferret can be found in every rural home. The normal boy is always happy if he is killing something, though his victim be nothing more glorious than a rat or a rabbit; and if, while pursuing his young blood-sports, he can smoke without

being sick, he tastes all the joys of incipient manhood. Half-way through the holidays the Frost sets in. George Cheek's pony, pretty nearly dead with the exertions of the previous fortnight, welcomes the cessation of hunting; and George himself, perhaps conscious of having cut no great figure in the last quick thing with the Bicester or the Pytchley, "repairs his drooping head," and asserts his manhood by—

> "Cutting eights all day upon the pond,
> Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
> He bumps the ice into three several stars."

But I am waxing too poetical; for George Cheek, though his surname was immortalized by Milton, is no votary of the Muse.

Who was the fiend who invented Holiday-Tasks? "Methinks," like the kindly Lamb, "I could willingly spit upon his statue." In the distant days when I was subject to these disciplines, we used to suffer many things from *The Student's Hume* and Liddell's *History of Greece*. I am told that the modern schoolmaster endeavours to disguise the true nature of the impost by inflicting Scott or Shakespeare. But Boyhood with unerring instinct, pierces the miserable subterfuge, and resolutely remits his "Holiday-tag" to the last day of the holidays, or, still more greatly daring, to the first fresh hours of the new Term.

"Next morning there was a good deal of anxiety in the air. At eleven o'clock came the Holiday Task examination, and, from breakfast until a few minutes before that hour, Sellick was deep in *The Talisman*. He declared proudly that

he had not read a word of it until his railway journey began, and not much then. 'Sickening rot, Holiday-tag,' Hubert pronounced. 'Yes; adding insult to injury.' From this brief colloquy Dick gathered that to enjoy Holiday-tag was not 'comme il faut.' Else he would have thought *The Talisman* no great infliction. But he was a New Boy, and wisely held his peace."

GREEN AND WHITE

THAT "a green Yule makes a fat churchyard" is a dogma of proverbial wisdom. But Mrs. Hackit, in *Amos Barton*, supplied the corrective touch of common-sense when she added, "But so does a white Yule, too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it." I am therefore indisposed to regard with any apprehensions on the score of health the abnormal mildness of the present season. Indeed, I incline to think that a green Yule won its reputation for unhealthiness in pre-scientific days, when sewerage was regarded as a kind of Black Art and any untimely touch of warm weather elicited undreamt-of odours from cesspools and gullies. The results of a warm winter in an undrained district (as, for example, I remember them at Oxford before the University and City had awoke to their sanitary duty) were such as to appal the hardiest. Typhus destroyed its thousands, and a disease called "Putrid Sore-Throat" (of which, I believe, the very name has perished) its tens of thousands—or, if these figures are censured as excessive, let it be said that the mortality from sewage-engendered disease during a warm winter was startlingly high, and amply justified the gruesome proverb about "a fat churchyard." But Mrs. Hackit was perfectly right. The intense frost and bitter cold of a "white Yule"

mow down the very old and the very young, and rival the fatal potency of the greenest recorded Yule. Henry Kingsley described such a visitation befalling a village in the Highlands, and pictured the results with his usual insight and sympathy.

"The old folks died first. That was as it should be. One could not complain of that; one might envy them, but one could not complain. They had known sixty years of this sort of thing, and it was hard if they were not to enter into their rest before the misery grew to its full head. The loss of the dear old faces at the fireside was very sad, and the hearts of those who were left behind starving ached sorely; but God had taken them from their misery, which grew more terrible as the winter went on, and He knew best."

But one need not go to the Highlands to see the ravages of a "White Yule," or "old-fashioned Christmas," as the eupeptic and well-clothed love to style it. We know on indisputable testimony that the Polar Bear, when he was practising his skating, remarked, "Capital weather for them as is well wrapped up"; but, with all possible reverence for so high an authority, I must confess that the saying always seemed to me to savour of hard-heartedness. There have been admirers of White Yules who felt the selfishness of their delight. Edward Denison, the founder of "Slumming"—the first young man of means and position who settled in the East End of London,—made his confession in these words:—

"I am sorry to confess that I am one of those beings, bereft of thought and feeling, who enjoy a hard frost. I like the bright sunshine that generally accompanies it, the sober landscape, and the ringing distinctness of sounds in the frozen

air. Skating, too, is a great delight to me (though I am a very indifferent performer). Still I would rather give up all the pleasures of frost than enjoy them, poisoned as they are by the misery of so many of our brothers. But what a monstrous thing it is that, in the richest country in the world, large masses of our population should be condemned annually, by a normal operation of nature, to starvation and death."

Even the most inveterate admirer of a white Yule must feel the justice of the observation; and we who dwell in towns have need to be profoundly thankful for weather which does not multiply tenfold the chronic misery in

> "The armies of the homeless and unfed."

Pictorially, the White Yule holds its own; and cartoons in the Illustrated Papers, and such Christmas cards as are not wholly given to Ecclesiasticism, delight to represent the typical landscape of Christmas as a strange mixture of blue skies, bright sun, green trees, and deep snow. Father Christmas and Santa Claus always arrive in snowstorms.

> "Brightly shone the moon that night,
> Though the frost was cruel,"

when good King Wenceslas looked out of his palace-window; and even the Shepherds of Bethlehem, as depicted in sacred art, seem to be making a wintry bivouac of it.

A man reared in the South Midlands, with a strong infusion of foxhunting blood in his veins, cannot be expected to admire a "White Yule." One may have long ceased to mingle in the sports of the Barbarians,

but nothing can ever disturb one's inborn conviction that Winter was made for Foxhunting, and that every day not devoted to the pastime in its season is a day lost.

> "Your reeking, roaring, follower of the chase,
> I give him over as a desperate case.
> For, though the fox he follows may be tamed,
> Your true fox-follower never is reclaimed."

Thus Cowper, who indeed dwelt in the heart of a hunting country, but had imbibed so little of its spirit that he, by choice, kept company with spaniels and hares and bullfinches. And it is certainly true that "your true fox-follower" must always regard a White Yule with the most pronounced disfavour. There are few more disconsolate spectacles on earth than a carefully selected string of hunters eating their heads off, and displaying the results of their hypertrophy in strange gambols on the tan ride, which seem only a dress-rehearsal of what will happen when the frost yields and hunting begins again. Whyte-Melville tells of a peculiarly sensitive fox-hunter who during a frost always turned his collection of top-boots with their fronts to the wall, because he could not bear to contemplate their mortified countenance during the period of enforced idleness. "There's a great deal of expression in a well-made top-boot."

A White Yule, however, is, I fancy, a great deal better for trade. When hunting is no longer possible, hunting men set their faces towards London; and, like Sam Weller's "werry poor" friends who "rushed out of their lodgings and ate oysters in regular desperation," they rush up from their country quarters at Melton or Oakham or Rugby, and buy Christmas presents in regular

desperation. Every tradesman in Bond Street has occasion to bless the harvest of a "White Yule." I suppose the winter through which we are passing must be one of the mildest on record; and certainly I have never known London so empty. It cannot be that every one has gone hunting; but with one consent they have fled from the leaden skies and misty airs of London. The rigours of a White Yule keep the town much fuller. Brighton, honoured by Kingly favour, is enjoying a season of prosperity unequalled since the days of the Regency and the Pavilion. The Continental trains are rushing out of Victoria and Charing Cross, laden to the skies as though the month were August; and the less distinguished multitude of those who eschew alike the Continent and the seaside are invading "the free, fair Homes of England" in quest of a seasonable (and inexpensive) change.

Perhaps the happiest faces to be seen in the streets or at the stations are those which belong to Schoolmasters and Schoolboys. A Dissenting Minister recently enriched the columns of a provincial paper with the striking phrase, "Permitted Disjunction," under which I freely confess that Divorce sounds more respectable. It is this "permitted disjunction" of Schoolmaster and Schoolboy which makes one of the chief delights alike of a Green and of a White Yule. Towards the end of the winter term Mr. Gordon, of *Eric*, and Mr. Carden, of *Julian Home*, and Mr. Paton, of *St. Winifred's*, are thoroughly "boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy," and are prepared to welcome six weeks of utter Boylessness as the choicest gift of the Gods; and what they feel about the "permitted disjunction" their young friends are not

slow to reciprocate. Ask a Public School-boy what sort of man his House-Master or his Form-Master is, and he will probably reply that he is "a fairly average fool," and those who are accustomed to schoolboys will perceive in the phrase more of eulogy than of contempt. Still, after three months lived incessantly in that "taskmaster's eye," in reasonable dread of his punishments, and under the irksome necessity of laughing with "counterfeited glee" at his thin tutorial jests, the Human Boy naturally craves a freer atmosphere for his holiday, and realizes as fully as Milton or Mr. Hirst Hollowell the value of a "permitted disjunction."

A ROMANCE OF FREEDOM.*

MR. TREVELYAN has a method of writing history which is peculiarly his own. He chooses some particular episode, saturates himself with the literature, the archæology, and even the geography which illustrate it, and then gives the results of his exhaustive study in the shape of a narrative which reads like a romance. Very few of the books which are classified as historical novels are half as interesting as *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic,* and the highest praise which can be bestowed on the book now under review is that it is not unworthy of its predecessor.

Faithful to his own method, Mr. Trevelyan discards the prosaic arrangement of a first, second, and third volume. In telling Garibaldi's story he has chosen three main episodes, has elaborated with a wealth of detail the two which so far he has touched, and unites the three with a slender but sufficient thread of intermediate narrative. "The Defence of the Roman Republic" ends with the 2nd of September, 1849.

"I cannot," says Mr. Trevelyan, "here relate all that befell Garibaldi after his embarkation. . . . He was never more noble than during the obscurity of the years that followed.

* *Garibaldi and the Thousand.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.*

He acquired none of the faults and habits characteristic of the exile, but cheerfully set about the task of earning his bread, first as a journeyman candle-maker, then as a merchant captain, and finally as a farmer, until the time came round for him to deal in the manufacture of kingdoms and to be hailed by his countrymen as 'Captain of the People.'"

Garibaldi returned from exile in the spring of 1854. Italy was then beginning what Mr. Trevelyan aptly terms her "convalescence," and Garibaldi, establishing himself at Nice, soon perceived that he had returned to a changed country, and that, under the threefold influence of young Victor Emanuel, "the honest D'Azeglio," and "the great Cavour," Piedmont was becoming "the microcosm of the Italy to be." Towards the end of 1855 an unexpected legacy enabled him to buy the northern half of the island of Caprera, and some years later the generosity of his friends in England made him the owner of the whole island. Rough and, in its wild way, beautiful, washed by a stormy sea and swept by boisterous winds, Caprera "is not altogether characteristic of Italy but is altogether characteristic of Garibaldi," who in a few years from the day in 1856 when he first touched its soil made its name famous all over the civilized world. Even English schoolboys, as a rule grandly contemptuous of geography and of politics, knew "the Hero of Caprera" as they knew very few actors on the European stage.

At the time of which Mr. Trevelyan is writing, "Italy of the Italians" was still confined to the small State of Piedmont, "nestling between the Alps and the Sea." The rest of Italy was still partitioned among half-a-dozen

rulers. "The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies" was the official name for the Bourbon State, which comprised Naples and Sicily; and from Naples, through a series of strangely-ordered "accidents," issued one of the determining influences of Garibaldi's life. A long course of brutal misgovernment had culminated under Ferdinand II. (nicknamed from his taste for bombarding, "Bomba"). More than half the Chamber of Deputies, who had followed the party of Opposition, had been banished or imprisoned; a large number, probably not less than twenty thousand, of the citizens had been confined on charges of political disaffection; and in prison they were subjected to the grossest cruelties. In the winter of 1850-1851 an English traveller arrived at Naples, drawn thither by no political attraction, but merely by concern for a young daughter's health. With this visitor, as Mr. Trevelyan finely says, a "disinterested hatred of injustice and cruelty was the lord and dictator of the soul." He heard report of "Bomba's" crimes. He investigated with his own eyes the miseries of "Bomba's" victims. He gave to the world the result of his investigation in two Open Letters to Lord Aberdeen, and, through the interest and excitement which those Letters aroused all over Europe, our English Gladstone "created in France and Italy the feeling which kept the international ring clear for Garibaldi's attack on the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies."

But the end was not yet. England and France remonstrated with King Ferdinand on the abominations of his rule; but they remonstrated in vain, and the Neapolitan prisons remained crammed with politicians

whom Gladstone had likened, socially and politically, to the "most high-minded of his English colleagues and rivals." The sufferings endured by these patriots became known to their friends and sympathizers who were still at liberty, and in 1855 a plot was made to deliver the political prisoners on the desert island of San Stefano, by means of a ship purchased with English money. The plot miscarried, but it was not without its uses, for it led Garibaldi to pay a flying visit to London in 1856, and there he had the opportunity of taking counsel with some of the best friends of Italy. From London he returned to Caprera, and, as Mr. Trevelyan says, "the era of hope and conspiracy began again." The limits of a review do not suffice to trace the events of the next two years in detail. They were years of external quietude but secret activity; and in December, 1858, Cavour summoned Garibaldi to Turin. In the following March a momentous decision was taken. War between France and Austria was known to be imminent, and it was obvious that out of such a conflict Italy might suck no small advantage. By a resourcefulness of statesmanship which showed him a worthy countryman of Machiavelli, Cavour had allied himself simultaneously with Napoleon III. and with the leaders of the Democracy in Italy. Now was the moment when the virtues of that alliance were to be tested. Garibaldi was authorized to raise a Corps of Volunteers, to take command of it when raised, and to choose his own officers. It was always said that the "Hero of Caprera" had only to stamp his foot, and a thousand armed men sprang out of the earth. So it was now seen. The

Republican and Garibaldian veterans of '48 and '49 responded as one man to their leader's call. War was declared on April 27, 1859. Turin was in the utmost danger, with 100,000 Austrians on the bank of the Ticino and the French far away across the Alps. When at length the French arrived, Garibaldi's forces were "sent up north to invade Alpine Lombardy, as a detached and advanced left wing of the army." In all the apparatus and equipment of ordinary war the force was singularly deficient. "Three thousand young men, untrained to shoot, unaccustomed, as townsmen, to mountain-climbing or to any physical exertion, and armed with old-pattern muskets of shorter range than the weapon of the regular army." What plight could have seemed more miserable? What odds less equal? But in Garibaldi's ranks there was the best blood of Italy, the inherited passion for freedom, and an adoring love of their Commander which carried the sure promise of victory.

"The story of the campaign in the wooded mountains round Varena and Como is dear to all true Italians, for it moves in the unmistakable atmosphere of the pure poetry of the Risorgimento. . . . It was in the Alps of 1859 that the Garibaldians acquired those fightings qualities, and that unbounded confidence in themselves and in their leader, which enabled them in 1860 to conquer Sicily and Naples."

Meanwhile the war between France and Austria proceeded with varying fortunes; Napoleon III., though victorious at Magenta and Solferino, found the resistance offered to his advance more formidable than he had expected; and all the Powers of Europe were keenly on

the alert for some turn in Italian affairs which they might adapt to the furtherance of their own designs. The circumstances which induced Napoleon, after his victory at Solferino, to make peace with Austria, and even justified him in doing so, are set forth in detail by Mr. Trevelyan, who adds that, "if the wisdom of making peace can hardly be challenged, the terms hastily and secretly agreed upon at Villafranca by the two Emperors were monstrous." Lombardy was to be given up, but the Duchies were to be restored to their late rulers, and Venetia, still remaining a part of the Austrian Empire, was to become one of a confederation of Italian States under the presidency of the Pope. The lovers of Italian freedom and unity were profoundly disappointed, and their disappointment soon took shape in resolute, though to some extent unseen, efforts to repair the injury which the Emperors had wrought, and to regain for Italy what had been "shuffled from her by chicane." Cavour was not unaware of these subterranean movements, but he refused to interfere. Henceforward it was not the Italian Government but the Italian people who must deliver and recreate Italy. The Peace of Villafranca was signed on July 12, 1859. In the spring of 1860 popular dissatisfaction in Southern Italy, fomented by influences from the North, broke into a flame. Sicily rose in insurrection against her rulers. Here was the supreme opportunity of Garibaldi's life. He would liberate Sicily, and by his action there would set an example to the whole Italian race. Scouting all prudential considerations, all temporizing counsels, and all the combinations of political intrigue, he quietly

equipped two steamers, and, accompanied by the immortal Thousand, who had secretly rallied to his cause, embarked for Sicily. Landing on May 1, 1860, he overthrew the Neapolitan Government in the island, and by the end of July Messina, the last city of importance, had fallen into his hands.

"Landing with a thousand chosen men in plain clothes or in red shirts, armed with muskets fit for the scrap-heap, the Liberator, with the aid of the Sicilian populace, took the capital of the island from 24,000 regular troops armed with rifles. The story of the month during which the little band was shut up in that strange island from the knowledge of the expectant world—the tale of those adventures which, though they are such stuff as schoolboys' dreams are made of, yet involved the whole fate of Italy—has a charm which will, I hope, justify in the eyes of the reader the detail in which it is here told."

So says Mr. Trevelyan. There is little doubt that his hope will be fulfilled; and all lovers of heroic deeds, and of writing that befits them, will await with eagerness the next instalment of his work.

POSTSCRIPT.

Once again my best thanks are due to those Editors who have so kindly allowed me the liberty of reproduction.

G. W. E. R.

Twelfth Night, 1910.

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